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THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

THE UNKNOWN YEARS OF JESUS

A Reconstruction

BASED ON HISTORY, GEOGRAPHY, TRADITION
AND THE CULTURE OF JESUS' CENTURY

BY

OTHO FAIRFIELD HUMPHREYS

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To
MY WIFE

A WORD IN ADVANCE

The sole purpose of the studies which compose this volume is to give the reader an accurate historical perspective and a true background of the culture of Jesus' world; to clothe with personal reality the surroundings, thought and learning of the period of his growth to manhood.

It is not an attempt to displace any one's ideals of Jesus' personality, but an honest effort to picture the social group in which a divine life was humanly lived during its UNKNOWN YEARS.

I have used only my own photographs for illustrations and have chosen those which best reproduce the conditions of Jesus' days.

O. F. H.

MANTOLOKING, N. J.,
12 September, 1924.

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PART ONE
THE BOY OF NAZARETH

AMONG THE FLOWERS AT NAZARETH

It was the month of flowers. The year was 2 A.D. Children were playing among the flowers at Nazareth. The winter rains had come and gone. While they lasted, it had rained—and rained—and rained.

Then came February, with its few bright days. The rains were less persistent, less continuous.

In March the sun and brightness ruled. Only the "latter rains" served as reminders of those persistent "early rains" which had kept the country flooded through the winter months. The "early rains" of the Bible were the winter rains. Under their drenching, the roads are seas of sticky mud, the ploughed ground a quagmire and the meadows pathless swamps.

The "latter rains" were the occasional Spring rains. They came, like the rains of May with us, infrequently. They came, to be sure, with a sort of cheerful violence. But they were not angry and they were not cold. Good, hard-pouring rains they were, which lasted for their few hours, then departed with a cheerful backward look or brilliant rainbow-smile at the glowing sun, as he resumed his rule of light and warmth.

Now, flowers bloomed. The month of March had brought fair days and almost constant sun. Sunshine would soon be constant, with no rain to interrupt, for the long dry months of summer, and would make the land a parched and yellow wilderness till late October. Then would come again the "early rains," to last all winter and to give the Holy Land as much rain in three months as we get in a year.

All nature had burst forth and broken into bloom. It might be said that nature had exploded into bloom. Such bloom it was; such flowering; such seas of color, whose waves were billowing tints of red and yellow, purple, pink and blue.

Red was predominant. Scarlet anemones were hardly to be told from the poppies that would soon replace them and so give tone to earth's bright dress of living bloom. It was a very mantle of color and of light. The waiting forces of water, earth and air had united with the fires of the sun. Together they had woven a covering garment for the world. It had then been splashed, to the design of the Master Artist of the Universe, with the hues of the rainbow and with all the sparkling lights of all the precious stones. Fair Spring had taken a prismatic brush to paint a picture of herself upon the tapestry of Nature's Resurrection. The picture lay in fields that cov-

ered acres, in meadows that filled the countryside—an ocean of flowers that waved in turquoise light under a sapphire sky.

Three children were playing on the hill that sloped beyond the Nazareth bazaars. A boy of five, a girl of three and a little baby girl of less than two years old were literally wading, almost swimming, through the massed flowers of the hillside.

Their bright and happy faces reflected the very flower tones. They were shouting with glee in the surging joy of life.

Among the taller flowers a laughing face would disappear in the sea of color. A shout of joy would come from the spot. A wild waving would be seen of anemone's scarlet, cyclamen's yellow, iris' blue and daisies' white. The rippling flower-tops above would show the path of a daring adventurer, ever advancing, only to be tripped at last by impeding stems and to fall full length, there to lie with both arms full of flowers, content to look up at the smiling sky, then about into the colorsome wilderness of bloom and back at heaven again.

Along with the ever-present reds, one saw pink flax in acres and yellow scabious running riot. These are the commonest flowers about Nazareth. Also blue scabious and scabious of a darker blue. Lilies too, especially the Huleh Lily, which is very large and has three inner petals of velvet softness that meet above to form a canopy more gorgeous than that which spread above the throne of Solomon. Other flowers waved, unnumbered; the Star of Bethlehem and golden asphodeline "like flames of yellow tapers shining out of every hole in the rocks"; cyclamen of so many shades that you could scarcely count them; crimson wind-flowers, crane's bells and lupin.

Lupin. We hardly know it here at home. Yet it stretches away toward Cana of Galilee in great beds, in fields, in miles of a rich transparent purple. It spreads out like a glistening purple dew upon the rolling plain. So rich it is, this lupin-weed in bloom, that the glory of its purple has the psychic power to bid you kneel and pray. For you needs must think of the divine eyes that once beheld it and the holy feet that trod among it long centuries ago.

There were yellow field chrysanthemums, marguerites, gentian, white broomrape and blue; Palestinian pink rest-harrow and golden as well. There were quaint quaking grasses and butcher's bloom, whose green-white stars have central purple spikes that look as if they had been carelessly pinned to the under side of the leaf.

All about Nazareth, especially at the Easter season, the flowers grow in wide expanses of glowing colors. They wave in miles of tinted meadows. They billow under the breezes, a sea of brilliance whose waves are blossoms. Each plant selects its favorite soil and covers vast expanses, like the red-berried burnet, which grows in miniature thickets and forests some twelve

inches high. The larger growths, bay, pistachio, lentisk, carouba trees, are mixed with all varieties of thorn. About and beneath them are sage, rosemary, rue, wormwood and lavender. Gladiolus and bladderwort grow among the wheat in the rich soil.

A list of the flowers would fill pages. There are more than three thousand varieties: knopweed and campanula, very tall; marigold and pale purple amaryllis; wild pinks and poppies. Always there is brightness and sparkling red. Great red anemones come first "like whimsical fantasies in blood-colored flame." They soon give place to red ranunculus, then to poppies, keeping the red always ascendant, with its touch of high color and bright warmth for the tired eyes.

Such was the setting in which, on that sunny day in March, you might have seen those three happy children who had come from the home of Yusuf, the carpenter of Nazareth, in the playtime of Spring and in the springtime of life.

What wonder that the Eldest, as the Great Teacher of later years, found a spiritual meaning in the wonder of this flower growth; for he looked about him upon its beauty and said to his disciples, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these."

There came to the children presently, swinging over the hill with lithe and graceful motion and carrying the littlest baby James so easily upon her hip, One who shall be to the end of time, the human ideal of perfect motherhood.

So Mother-Mary came, with that out-door grace of walk and ease of motion that mark a life of health lived largely in the open.

As she came, she trilled a call to these fledglings from the nest of home. Their treble answer was instinctive. Then they thought of mischief. They called again. Then they flung themselves into the deep channels of the taller grass and flowers. So they crawled away, thus cautiously in hiding and supposing themselves unseen. But Mother-Mary was past master in the game. She and her sister Salome had played the same game at the same age with their Mother-Anna and Father-Joachim. She was shrewdly aware, by waving stems above their heads, just where they went. So she was calmly seated, with baby James upon her lap, just where they made their exit from their flower-wilderness. She thrilled to hear their shouts of pleased astonishment and to receive them all in a glad avalanche wherever they could find a landing-place upon her person.

Mother-Mary, the happy mother of this happy group, was of the purest type of the dwellers of Nazareth whose women, for centuries, have been called beautiful. She was just above the medium height. Her oval face, with its clear transparency of skin, would have seemed pale among those of

her race and time but for the rich blood of perfect health that flowed beneath. This gave a touch of color to its olive tint, flushing her cheeks delicately in animation and rising in waves of rose at times of strong emotion.

Her eyes were large. They were of a rich, translucent brown. For lack of a better term, they would be called magnetic. They were of a sympathetic, luminous warmth and were very wide open. They were the gentlest eyes in all the world, but fearless in two things, their mother-love and shining honesty. They were eyes radiant with gladness and light, deep with unfathomed depths of potential suffering, eyes holding vast mysteries of past and future, the eyes of a soul that is at one with God. Her perfect motherhood was wholly bound to the vision of a sonship so divine that its meaning must be momentous to the world. All this dwelt in her eyes as they looked upon her first-born son, and the essence of it all had somehow come to him.

Her forehead was slightly full. Nose and chin were almost Greek in purity of outline, and very firm, in strange contradiction to the dreamy brow and mobile mouth. The lips were delicately arched and not too full, sensitive alike to joy and laughter, to pity, love and sadness.

Pearl-like ears peeped out from waving hair. The hair was auburn, gold-red in the sun. It was rebellious to the restraining head-dress and asserted its kinship to the light by emerging in copper-red tendrils, shot through with golden gleams, to frame a face that must have been called beautiful in any age or land.

Among the flowers Mother-Mary sat, with baby James across her lap and little Esther upon her knees. Sturdy little Anna was within the circle of her arm. Her first-born, The Boy, leaned luxuriously against her shoulder.

"Mother-Mary, tell us a story." This was the demand of the eldest.

"Mother-Mary, a 'tory," echoed three-year-old Anna.

"Once upon a time," began Mary, "there was a great king. He was the king of all Israel when Israel was at its greatest. He was my great-great-great-grandfather, with about ten more 'greats' added to those and eleven for you children. He was our ancestor. That means he was of our own blood and that we are his kindred and family. He was a very wise king, the wisest in the world, and his name was—"

"Solomon," said The Boy eagerly, as Mary paused.

"You have said," answered Mary. "His name was Solomon. When King David died, Solomon was crowned as King of Israel. Then he had a dream. He dreamed that the Lord appeared to him and talked with him. 'And God said, Ask what I shall give thee.' And Solomon said, 'Give thy servant a wise and understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad; for who is able to judge this thy so-great people?' (I Kings 3: 19).

"God was pleased that Solomon had asked wisdom for himself so that he would always know the good from the evil. 'And God said unto him, Because thou hast asked this thing and hast not asked for thyself a long life, neither hast thou asked riches for thyself, nor hast asked the life of thine enemies; but hast asked for thyself understanding to discern judgment; Behold I have done according to thy words; Lo, I have given thee a wise and understanding heart. . . . And I have also given thee that which thou hast not asked, both riches and honour; so that there shall not be any among the kings like unto thee all thy days.'

"Then two women came and stood before the king. They had two little babies. One baby was alive. The other baby was dead. Each woman said the live baby was her own and that the dead baby was the other woman's. When they could not agree, Solomon was puzzled. Then he had a thought.

"'Bring me a sword,' said the King. So they brought a sword before the king.

"'Cut the living child in two and give half to the one and half to the other,' said Solomon.

"Then the mother of the living baby was afraid. She thought they might cut her baby in two, as Solomon had said. She loved her baby and did not want it killed. She would much rather give it to the other woman if that would keep it alive. 'O my Lord,' she said to Solomon, 'give her the living child and do not kill it.' But the other woman said, 'Let it be neither mine nor thine, but divide it.' What do you suppose the Wise King did?"

"I know what I would do," answered The Boy. "I would give the live baby to its own mother to take it home and feed it."

"That was just what King Solomon did," said his mother. "He said that the woman who wanted the baby to live was its mother. So he gave her baby back to her alive and the dead baby to the bad woman who was its mother."

The story was told. The shadows grew long and longer. With her little ones, Mother-Mary took her way homeward across the carpet of flowers that spread over all the rich soil of Galilee.

The evening concert of the birds was just beginning. The chaffinch cleared his throat. The meadow bunting spoke softly to his mate. Darting swallows and short-tailed swifts ricocheted across their path. Quick-moving chats gave voice, but sang less sweetly than the red-throated dotterel, soon to make his spring flight to Russia. Tufted larks were all about, so demurely clad in a monotone of gray as to be almost invisible in the dusty road.

The goldfinch flashed away. The blue thrush made for its leafy covert.

The black red-start, as always, was hopping tamely from rock to rock. Warblers by the half-dozens were in evidence. Some sang from swaying branches. Others forgot to sing in their lively search for the evening meal, among them the sparrow with the yellow-splashed neck, and the lively little cisticole, much smaller than the wren which took advantage of his size to bully the smaller bird away from his half-eaten meal.

The latest music, as the best among the feathered artists of the air was that of the bulbul, or Persian nightingale, whose voice is no less sweet than that of his European cousin, the true nightingale, whose rival song came clearly down the breeze.

With unhurried pace, slow enough to suit the toddling steps of little Esther, with eyes open to all the beauty of the world, in the full glory of Spring, under the warm glow of the slanting sunbeams, Mother-Mary turned homeward with her brood.

So they reached the house of the carpenter in ample time for supper. They received the glad welcome from beloved Anna, ready for the kindest grandmothering of all the group, with whom she sat beside the always open door to wait for Abba-Yusuf to come home from work.



A GARDEN IN NAZARETH.

THE HOME

THE house of Yusuf was built of hewn stone right into the hillside at the north of the wheat bazaar.

It was the home of a family much honored by the Jews of Nazareth. For Abba-Yusuf and Mother-Mary were both descendants of the royal house of David, the most famous king of Israel.

Nor was honor lacking from the Gentiles of the town. Both Greeks and Arabs held the family in high esteem for their own worth and value, not because they could trace their ancestry back to King David without a break by the unimpeachable records of the nation in the archives of the Great Temple at Jerusalem.

Greek, Arab and Jew alike respected Abba-Yusuf as a citizen of substance, a skilled carpenter and careful master-builder. They knew that his word was as good as other men's bonds.

Add to this that Mother-Mary, queen of the home, was queen also of the hearts of the women of Nazareth and far beyond, whether they were wives and mothers of Jew, Greek or Arab families. There is seldom a community without such a woman who, in a measure, fills somewhat a mother's place to all and who, without neglect of her own home and family, is indispensable in many families.

No neighbor's wife was sick or in distress, no child ailing, but that Mother-Mary was called in, or heard of it, and was quickly on the spot to aid and comfort with her bright face, her merry smile, her capable hands and a very unusual knowledge, for that age and period, of health methods and healing. She had brought home a considerable understanding of medicine from Egypt, for her years in Alexandria had made her familiar with the practice of the Greek physicians who were the best in all the world at that period, and unequalled for more than eighteen centuries in therapeutics and scientific surgery. It was also of common report that she knew something of the medical lore of Old Egypt, handed down by word of mouth during the long ages before Alexander conquered the ancient people and made Egypt a Greek province. At any rate, a long and continuous tradition points back to Mother-Mary as the help and comfort of her friends and neighbors in all sickness and trouble, and that without failure in the highest duty to those "little ones" so carefully reared in her own home.

The house of the Carpenter looked out from its hillside slope, directly

toward the East. Its wide door opened to the rising sun. The whole interior would be illumined by the first flood of morning light that streamed across the encircling hills. The sun came up a little late in Nazareth. For the village nestled in a round basin formed by the heights. Fifteen summits rose in a great circle to enclose a magnificent amphitheatre within their towering slopes. In this huge bowl clustered the houses of the town. They climbed steeply up the western hillside near the large spring, called the Great Fountain. That spring was the only never-failing water in Nazareth. It is now called Mary's well or Gabriel's spring. The Great Fountain and the houses about it were on the slope where the hills rose toward Sepphoris, the great city of which the little town was the nearest suburb.

Sepphoris was the city of greatest importance in all Palestine, with the sole exception of Jerusalem. The city was but a half-hour's walk from the top of the western hill of Nazareth. This nearness is the reason there is no mention of Nazareth by the historians who write of the cities and villages of Galilee in the first century. Historians do not write of suburbs. They write rather of cities. Travelers to-day do not speak so often of Hoboken as of New York, of Camden as of Philadelphia, of St. Denis as of Paris, of Dulwich as of London. Nazareth had the same minor relationship to Sepphoris, the great city which was so close at hand.

Sepphoris was the capital of all Galilee. It was the home city and the pride of Galilee's ruler, Herod Antipas. The city was the rival of Jerusalem itself. In fact it took precedence in the power of its fortress and the strength of its Roman garrison. It attempted, but without much success, to rival Jerusalem in the number and magnificence of its buildings. Herod Antipas, the tetrarch of Galilee, was always building, repairing or making new additions to the buildings of the city of his pride. Like his father, Herod the Great, he was never so happy as when building. Sepphoris had been destroyed by the Romans after the death of Herod the Great. His son, the Ruling Prince of Galilee, had rebuilt it from its ruins into a very gorgeous city of the pure Greek type. He was always adding to its glory, Greek Temples, baths, hippodrome, stadium, circus and rich palaces. There was never a day but that some artisan started from almost every house in Nazareth to walk to his daily work in Sepphoris, of course excepting the Sabbaths for the Jews and the festivals of Greek or Syrian deities for the Greeks and Arabs.

All the houses of Nazareth were built of stone. A few were of hewn stone. Mud houses, like those in the Plain of Esdrelon or in the Jordan Valley, were never built where stone was available. There was never lack of stone among the rocky hills of Judea or the out-cropping limestone slopes of Galilee. Hence the houses were always built of stone as the cheapest and most permanent material, always near at hand.

The house of Abba-Yusuf consisted of but one room. It was the same with all the houses of the countryside, until the children began to grow up. Another room would be added when the grown son brought home his bride. More rooms would be added as other sons married. That was the case with Eliashib, the president of the local synagogue. His house had been increased by five rooms added one at a time, and his family by five brides and a host of grandchildren, all submissive to his rule, which made him a power in the community and a noticeable figure throughout Galilee. Thus Eliashib was the "head" of the priestly "course" which met twice a year in Nazareth. The little town, beside being one of the stations for fire signals from Jerusalem to Babylon, Damascus and the North, had long held the honor of being the "place of meeting" of one of the twenty-four "courses" of priests of the nation. Each "course" met every half year to send fifty priests, chosen by lot, to take charge of the sacrifices in the Great Temple at Jerusalem for the full week of their "course." Those priests who were not chosen by lot to "fulfill the course" remained for the week in the "town of meeting" to hold special services of prayer for their brethren who were serving God's Altar in the Holy Temple.

These half-yearly meetings were most welcome to the boys of Nazareth. They provided a full week's holiday from study in the synagogue school. They also aroused unlimited excitement because of the concourse of dignitaries thus gathered from the towns and cities of Lower Galilee.

Half-yearly, too, another thing happened, but this was not an event of the town or of the synagogue. It was at the home of the carpenter. It gave the children of the home almost as much excitement, for the time it lasted, as the meeting of the priests gave the children of the town. This was a strictly family matter, like the harvesting of the olives and grapes and the making of the oil and wine. Twice a year, the house of the carpenter was carefully "whited" with a liquid whitewash made from well-burned limestone rock. This was always a great occasion. Abba-Yusuf would bring home a piece of rock that looked to the children like any other piece of rock out on the hillside. Into a hollow of the stone which protruded from the hill near the corner of the house, Abba-Yusuf would drop that piece of rock. Then he would pour upon it the full measure of water contained in the largest water jar. Soon it would begin to behave queerly, far differently from any other stone the children had ever seen. It would begin to steam. Cracks would appear in its rough surface. Then the water all about it would begin to boil and bubble. One need only touch it with a venturesome but cautious finger to find that the water was really hot, boiling hot, from which the littler ones must be kept carefully away. Then the rock itself would begin to dissolve. It would turn into a creamy rich liquid, very white, that looked good enough to drink. But it must not be

drunk because one of the boys of Persephone, the Greek, drank some once and almost died.

When the rock was all dissolved, Abba-Yusuf would stir it with a stout stick until it was just thick enough to flow without streaking. Then he would dip it out with the hollow sherd, or fragment, of a broken water jar. And he would dip into the whitewash a fine new brush that he had made by binding together the smallest and toughest twigs, cut from bushes growing on the hillside. He would brush the walls with the milky liquid, inside and out, until every spot was wet. At first, the wet part looked like any other part that was wet with the rain but, after it was dry, how the walls did shine. They were as clean and white as the petals of the daisies that grew all about the house.

The house had been built by Abba-Yusuf with the aid of Tobias, the stone mason. Tobias was also a priest. For that reason he was a very good butcher. The priesthood had begun in ancient Israel with the killing of animals, certain parts of which were offered to God in sacrifice. It was the priests who killed the thousands of animals for the sacrifices of the Temple at Jerusalem. At the time of Christ that was their chief duty and not, as we might suppose, the duty of teaching. The teaching was done by the scribes and the scholars. The priests had a great deal of practice in killing animals, so they became very good butchers. All over the world, where possible, the Jews had their animals for eating killed by priests or men of priestly descent, as they do to-day, so that the laws against eating the blood might be observed.

Tobias, the stone mason, was very proud of his priestly descent. He was lame. One leg was shorter than the other. He was very fond of children, especially the boys. He could not work long nor hard, so he always had time to talk with them. Beside knowing all the gossip about the neighbors, he had two stories about himself, quite true, which he was always glad to tell. The first was the story about his priestly descent. He could trace his priestly ancestors all the way back to Aaron, the brother of Moses. The other story was about the accident in which he hurt his leg so that it became shorter than the other leg. Since he was a priest he had his share of the tithes, or the tenth of everything that grew on trees or in the ground, or that people earned. He also had other rights as a priest. One was the offering of the first handful of dough from every baking the women made. It must be at least one twenty-fourth of all the dough that was made into bread. Another perquisite of the priests was certain portions of every animal that was killed for food. The Jewish law set aside for the priests the right shoulder, the cheeks and the stomach of each animal killed, even though it was not offered as a sacrifice. Tobias was a kindly man. He was very fond of the children. He was withal a cripple. Therefore

many such portions came to him rather than to others of the priests more prosperous or less beloved.

Tobias was descended from the house of Pashur. He was very careful to tell the boys that the house of Pashur was one of the four priestly families that came back to the Holy Land when Cyrus, King of Persia, sent large numbers of Jewish captives back from Babylon to rebuild the Great Temple that had been destroyed in Jerusalem. Tobias would always tell the boys how those four families furnished enough priests for the other twenty "courses" so that there might be the full twenty-four "courses" required for the Temple worship where each "course" served a full week twice a year.

Then Tobias would always come back to his injured leg. When Herod the Great was King of Judea he decided to spend a part of his enormous revenues in building the most magnificent house of worship in all Asia. The old Temple, built by the returned captives from Babylon, was small and in bad repair. Parts of it were ready to fall down. Herod started to replace it with the most wonderful Temple that could be built. But no other men but priests were allowed to enter the Holy Place and the Most Holy Place of the Temple. So Herod chose out a thousand priests. They were good butchers but poor stone masons. He gave them special training for three years as masons in order that the Holy Places of the Sanctuary might not be defiled by common men.

This was Tobias' favorite story. He told it to every boy in Nazareth, many times. How he, Tobias, had been one among the chosen thousand who had learned the trade of stone mason at the expense of Herod the Great. How he had worked for more than ten years on the building of the Temple. How he was on the highest wall nearly completing the Holy of Holies. A huge stone became loose. It slowly turned as he was guiding it into place. To save it from falling, he interposed his own body, and almost in vain. It would have destroyed much of the new construction and would have killed scores of men who were working on the scaffolding below. He had made his sacrifice, but just in time, and at what a cost?

With his leg caught under it, the great stone still hung half way over the edge of the wall and balanced like a fig leaf on its stem. A touch would have sent it hurtling down. The gusts of wind rocked it back and forth on his mangled leg.

So he hung for three hours, poised head downward over the yawning depth, looking directly into the Holy of Holies. Meanwhile his companion mason-priests worked frantically to rig a tackle that would save the Holy Place from injury and their friend from death.

At last they succeeded in restoring the stone to its place and in drawing up Tobias by a rope slung round his body. But his leg had been so

fearfully crushed and mangled that he had never again been able to do heavy or active work and must always limp along on a leg that was three inches shorter than the other.

Some ill-natured neighbors hinted that he made his injury an excuse for laziness. They said that Abba-Yusuf, in the kindness of his heart, had done all the real work in the building of his house and had left to Tobias only the dressing of the front of the stones and the shaping of the edges. But he had shaped them very well. There was not a house in Nazareth that could compare with it for well fitted stone work and beauty of finish. Tobias modestly said that it was so well done that the joining of the stone work always made him think of the Holy of Holies in the Great Temple at Jerusalem. All this increased the inclination of the children to admire it and to think of it as a very wonderful house—which it really was, for it was the home of the family now best known in all the world.

The one room that composed the house was about twenty-four feet square, larger than most rooms to-day and as large in extent as four rooms of the modern workman's cottage. There was no lack of ground on which to build, as in a city like Rome, where a man might have to climb up two hundred steps, or in an island city like Tyre, where a house of seven stories was not unusual. It cost little more to build a larger house than a smaller one, for the back and side walls, in part at least, were composed of the rock of the hill where the stones had been taken out for the building. There were no windows to be darkened by the hill and the cost lay more in labor than expense.

The house must needs be larger than a mere habitation for the family. The same type of house is built to-day in primitive Palestine. The front is used for storing goods and for the shelter of the family animals. The living quarters for the family are in the same room, but in the rear, and on a higher level. The front is on the level of the street. On that level are stored faggots and grape-cuttings, thorns and brushwood for the winter fires, hay and barley for the animals. Here too the donkeys, goats and camels are barred in by the great door with the same protection as the family.

In the house of the carpenter, as in all the houses of Nazareth, the family lived in the rear, on the higher level. Eight feet inside the front wall were mangers and feeding cribs. There the ground rose three feet to the higher floor level. On this floor the family lived. And a very good floor it was, composed of gravel, firmly packed down so that it was almost as hard as stone. The earth of the floor was covered here and there with heavy woven strips of hemp or flax, the coarser fibres being used thus by the women of the household after carding for the finer linen.

A raised shelf extended across the entire back wall. In most Syrian

houses it was built of stone. Abba-Yusuf, being a carpenter, had built the long bench of wood. He had given it the luxury of compartments beneath. They were most convenient for clothing, woven materials and such things as a careful home-maker like Mother-Mary would put away for safe keeping. The bench was used in the daytime for the rolled-up beds. It was seldom or never used as a seat, for it was in the darkest part of the house, and the family, like all Orientals, preferred to sit cross-legged on the mats during the little time they spent indoors.

The beds resembled heavy quilts or comforters. They were either of a single length of heavy wool or of two long pieces of hand-woven linen between which was secured a layer of lamb's wool for warmth and comfort. At night the members of the family unrolled their beds and spread them on the floor. With their beds beneath them, or over them, or both, they made themselves comfortable without removing their outer clothing. Like most native Asiatics, the Jews were averse to the exposure of the body, except as they came under the influence of the Greeks whose customs were all about and among them in Galilee.

The furnishings of the house were of the simplest. The bushel measure was turned upside down to serve as a table. On it was set the earthenware platter for the family meals. Each dipped in the common dish. The small drinking jug was passed from hand to hand as the meal progressed. Little earthen lamps were set on the bushel (instead of under it) as we are reminded by one of the Master's witty analogies. Or the lamp might be put on a projecting stone in the side wall, or on a bracket attached to one of the upright posts that carried the ceiling timbers. These ceiling beams or timbers were very heavy and strong, for they must carry the great weight of gravel that formed the roof, also such other burdens of people or animals as the roof might have to bear. Goats and, very often, a camel or two would stray out to its very edge, cropping its growing grasses, for the roof gravel faded away into the soil of the hillside against which the house was built. Often a rider would guide his camel or donkey out from the slope above only to find himself looking down above the front door as he searched a way down the hillside. Many a family has been, to say the least, surprised to find a horse and rider in its midst because of the breaking of old and rotten roof-beams.

The gravel of the roof was almost two feet in thickness. Brushwood was laid between the short pieces of wood that stretched from beam to beam. On the brush-wood was a layer of turf on which, in turn, was spread the gravel which was then levelled and solidified by "tamping" with the flat end of a timber. It was then covered with two or three inches of sticky clay which was spread upon the gravel as a kind of mortar. Thus made, the roof was impervious to the heaviest storms of the continuous "early

rains" of the winter months. During the six or seven rainless months of summer, however, the roof would suffer many "fire-cracks." These were carefully enlarged and repacked with fresh mortar-clay by the women-folk in ample time to dry and harden before the first of the "early rains" in late October or November.

One end of the family living room was the kitchen, called "Karayim." Here was the "saagh," the concave piece of iron used for cooking. It was set on stones arranged like a little fireplace. Between the stones and under the "saagh" was thrust the fuel for cooking, brushwood, thorns or faggots. The small volume of smoke from the dry fuel escaped through the only window, a little opening high up under the roof, or found its way out of the always open door. During the long dry months, both the saagh and the carpenter's bench were removed and set up out of doors. Galileans used the house only for sleeping when the rainless days began, after the "latter rains" of Spring, and until the "early rains" of late Autumn.

The great water jar and the smaller ones for carrying water from the Great Fountain, the single large spring of Nazareth, were set against the wall. Each jar contained some water-cress or other green and living water plant which floated on the water to keep it fresh for drinking. Near the back wall were the cupboard and a large wooden chest, built by Abba-Yusuf. The chest was divided into two compartments or bins. One was for barley. The other was the wheat bin from which the grain was taken daily to be ground in the mill. Of course no grinding was done on Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath. A double portion was ground and baked on Friday and thus the Third Commandment kept, against labor on the Sabbath Day. The mill was composed of two round stones fitted together. The lower stone was called "pelach." It was a shallow cone rising to a point at the center. It was shaped from a very hard rock. "Hard as the pelach," or lower millstone, was a common proverb among the Jews. Upon this pelach was fitted the "rechob-pelach," or upper millstone. It was of much softer stone and had a hole in the center into which the grain was fed a handful at a time, to come out as flour in the shallow groove at the outside edge of the lower stone. The upper stone was revolved upon the lower by a wooden handle, a short round stick, inserted in a hole in its top. The mill was an important possession of every family. Like the tools of the workman, it was unlawful to take the mill or the outer garment as a pledge of debt for more than one day. Such a pledge must be returned by sunset, even though the debt had not been paid.

Abba-Yusuf's work-bench was within the house, on the lower level during the "early" or winter rains. After the "latter rains" of Spring it was moved out of doors where he did his work during the rainless



CANA OF GALILEE

months of Summer. His tools were simple, but quite adequate for his work. They consisted of saw and axe, an adze for surfacing round timbers, chisels of different sizes, a wooden hammer or small maul made of a short section of round, hard olive wood with a hole burned in its center to receive the handle.

The donkey, wise-looking and patient, shared the love of the family as he did their house. Because of his enormous ears, he was called Aznoth (ears). He was the pet of every member of the family and the playfellow of the little ones. He received nothing but kindness from them all, even when he lifted his great voice in greetings to a friend outside. Only at such a time it might be suggested that, instead of "ears," he should have been called "bray."

Here, in comfort and in great content, lacking nothing that was required for their simple needs, lived the family of the Founder of our Christian civilization. He spent the years of his boyhood here in Nazareth with Mother-Mary and Abba-Yusuf and their eight younger children. As the eldest, in the tender care and protection of these "little ones," he practised those virtues which he taught as the divine Master in later years, which stand to-day as the ideal of humanity and the rule of life.

The family is described in the thirteenth chapter of the first Gospel at the fifty-fifth verse, where Matthew repeats the question asked by the people of Nazareth regarding the Great Teacher and Prophet who had been a boy among them, "Is not this the carpenter's son? Is not his mother called Mary, and his brethren James and Joseph and Simon and Jude? And his sisters, are they not all with us?"

Amid the wealth of fair Galilee, where the rich soil produced abundant crops with such little effort that even beggars and cripples need not starve, the Son of Man lived in a house that was like all the other houses in the town and better than most. He worked, as the people of Syria have worked from that day to this, easily at most times, strenuously and for long hours if necessity demanded. But he had much leisure, much time that was easily his own, with time, always, for the daily stroll to the top of the hill above the bazaars, the immemorial custom of Nazareth, thence to look down upon the mighty citadel and stone temples of Sepphoris and across to the green length of Mt. Carmel and the shining waters of the Great Sea.

The work of the carpenter was among the more honorable of the callings of Nazareth. Every man among the Jews was taught a skilled handicraft. Every man, moreover, worked at his trade and was proud of it. No self-respecting Jew would have dared bring up his son without the skill and knowledge of a self-supporting trade. In the words of Pirke Aboth, the Sayings of the Fathers, that was "equivalent to teaching him to be a thief."

The work of the carpenter was leisurely and clean. It was sufficiently

diversified to require accurate thinking. In many of its operations it was quite automatic and so would permit deep meditation. The income of a master-builder, like Abba-Yusuf, exceeded the usual profit of local tradesmen and the wages of skilled craftsmen in the prosperous town of Nazareth.

If work at home was lacking, the great city of Sepphoris was but half an hour's walk below the top of the hill back of the bazaars. It was thus within easy reach of the artisans of Nazareth. They often walked much further to their day's work. Many of the present-day farmers who live in Nazareth walk daily back and forth, six or eight miles to their distant fields in the Plain of Esdrelon. You may see them in the gloaming, toiling up the thousand-foot hill that leads up to Nazareth. They walk beside the little donkey that carries the ancient Arab plow along his never-removed carpet saddle, its long shaft projecting beyond the animal's patient, bobbing ears.

New building was constantly in progress in Sepphoris. Herod Antipas expended most of his huge income in building and rebuilding. Sepphoris had been reduced by Varus to charred heaps and scattered stones, when it rebelled against Rome after the death of Herod the Great. Herod Antipas had rebuilt it from its ruins. He had increased its former size and glory, to make it the greatest city between Jerusalem and Antioch. He was continually adding to its buildings in order to make his capital city of Galilee, the richest and most beautiful, as it was the largest and strongest city of the Holy Land, except Jerusalem alone.

At a later date, not later than 14 A.D., Herod Antipas began to build another city beside the hot baths on the west shore of the Sea of Galilee. He planned to transfer the capital of Galilee to this entirely new city which, in beauty and elegance, if not in size and magnificence, should surpass the old capital city of Sepphoris.

This seems to have occurred shortly after the death of Abba-Yusuf when the burden of supporting Mother-Mary and her younger children had fallen upon her first-born son. Building operations at Sepphoris were entirely suspended. The artisans of the city were left without employment. Most of the craftsmen and a large part of the population moved away from Sepphoris. Lack of work caused the removal of a like proportion of the people of Nazareth.

We meet with repeated traditions that tell of the removal of Mother-Mary and her son about this time from Nazareth to Cana of Galilee. It is hard to assign any other reason but the lack of work in Sepphoris and its suburbs. At least Cana of Galilee was on the way to the new site of the city of Tiberias where many new and great buildings were going up, and so nearer to the place where there was much work at good wages.

BORN IN BETHLEHEM

ONE day when he was but a little lad, The Boy came running in from play. His face was shining and his breath came fast. With the most perfunctory salutation of respect to his mother, he flung himself to a sitting posture at her feet, leaned back his head against her knees and rested luxuriously, while his quickened breath became more regular.

"Mother-Mary," he said, "we had the best game of Romans-and-robbers. Nobody caught me once."

Mother-Mary ran tender fingers through the waving hair that clustered damply about his brow and kissed the dewy forehead.

"I am glad, my son," she said. "Rest now against mother's knees. Presently you shall tell me the words of the First Benediction of Moses and the name by which we call it."

"It is called the Shema because 'shema' (hear) is the first word in it," said The Boy promptly. "We say it every day at home and the hazzan (reader) says it every Sabbath in the synagogue and I can repeat it all, every word of it." So the little lad repeated the Shema, or Jewish confession of faith whose words were most familiar to every boy of the Hebrew race, and first of all to be committed to memory.

THE SHEMA, OR FIRST BENEDICTION OF MOSES

Hear, O Israel; The Lord our God is one Lord; and thou shalt love the Lord, Thy God, with all thine heart and with all thy soul and with all thy might.

And these words which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart, and thou shalt teach them diligently to thy children and shalt talk of them when thou sittest down in thine house and when thou walkest in the way and when thou liest down and thou standest up.

And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thy hand and they shall be for frontlets between thine eyes.

And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house and on thy gates.

And it shall come to pass, if ye hearken diligently unto my commandments which I command you this day, to love your God and to serve Him with all your heart and all your soul, that I will give you the early rain and the latter rain, that thou mayest gather in thy corn and thy wine and thy oil.

And I will send you grass in the fields for thy cattle, that thou mayest eat and be full.

Take heed to yourselves that your heart be not deceived, and ye turn aside and serve other gods and worship them; and then the Lord's wrath be kindled against you, and He shut up the heaven, that there be no rain, and that the land yield not her fruit; and lest you perish quickly from off the good land which the Lord hath given you.

Therefore shall you lay up these my words in your heart and in your soul, and bind them for a sign upon your hand, that they may be as frontlets between thine eyes. And you shall teach them to your children, speaking of them when thou sittest down in thy house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down and when thou risest up. And thou shalt write them upon the door-posts of thy house and upon thy gates. That your days may be multiplied and the days of your children, in the land which the Lord sware unto your fathers to give them, as the days of heaven upon the earth.

And the Lord sware unto Moses, saying, Speak unto the children of Israel and bid them that they make them fringes in the borders of their garments throughout their generations, and that they shall put upon the fringes of the borders a ribbon of blue. And it shall be unto you for a fringe that you may look upon it, and remember all the commandments of the Lord and do them; and that you seek not after your own hearts and your own eyes, after which you used to go astray; that you may remember and do all my commandments and be holy unto your God.

I am the Lord your God who brought you out of the land of Egypt to be your God; I am the Lord your God.

"That is well done," said Mother-Mary. "Some day, if it be God's will, you shall stand up as the leader of the congregation and repeat those words of Moses before all the synagogue."

"Mother-Mary," said The Boy eagerly, "I remember all about Moses and the place where he was born and the desert where he lived."

"How can that be, my son?" asked Mother-Mary. "You are not yet eight and it is almost two thousand years since Moses."

"But I can remember the great square rocks," said The Boy. "They were large, like a mountain. They were shaped like the chopping block standing on its corner. They cast dark shadows in the sand. And I remember the wide, flat river. We crossed it in a boat with a three-cornered sail. When we were there you said, 'This is where Moses was born.' Then, out in the desert, you said, 'This is where Moses led the children of Israel, when they lived forty years in tents.' I have never forgotten."

"The pyramids and the Black River, the River of Egypt," said Mother-Mary musingly. "It is strange that you should remember, for you were only four years old."

"Tell me the story again, Mother-Mary," He urged. "Tell me the story of Moses and of me."

"You remember the places and the sights we saw when we fled across

the desert and went to Egypt as God warned us to do. We did it to save your life when you were a Yonek (suckling). It was there we saw the old home of Moses. His life was saved by the will of God from the ancient Egyptian king, one of the Pharaohs, just as you were saved by the same God, your Father, from Herod the Great. You were a Yonek and Moses was a Yonek. Each of you was saved from being killed by the order of a cruel and angry king."

"I know," said The Boy. "It was Pharaoh for Moses and it was Herod for me."

"You have said," replied Mother-Mary. "It was Herod for you and it was Pharaoh for Moses. That Pharaoh was the king of Egypt who belonged to a new family of kings. They were very war-like. They came down the Nile with fierce and mighty armies. They conquered the Shepherd Kings who were of the same Semitic blood as our forefathers. The Shepherd Kings were not fierce but gentle. They had been the friends of Abraham and of Isaac. Afterward one of them raised Joseph to be his Vizier, the next highest ruler in the land, and later received the rest of Jacob's sons as dear friends, almost brethren, and gave them choice fields in the land of Goshen.

"It was years after that, as the book of Exodus tells the story, that 'there arose a new king over Egypt, who knew not Joseph.' That was the Pharaoh, belonging to the new dynasty of fierce warriors from far up the Nile, who oppressed the Children of Israel. He was afraid of our forefathers because, as he said, 'They are more and mightier than we.' So he had given the command to his soldiers that they should kill all the boy-babies of the Hebrews as soon as they were born."

"Then Moses was born. His father was Amram and his mother Jochebed. They were both of the tribe of Levi, who was the third son of Jacob. Moses' father and mother hid him for three months after he was born. Then he grew so large that they were afraid he would be found by the Egyptians. His mother could not bear to have the soldiers kill him. He was such a handsome baby boy and she loved him so much, just as I love you, my son. So she wove a basket, 'tebnah,' they call it in Egypt. It was made of papyrus reeds. She covered it with melted pitch or tar, so that it would not leak. She put the Yonek, Moses, in the basket and hid it just above the level of the water. She found a place there where the green flag, or rushes, grow along the edge of the river and where they were so thick that you could not see ten feet away when you were among them.

"The king of Egypt at that time was Rameses II. He had a daughter named Thermutis. She was married, but she had no babies of her own. The Princess Thermutis went down to the river one day to bathe. She was

going through the reeds to get to the water. Right in front of her, in the thickest of the bulrushes, just above the water, she saw a basket. She went and looked into it. What do you suppose she saw?"

"She saw the Yonek," said The Boy, "and it was Moses."

"You have said," answered Mother-Mary. "She saw Moses and he was a beautiful Yonek (baby boy). He had been crying. The Princess said to herself that this must be one of the children of her father's Hebrew slaves who had been hidden to keep him from being killed by the soldiers."

"At first she thought of calling the soldiers who would obey her father's command to kill the Yonek. But Moses put out his hands to her. He smiled up at her, the tears still in his eyes, his little mouth wide open and not a single tooth in it. She was pleased with him. She took him up in her arms, and he put his head down on her breast and went fast asleep."

"She began to love him from that very minute. She would not let him be killed by her father's soldiers. She looked around. There was a little girl standing at a distance. The little girl was watching her. So the Princess Thermutis called her and asked her name. What do you suppose the little girl said?"

"I know," said The Boy. "She said her name was Miriam. She was the sister of Moses."

"You have said," replied Mother-Mary. "She was Moses' older sister. She told the Princess that her name was Miriam. Then she asked if she might not go and find a nurse to take care of the baby. Thermutis said 'Yes.' So Miriam ran as fast as her feet could travel. She ran straight home and got—"

"Yes," interrupted The Boy; "she got Moses' own Mother."

"When Moses' mother came," continued Mother-Mary, "the Princess said to her, 'Woman, I have found here a Yonek (suckling child) hidden in a basket. He is doubtless the child of one of the Hebrew slaves. My father, the King, has commanded to kill all males of that race as soon as they are born. Yet this is a handsome and well-liking child and my heart goes out to him. Take him away and nurse him for me. I will pay you your wages.'

"So Moses' mother took him home. She did not have to hide him now, for he was under the protection of the great King's daughter. I think Moses liked being at home with his mother much better than lying in a basket among the muddy roots of the bulrushes at the edge of the river. So his mother nursed him at home. And she loved him to her heart's content until he was weaned. Then the Princess Thermutis took him to her home in the palace of Pharaoh. He was brought up in the King's court as her own son."

"The Egyptians were the wisest people in all the ancient world, as they

were among the greatest. Moses had the best of Egyptian teachers. He was instructed in the deepest learning of his age. He was even taught the mysteries and secrets of the sages. They believed in One God, though the common people worshipped idols. As an Egyptian brought up in the court of the Egyptian king, you would not have known that he was not an Egyptian. He spoke the same language, just as all our forefathers did. He had the manners and dress of an Egyptian noble. Even Zipporah, who afterward became his wife, thought Moses was an Egyptian when she first saw him. She told her father that it was an Egyptian who drove away the shepherds so that she and her sisters could get water for their flocks. (Ex. 2: 19.)

"An Egyptian in learning, dress and language, in everything but blood and race, Moses was yet a true Hebrew, and he used all the learning of the Egyptians to free our people from their bondage. He became the greatest man of our nation, the greatest man of all the world. As the Great Law-giver, he made our nation great. He led our fathers out of bondage from their slavery in Egypt. He saw God face to face. He received the stone tablets on which were the Ten Commandments, written by the hand of God. He talked with God as no other man has ever done since the world began.

"Moses learned the secret teaching of the sacred colleges from the wise men of Egypt. Those secret teachings were truly spiritual. They were high and noble doctrines, a belief in one God, the highest and purest moral law and a religion entirely apart from the idolatry and ignorance of the common people, who follow the customs of animal worship received from the African tribes high up on the Nile. These great teachings are like our own about God and the Law. Moses used them to give God's Law to our nation as its richest blessing.

"God has promised that His Law shall be the law for all the world. It is the only thing that can save the world from sin and wickedness. Now we are waiting and praying for the Savior who shall bring all the world to love the Law. But our teachers, ever since the death of Herod, are making the Law hateful. They add all kinds of binding and annoying interpretations to the Law that make it a burden too hard to be borne, even by our own people. Our Greek neighbors would gladly receive the Law. They would love to live by its high moral teaching. But the senseless little rules of the scribes form such a barrier that I fear it will need a greater than Moses to teach the law to all the world.

"I am sure that the Savior must teach the Law as Love, if the world is to receive it. Yet many, even among the wisest of our nation, think only of the rule of King-Messiah, with battles and blood, conquests and brutality. They talk only of making other nations slaves to us, as we are slaves to Rome."

Mother-Mary sighed, for the burdens of life were heavy under the iron rule of the Roman Empire. Extortion and oppression were the rule. Roman tax-gatherers all needed the admonition of John the Baptist, "Exact no more than that which is appointed you." Collectors of Roman revenues were apt to seize double their dues from every fruit tree, from every tilled field and from the traders passing on every road.

"Tell me again, Mother-Mary," said her first-born, "tell me again about me when I was a Yonek."

"You were born at the time of the last property-census under Herod the Great," said Mother-Mary. "There will be another after next year. The Emperor Augustus has already given the order to Quirinius, the Legate of Syria at Antioch. He will have the property of every landholder recorded in the cities where the lands are located. When Herod was king, the Emperor allowed our nation to follow our old system and to record the property every ten years. Now we are under the direct rule of Rome and must follow the Roman system, where the property is recorded every fourteen years.

"We had gone to Bethlehem to be taxed according to our family property and to have our title entered correctly on the recorder's lists. We shall be obliged to go to Bethlehem again next year, for it is there we own the little vineyard in the city of David that has come down through the family from the time of David, our Ancestor-King. It is at Bethlehem that we must record our family holdings with the recorder of Jewish property."

"Yes," said The Boy proudly, "for Mother-Mary and Abba-Yusuf are both of the house and lineage of David, so they must go to David's city to be taxed according to their family property."

"You have said it, son of mine," answered his mother. "It was so we went to Bethlehem for the taxation and recording of our property before you were born. It was late in the day when we reached the Inn (now called "Kimham"), the khan of Bethlehem. It was crowded to the outermost wall. The courtyard of the khan is larger than most such courts, but it was filled with people. Men and animals were mixed in wild confusion. Loaded donkeys were being dragged about and beaten. Camels were squealing. Horses were snorting and kicking. Children were crying for their mothers. Mothers were calling their own by name and searching wildly for their little ones among shouting, quarreling drivers and unruly beasts.

"Every camping place in the court was filled. We could not find a spot in which to spread our beds and your mother was in an agony of pain.

"But Abba-Yusuf knew the place well. Bethlehem had been his home. He led our donkey quickly around to the rear of the crowded khan. Thence we made our way up the slope of the hill to the ledge of rock where there

were numbers of natural caves. Some of them are used for family dwellings. Others serve to protect the flocks and herds of the shepherds and the people of Bethlehem. Abba-Yusuf soon gained entrance to Gershom's house and he quickly made us comfortable in a large stable-cave very close at hand.

"What a grotto it was. It was high and dry. The air was pure and good, and it was large enough to accommodate a cohort of soldiers. It seemed a perfect haven of rest after the noise and quarreling confusion of the khan. It was quiet and warm. It was filled, besides, with the clean, sweet scent of hay and the fragrant breath of restful, friendly animals. All was tranquillity and peace.

"Gershom called his wife, Keturah. Her loving, happy face will always remain pictured in my memory as that of a ministering angel.

"So, in that stable-cave at Bethlehem, in its peace and dim quiet, you were born on the twenty-fifth day of the month Chisleu, which the Romans call December.

"My beloved Keturah wrapped you in swaddling clothes and laid you in a manger half filled with sweet warm straw.

"That was how my first-born son came into the world."

"And you called his name?" came the eager question.

"We called his name as it had been called by a vision which had long been in my heart, from God and for God's people. We called his name JESHUA, The One Who Saves."

SHEPHERDS AND WISE MEN

"ON the night when you were born," Mother-Mary continued the story, "there was a brilliant light in the sky. Out in the fields, to the south of Bethlehem, the shepherds keep the flocks which are set aside for the Temple sacrifice. Every day but on the Sabbath, you may see them driving a flock over the six miles of road to Jerusalem. Those are the animals that are needed for the Daily Burnt Offerings. They are killed at the side of the Great Altar on which their flesh is burned after their blood is sprinkled upon the sides of the Great Altar to consecrate them as the worship of the nation to our God.

"The shepherds watched their flocks that night, some seated on the ground, others lying beside the fire they had built. The air is chill in winter about Bethlehem. Sometimes they even get snow in the highlands about the time of the Feast of Lights, which begins on the twenty-fifth of Chisleu (December). They rested round their fire in the walled enclosure of the large sheep-fold where they nightly bring their flocks for safety. One watched while the others slept.

"The watchman saw the light and wakened his companions. At first they thought it was a fire in the khan. They knew, of course, that the walls of rock that form the khan courtyard would not burn. Nor would the little stone hut of the lodge-keeper of the khan. But often the people who camp in the courtyard bring great loads of merchandise in their long caravans. Much of it is of light and inflammable material which would burn quickly if it caught a spark from the cooking fire of a careless camper.

"But the light they saw was not a fire in the khan. It was a rose-and-silver glow that spread and grew behind the khan till all the northern sky was bright over the town of Bethlehem. The light grew ever brighter at the center. There, presently, they had a vision. It was a brilliant figure in the shape of a Heavenly Being. It was august. It was serene and beautiful. But it was terrifying to their simple minds.

"Alarmed by the whining of their dogs, the shepherds had at the first picked up their iron-pointed crooks, which are more effective than any club. They had supposed they were about to be attacked by some wild animal. But the dogs, instead of keeping up their angry barking, as they



SHEPHERD SCENE NEAR BETHLEHEM

do when thieves or wolves approach, showed signs of the most abject fear. They crept close, each to his own master, thrust their heads under the shepherds' goatskin mantles and whined softly as though they sensed a mystery beyond human sight or understanding, against which they knew they could not fight and turned to their masters for protection.

"So came the vision of the angel, shining from the sky. To the shepherds it seemed a majestic figure in tints of rose and pearl. Some said it had wings of translucent white, like the angel Gabriel as he has been described by the scholars from the traditions of the Fathers. Others said it was like a man, but with a glowing graciousness that was not of earth. One was sure that it was no other than Adonai, the Shining One, called 'The Lord and Brightness of the Almighty.'

"The shepherds had risen to their feet. Their heavy crooks were clubbed. They were ready to defend their flocks against thieves or wild beasts. When they saw the shining vision they fell upon their faces and hid their eyes. For they were sore afraid. But a sense of peace entered all their souls. A heavenly warmth and exaltation thrilled their being. They lifted up their heads to hear gracious words which seemed to float from the heavenly vision through the still air to each listening heart.

"'Be not afraid,' he said, 'for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Savior, who is the Anointed One of God. And this shall be a sign unto you. You shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.'

"And suddenly, there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.' Each one of the shepherds saw the host of heavenly beings with the great angel, but each saw only one face in that mighty throng, and it was the face of his Best-Beloved who had been called away by death to God.

"And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said to one another, 'Let us go now even unto Bethlehem and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.' And they came with haste— And what do you suppose they found?" asked Mother-Mary.

"I know," said The Boy. "They found Mother-Mary and Abba-Yusuf and the Yeled (new-born baby) that was little Jeshua."

"You have said," answered Mother-Mary. "The shepherds told me all these things. For they came that same night and saw me with my Yeled. You were lying in the manger, fast asleep and Abba-Yusuf was taking care of us, as he always has. They gave thanks to God for the vision they had seen. They brought comfort to my heart in the thought that

your advent into life was God's time of promise for salvation to His people and to all the world.

"Some of the shepherds brought sheep from the Temple flocks to Jerusalem next day for the Daily Sacrifice. They told of the vision that had appeared. They told of the Yeled (new-born child) they had seen. The news spread through all Jerusalem.

"Forty-one days afterward, we brought you to the Holy City. Forty-one days are required after the birth of a boy and eighty-one days after the birth of a girl, before the mother can make the offering for her purification. Afterward, she can partake of all holy things. So we took you after forty days to present you to the Lord before the Great Altar in the Temple."

"But you did not take James and Joseph to the Temple," said The Boy "and we just brought Esther and Ruth to the synagogue here and the Hazzan read out their names. Then Abba-Yusuif was the first one to read his portion of the Law on that Sabbath."

"It is only the first-born son of his parents who is taken to the Temple and presented to God before the Great Altar," said his mother. "Other boys are named when they are circumcised on their god-father's knees on the eighth day. The girls are named by the public reading in the synagogue on the first or second Sabbath. But the first son is presented to God in the Temple. Then he is redeemed from the Lord, as you were, by the payment to the priest of five shekels of silver, Tyrian weight, which is double the weight of the 'shekel of the sanctuary.' The shekel of Tyre is the tetra-drachma, the Phenician four-drachma piece. Here is one in my head-dress. It shows Hercules, the demi-god who is the patron-god of Tyre. He is riding a sea-horse. The rough line below him represents the waves. Under them you see a swimming dolphin. On the other side is the owl of Egypt with the crook and nail on his shoulder, the symbols of Osiris, the Egyptian sun-god. We Galileans of Syria are a strange mixture of Egypt, Greece and Phenicia, my son."

"But why should I be redeemed, Mother-Mary?" asked The Boy, "and why should the price be five shekels of Tyre?"

"It is the Law of Moses," said Mother-Mary, "and it goes back to the time when all the first-born males of men and animals of all the Egyptians were killed by the Angel of Death. The first-born males of the children of Israel were redeemed and saved from death by the killing of a lamb and sprinkling its blood on the door-posts of each Hebrew house, so that the Death-angel would 'pass over' that house without killing the first-born males. That is why we call it the 'passover' lamb that we kill every year and why the first-born son is given to the Lord."

"But why should the price be five shekels?" asked The Boy.

"That is told in the third chapter of the book of Numbers," said Mother-Mary. "God commanded Moses to number the first-born males of all the tribes who were over one month old. But he told him to number all the males of the tribe of Levi. For God was to take all the males of the one tribe of Levi as a holy order to serve him, instead of the first-born males of all the twelve tribes. The oldest son of every family in all the tribes had been called 'holy unto the Lord' ever since the first-born males had been saved from death by the 'Passover' lamb. Now the Levites were to be set apart as a sacred tribe to help the priests, who were the family of Aaron, by taking down and putting up the Tabernacle-tent and carrying it on the journey from camp to camp and by serving the priests in preparing the sacrifices and in all the service about the altar.

"Moses numbered all the males of the Levites. There were just twenty-two thousand. But there were twenty-two thousand, two hundred and seventy-three first-born males of all the tribes. That made a difference of two hundred and seventy-three. God told Moses that they should be redeemed by the payment, for each one, of five shekels of silver to the priestly family of Aaron and his sons who had been set apart from the tribe of Levi as a sacred priesthood to make the sacrifices for all the nation. The coins they used in those days were Phenician and so, for all the centuries, each Hebrew family has paid the five shekels of silver of Tyrian weight for the redemption of its first-born son, as we did for you."

"How did you redeem me?" asked The Boy.

"Abba-Yusuf lifted you up and gave you back to God as God had given you to us, that your life might be devoted to God's service. Then he paid the five Phenician shekels to the priests and said the old words of the fathers, 'I redeem this child, the first-born son and the first-born son of Mary, my wife, by the payment of five shekels of Tyrian weight, as ordained by Moses.'

"That was before the benediction that ends the Morning Sacrifice. We went together to the treasure chest that is Number Three among the thirteen in the Court of the Women, which is called the Treasury. The priest in charge of the sale of sacrifices there told us that the price, set that month by the Temple rulers, for a pair of turtle doves was a drachma, which is the same as a Roman denarius. I put the silver piece in the trumpet-shaped mouth of the treasure-chest. The priest gave me a token written on papyrus. We took it to the Temple official in charge of the cages in the Court of the Gentiles where doves and pigeons are kept for the sacrifices. He gave us two turtle doves in exchange for the token. One was for the sin-offering. The other was for the burnt-offering.

"While the Levites were singing the music of the Morning Sacrifice, we went up the wide semicircular steps that lead from the Court of the Women

to the Gate of Nicanor. That is the nearest that any woman can come to the Great Altar of Burnt Offering which stands in the Court of the Priests, and which was only separated from us by the twenty-four feet of the width of the Court of Israel.

"From the top of the steps, back of the railing on the platform beside the Gate of Nicanor, we could see the four priests who came out of the Holy Place, leaving their chief to pour the incense upon the live coals of the Golden Altar of Incense. The smoke of the incense rose in great gray clouds, 'a sweet smelling savor to God.' In that room, called the Holy Place, there is only gold. The Altar of Incense is of pure gold. The Table of Showbread is gold, and of gold is the seven-branched candlestick whose lamps are never all extinguished. Even the floor, like the covering of the great doors, is of sheets of beaten gold. The five priests came out from that golden room, each with the vessel in his hands with which he had done his part in the supreme sacrifice of the day. Every implement of the sacrifice was also of gold. They stood very near us for the final blessing. The chief of the five had fulfilled the dream of his life by pouring the incense upon the live coals of the Altar of Incense. He had never done so before, though he was an old man. He could never do so again, for it is permitted but once in his life-time, to any priest. He is thereafter called 'rich' in honor of that day. His face was shining with the glory of his divine service. His voice trembled as he spoke the words of the final benediction to all the congregation of Israel, gathered in the great courts of the Temple; 'The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord make his face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee Peace, both now and evermore.'

"It was a marvelous experience to see all the worshippers in the three great courts fall upon their faces in adoration. When we rose, we stood in prayer until a priest came to us from among the fifty who were serving about the Great Altar of Burnt Offering. He was an old friend of ours. I have told you about him."

"I know," said The Boy. "He was Zacharias, the father of little John, three months older than I am."

"You have said," answered Mother-Mary. "It was Zacharias, the priest of the course of Abia. He is married to my cousin, Elizabeth. They live in Juttah, two hours beyond Hebron in the hill country of Judea. This was the first time he had been back to serve his course in the Temple since he saw the vision of an angel a year before, when he made the great sacrifice for the nation at the Golden Altar of Incense.

"We were glad to see him and he was glad to see us. He took the two turtle doves and carried them to the Great Altar. He killed the first dove for the sin-offering, as the Law requires, by cutting its throat deep enough

to break its neck but not to sever the head from the body. He sprinkled the blood below the red line that is painted four feet above the base of the altar, since the flesh is not consumed by burning but belongs to the priests and must be eaten by them within the Temple enclosure.

"He killed the other dove for our thank-offering. It would have been a lamb if we had been wealthy. The sin-offering is the same for everybody. It is a turtle dove or young pigeon. The Thank-offering is large in proportion to the means of those who give it. We would have been glad to give a lamb because we were so thankful for you, my son. The dove for the Thank-offering was killed by severing its head completely and the blood was sprinkled above the red line of the altar, since it must be entirely consumed by burning. For it is the Thank-offering of a woman who has already made her sin-offering and is now completely restored to communion with God's people and is able to partake of all holy things.'

"There was an old man there beside us when we presented you to God in the Temple. He was very old. His name was Simeon. He told us that it had been revealed to him that he should not see death until he had seen the one who was to be the Anointed One of God. He took you in his arms. His eyes were full of tears and he raised his broken voice in this chant of praise:

"'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace; according to thy word.

For mine eyes have seen thy salvation; which thou hast prepared before the face of all people;

A light to give Light to the Gentiles; and to be the glory of thy people, Israel.'

"So, my son, you must not hate anybody, not even the Romans, for you are to give peace to the Gentiles as well as to the Jews.

"A very aged woman was there also. She was Anna, the prophetess, who was said to be one hundred and one years old. She also prophesied and gave thanks to God and she spoke of you to all who look for redemption in Jerusalem. She was very proud of her genealogy which she could trace back to the lost tribe of Asher whose land was largely in Phenicia. She was born in Acco, which is at the end of the Bay of Acco that we see so clearly from the top of the hill above the Nazareth bazaars.

"That was a wonderful day, when we presented you to God in the Temple, when we made the sin-offering for my cleansing and the thank-offering after my purification. My heart was full of joy as we returned to Bethlehem. We expected to make our home there in the city of our ancestor David. We had found a home near that of Gershom and Keturah. Abba-Yusuf had begun some important work in the town. Our little vineyard was close at hand. We lived four months in Bethlehem, and we were well content.

"HOW THE WISE MEN CAME

"One of the strangest things in all your infancy occurred about two months after we had presented you to God in the Temple, when we had redeemed you, as the custom is for the first-born son.

"It was in the evening. The sun had set but it was not quite dark. We heard a noise like the approach of a cavalcade or a century of soldiers on the march. Then came a loud knocking at the door. Abba-Yusuf opened it. I beheld a large retinue of servants, with many led beasts. I was alarmed at first, then full of wonder when I saw the men about whom numerous retainers were gathered, the men who seemed to be their masters.

"There were three of them. They were clothed in splendid robes of the style of the Far East. They were kingly in their magnificence. Each was seated on a gray trotting camel, the largest I ever saw, and the most richly caparisoned.

"My neighbor Keturah told me afterward that she saw a bright light shining over our house before the Wise Men came, a light like that of a brilliant meteor or falling star, which made our house stand out more plainly than any house about us.

"The three Wise Men dismounted and came in. They were called Magi and they were great men in their own far-distant lands. They greeted us courteously and told us of their search. They asked us very exactly as to the day and hour of your birth. It brought them joy to learn that it was on the first day of the Feast of the Dedication of the Temple. That is the Feast of Lights, as you children know it. We light one lamp on the first evening and one more lamp on each evening following for eight days. Then eight lamps are burning and all the houses of the Land are bright with lights.

"We explained to the Wise Men that your birthday was on the first day of the Feast of Lights. It falls on the twenty-fifth of the month Chisleu. That is the third month with us. It is called Decem-ber by the Romans because Julius Cæsar made it the tenth month when he reformed the calendar.

"The Wise Men went forth again. It was now quite dark and we could see them under the torches of their retainers as they brought out their writing tablets and compared them carefully, each with the others. When they had finished, they showed signs of the greatest happiness, as if a long and arduous task with joy had been accomplished.

"Soon they came back into the house again. Each was followed by a heavily laden slave. They came to me one by one. Each made a deep obeisance to you as you lay upon my breast. And they presented rich gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh.

"They also spoke gracious words to me and bade me rejoice and give thanks to my God and to have high hopes for you, that you may become the divine man through whom God will do great things for all the nations of the world. They stated their firm belief that, as God's only begotten son, you will be highly favored and, for all ages, be called the Prince of Peace.

"They dismissed their retainers, with command to make their camp out at the khan. They stayed with us. All that long night through the three Wise Men held converse with us, rich and more to be desired than all their gifts.

"They were not merely Magi, or Wise Men. They were like the prophets of God. They were such as the Jews of Alexandria call 'divine men' because of their wisdom and understanding. All three seemed to hold our own faith. Their religion was that of the Jews in all essential points, though one of them came from Media, the second from Farthest Persia (India) and the third from the great temples that are very far up, near the source, of the River of Egypt.

"Yet all three had the same faith, believing in One God, not made with hands. They believed that God is the Creator of the world, a Spirit, who alone is Truth, indwelling in all who seek the truth. Each one explained that, in his own country, the true religion is debased to the comprehension of the ignorant, as it must ever be in every land. That all men, driven by their soul needs, must worship. But the ignorant demand something to worship that they can see or touch, the sun or fire or clouds, trees or beasts, stones or wood, carved in likenesses with which they are familiar. That everywhere humanity is seeking after God. Men and women are unhappy until they find Him. Nothing will satisfy the soul but the worship of the true God. But that is our God, the Spirit of life and love, who is the same God for all men and for all time, the Father-God. He only is the Highest. He is akin to every soul made in His image and ought to be loved by all humanity for His Fatherhood.

"The Magi had found that men will make or imagine a god to fit their comprehension, if not their needs, out of the things they see and know. These things they will worship in their search for the True God. Men saw the sun and imagined Osiris. They worship Demeter for the crops, Bacchus for the vine, Zeus (Jove) for the thunder, nymphs and dryads for trees and streams, other deities for the forces of nature or for the mysteries of life which they do not understand.

"Above all, it is the qualities of manhood that have been magnified until the great men of the past have become the gods of the present. Our ancient iron-worker, Tubal-Cain, is the Vulcan of the Romans and the Hephæstus of the Greeks. Hercules, the patron of Tyre, was simply a strong man. Castor and Pollux were Greek sailors and pirates. You could call the roll

of all the gods of Greece, from which Rome has borrowed all her deities. The same answer would serve for all, down to the worship of Alexander which is so common among the Greeks, or the worship of Augustus which has become a fashion through all the Empire. It is the strength or skill, or the high position, of some man which has been deified. It is not the God-likeness of heart and mind, the greatness of soul and the power to elevate humanity. But it ought to be, for these are the things that are divine in man, which the world should worship.

"Some day the man will live, the Son of God in fact. His life will be the life of God because it is the perfect life of man, lived as God would live on earth, if He lived as a man. Of this one thing the Wise Men were sure—that men and women would know and love the perfect God if they could know and love a perfect man.

"In particular, Abba-Yusuf had a long and intimate talk with that great sage of India, called Melchior, a very master of knowledge and the secrets of life, who gave him a message and a trust, which he will one day give to you, my son, just when you are entering into manhood.

"It was a night of holy converse long to be remembered. Early in the morning, the Wise Men departed on their separate journeys of weeks or months to distant homes in their far lands of mystery.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

"WITHIN a week after that wonderful visit from the Wise Men, Abba-Yusuf roused me suddenly in the middle of the night. He had been warned of God in a dream which bade him rise up quickly and take the young child and its mother and flee into Egypt.

"We had already been told by the Wise Men that Herod knew of their coming to Bethlehem. They had appealed to Herod for aid in their search. Herod in turn, had taken counsel of the High Priest and the Rabbi-Prince, who is the President of the Great Sanhedrin. Hillel himself, the great Rabbi-Nasi, had told Herod that out of Bethlehem would come the Savior who should feed and lead God's people. The crafty king had given this message to the Wise Men. He had also asked them, if they were successful in their search, to come back to him with the news. But God gave them counsel in their consultations or in a waking vision, to return to their homes by another way.

"Herod was very near madness all through his later years. He mistook the promised Guide of Israel's redemption for another rival for his throne. He had already drenched the Land in blood from fear and jealousy of claimants who might deprive him of his power. He regarded himself as King-Messiah and many of his admirers make the same claim for him to this day. He had killed a score and more of the highest of the land in his mad jealousy of power. Among them were many of his own family, his wife, the beautiful Mariamne, her two sons, her brother, the boy High-Priest, her mother and grandfather, the old High-Priest Hyrcanus, and many more.

"When the Wise Men did not return to him, Herod feared a new conspiracy. His half-crazed brain brooded upon suspicion. He planned destruction and revenge. With him, to plan was to act. He would kill first and question afterwards. The Wise Men had deceived him.

"So came Abba-Yusuf's vision of warning. In the dream were fierce lights amid which Herod's fat and evil eyes glared searchingly about until they fastened upon you, the Yonek, lying there upon my arm. Dark shadows followed, shot through with red streams of blood. Abba-Yusuf well knew the danger. After a thousand bloody murders, many of the victims being the greatest in the Land, what would it matter to Herod, the killing of a little

child or a dozen of them, in an obscure village like Bethlehem? The mad king would never think of it again. So Abba-Yusuf wakened me with the warning to make haste.

"Quickly I began to gather what I could by the dim light of our little earthenware lamp. Then of a sudden, I thought of my beloved Keturah. She had been an angel of mercy to me on the night when you were born. I had done a like service for her less than a month before at the birth of her second son. He was a beautiful baby boy. I might save him with you if we had the time. I ran to her house and beat upon the door. But Gershom would not open. I begged her through the heavy door, fast barred, to flee with us from the danger that impended. She told me that she could not, or perhaps she would not, come. She thought to give me comfort by saying that she would take care of the things that I must leave until I had returned. It would be soon, she prayed, and bade me God-speed. So I hurried back to finish collecting the few things we could carry on our little donkey. And I did not forget the rich gifts that had so recently come to us from the Wise Men of the East.

"I shall never forget the feeling of our desperate need of haste, how we started out under the stars without taking the time even to fill our waterskins. Nor did we think of it until we came, an hour later, to the Pools of Solomon on the southern road. We went down the western hill from Bethlehem instead of taking the road along the ridge to Hebron. So we crossed the valley and came up to the pools by the high aqueduct through which the water flows to Jerusalem by the higher levels, twenty miles long.

"We had been about three hours on the road when the sun broke through the haze over the 'Mountains-of-the-other-side' (the mountains of Moab across the Jordan). From the top of a high hill we could look back over the whole country behind us. Bethlehem lay in full sight like a toy village carved in ivory. To the east, below us, were the mists of Lake Asphaltitis (Dead Sea). Its waters were as shining and bright a blue as the heavens which they reflected.

"Soon we came up the great slope to the head of the longer aqueduct which goes down the side of the valley toward Bethlehem. That is the longest aqueduct that carries water to Jerusalem. It covers forty-seven miles in its windings along the lower levels before it reaches the Holy City.

"Opposite us was Tekoah, the birthplace of the Prophet Amos. Far below were the caves of Adullam. There our ancestor, King David, had fled with his few followers to hide from the anger of King Saul as we, his descendants, now fled from King Herod.

"About two hours before we reached the city of Hebron, I had a strange dream. Whether I was sleeping or waking I do not know. While I sat, half dozing upon the donkey, with you in my arms, I seemed to see a chariot



LOOKING OUT FROM THE WHEAT BAZAAR

driving slowly up the slope. It was a strange place to imagine a chariot, there in the rocky highlands of the Mount of Judah, but such was my dream. I have heard that the Romans are planning to build a road there soon. A black man was sitting in the chariot. He was very large and fleshy and had the effeminate features of a young boy. He was richly clad in colors that were unusually bright. His robes were such as might be worn by one who held a position of authority in the court of a king or queen. He was reading from a leather roll that looked as if it might be a volume of the Hebrew Scriptures.

"Along the hill, a man was walking. He seemed strangely like the little lad Philip, the son of our friends, Anna and Alpheus, of Bethsaida or like his cousin, Philip of Cæsarea, who is almost his twin. Suddenly the scene brightened as though the light were focussed above his head. He stopped and looked long and earnestly at the chariot on the road below. Then he turned, as though he had received a command, and ran down to the dark man in the chariot, who looked like an Ethiopian or Nubian. The dark man greeted him as he came near and seemed to be asking about the roll of the book he had been reading. The one who looked like Philip talked with him long and earnestly. As he talked, the dark man's face showed every emotion, from that of puzzled bewilderment to doubtful agreement and, at last, a kind of holy joy. It was at this point in my vision that I heard their words for the first time. The Ethiopian was speaking.

" 'See, here is water,' he said. 'What doth hinder me to be baptised?' And Philip said, 'If thou believest with all thy heart, thou mayest' (Acts 8: 36).

"So he commanded the chariot to stand still: and they both went down into the water where a little spring flowed out from the side of the hill. I looked on with wonder which turned to astonishment. I expected to see him baptise (wash) the hands or the feet of the dark man. He did neither. Instead, Philip took up water in his hands and raised it above the head of the Ethiopian. Then a marvelous thing took place in my dream or vision.

"You, my little babe, a Yonek of four months old, seemed to leave my arms and to rise above them where they stood. You were changed from the little babe of Bethlehem into a man—or more. You were a vision of light. Your garments were white. They were glistening and shining like the sun. You bent down upon them in heavenly benediction.

"Thrice Philip raised his hands, filled with water from the little spring. Thrice he poured it on the head of the Ethiopian. Thrice he baptised him, first in the name of the God of our fathers, next in your name and then in the name of the Paraclete, the Holy Spirit of God, the Comforter of all human souls. Thrice, above them, you raised your hands in blessing. And the man's face was transfigured with exultant joy. I heard a voice that

seemed to float from heaven with all the majesty and music in the proclamations of the ancient prophets:

“‘This one,’ it said, ‘is the first of all the Gentile world to be baptised. This memory shall be kept by the untold millions of all the centuries who shall follow him in the Faith and Worship of the Prince of Peace who gave his life for all, that all might give themselves to God.’

“The vision faded. Philip vanished from the scene. The Ethiopian entered his chariot and drove away with the new joy of consecration shining in his face. I opened my eyes and saw the little spring of the vision in the hillside. I asked Abba-Yusuf what the spring was called. He said that it must be the spring of Dirweh, for that is the name of the spring on the slope of the hill leading to Beth Zur.

“It was a high and rocky hill that led up to the mighty fortress of Beth Zur which stood at its very top. Beth Zur was the greatest stronghold of Judas who was called Maccabeus, the Hammer of God. It was one hundred and seventy years ago that the Maccabees were so hard pressed in fighting against the Syrian king of Antioch. They made Beth Zur their headquarters and strong retreat when they were beaten by the Greek armies sent out by Antiochus Epiphanes. He was that one of the Seleucid line of kings ruling from Antioch who sacrificed a sow on the Great Altar of the Temple and who forced the Jews to sacrifice on the altars of the Greek gods as a form of courtesy to the Greek rule.

“Half an hour after we had passed Beth Zur, we had climbed to the highest point of the Mount of Judah, or hill country of Judea. We were higher than the top of Mount Gerizim or Mount Ebal. We could see over all the Holy Land, from Dan to Beersheba, even beyond Dan to Mount Hermon whose white snow cap shone like a jewel, one hundred and forty miles to the north of us.

“From that point, the journey was much easier. We began the long downward climb that continues its descent right to Beersheba and the desert beyond. Not many minutes from the top, we came to the Grove of Mamre. It was here that Abraham dwelt under the oak of Mamre, when he was a stranger in the Land. Afterward he came back from Egypt and made his permanent home beside Hebron and planted the Grove of Mamre. The little trees he planted grew into great terebinths that are giants of their kind. They are already beginning to rot and fall. Here too we saw the huge cistern or pool which they call the bath of Sarah.

“So we entered the city of Hebron and passed the great double cave of Macpelah which Abraham bought of Ephron the Phenician, or Hittite, for four hundred shekels weight of silver. There Abraham buried Sarah. There Isaac buried his father Abraham. There Jacob and Esau buried their father Isaac and their mother Rebekah. To the same cave of Macpelah the twelve

sons of Israel brought up the mummy of their father Jacob from the land of Egypt and buried him beside Isaac and Abraham. So the Three Patriarchs rest in one tomb.

"But we did not stop to visit these sacred places, nor did we stay in the city of Hebron, though we were weary with the long day of travel. We would have loved to stay, for Hebron was the first capital of our ancestor, King David. From Hebron he ruled the kingdom for more than seven years. It is one of the oldest cities in the world and the earliest permanent home of our race.

"We delayed only long enough in the bazaars to buy wheat. We did not stop nor stay until we had gone two hours and more beyond Hebron. Then we reached the village of Juttah where my cousin Elizabeth lives with her husband Zacharias and her little son John. John is three months older than you are. His father Zacharias is a priest, for he is a descendant of Aaron, Moses' brother. My cousin Elizabeth was the daughter of a priest as well, so little John is of the purest priestly blood."

"Mother-Mary," said The Boy, "tell me about little John."

"John was born after strange happenings. Almost a year before his birth, Zacharias had a vision when he was serving with his 'course' at the Temple in Jerusalem. It was his great honor to be chosen on the third successive lot to minister at the Golden Altar of Incense. That is the supreme sacrifice. A priest is able to make it but once in his life and it is the great offering that is daily made in the name of all the nation. That is why a priest is called 'rich' after he has made that sacrifice.

"Zacharias had completed the sacrifice. He had stood alone in the Holy Place, as the priest must do when he pours the incense from the golden bowl upon the live coals that are brought from the Great Altar. The clouds of incense were rolling up. Zacharias had prostrated himself before the Altar of Incense. All the men of Israel in all the great courts of the Temple had fallen upon their faces. It was the supreme moment of the supreme sacrifice of the day. Zacharias was faint with emotion.

"Then the vision came. Zacharias raised his head. What was his surprise and astonishment to see a vision, an angelic visitant, standing beside him at the right side of the Altar of Incense, a bright figure that overshadowed the great Golden Candlestick. It was the first time such a vision had come in the Holy Place for more than a hundred years. Then John Hyrcanus, the High Priest, had seen an angel who gave him a message which he announced at once to the people, telling them how, that same morning, his sons had led the army of the Jews to a great victory far in the North.

"The angel of Zacharias' vision brought him the message that God would send him a son. He and Elizabeth were married many years. They had prayed earnestly for a child but none had come to them. It was the one

wish of both their hearts. Zacharias could not accept the joyful news in faith but asked the angel to give him a sign from God. It came at once. The angel told him that he should be dumb and that he could not speak a word until his son was born.

"The vision of the angel faded. Zacharias came forth from the Holy Place and joined the other four priests who had each performed his part in the golden room and, one by one, had left him until he stood alone to pour the incense of the supreme sacrifice. So he led the other four, each with the golden vessel in his hand which he had used at the Altar of Incense. And they stood at the top of the steps overlooking the great congregation where the priest who made the sacrifice always speaks the words of benediction to the assembled nation.

"But Zacharias could say no word. He had asked a sign from God and it had come. He could only make motions with his hands to show that he was dumb and speechless. So his principal assistant gave the benediction. The people who crowded the Temple courts dispersed, wondering why the priest who made the sacrifice did not speak the words of blessing.

"Still unable to speak, Zacharias returned home to Elizabeth. He could only tell her the wonderful news by writing. Nor could he utter a word until the birth of little John. On the eighth day after John was born all the relatives and friends came together at the house of Zacharias. The Yeled (new-born) was placed on his god-father's knees to be circumcised. The god-father gave him the name of Zacharias, after his father. Elizabeth said, 'No.' Zacharias made signs, asking for a writing tablet, and wrote on it, 'His name is John.' For that was the name he had heard in his vision. While everybody wondered, his mouth was opened and he spoke, blessing God, and his words were a great hymn of praise:

"BENEDICTUS

" 'Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for He hath visited and redeemed his people;
And hath raised up a mighty salvation for us in the house of His servant David;
As He spake by the mouth of His holy prophets, which have been since the world began:
That we should be saved from our enemies and from the hands of those who hate us;
To perform the mercies promised to our forefathers and to remember His holy covenant;
To perform the oath which He swore to our Father Abraham, that He would give us;
That we, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve Him without fear;

In holiness and righteousness before him all the days of our life.
And thou, child, shalt be called the prophet of the Highest for thou shalt go
before the face of the Lord to prepare his ways;
To give knowledge of salvation to His people for the remission of their sins,
Through the tender mercies of our God, whereby the dayspring from on
high hath visited us;
To give light to those who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death and
to guide our feet into the way of peace.'

"We stayed only through the night with Elizabeth and Zacharias, but it was a night of blessing. They were as anxious to help us onward as we were to go, when they heard our news. For we told them of Abba-Yusuf's dream of warning and the heavenly command that he should flee at once with us to Egypt and thus escape the danger that came of Herod's mad fear of my little son as a possible usurper of his throne.

"It was a night of blessing, as I have said. We told them everything that had befallen. They also repeated to us the story of Zacharias's vision at the Altar of Incense and told us of their happiness in the birth of the promised son. Elizabeth repeated to us every word of Zacharias' hymn of blessing. They rejoiced to hear of the shepherds' angelic vision, the Nunc Dimittis of the aged Simeon and the words of Anna, the prophetess, and of the visit of the Wise Men from the East.

"Elizabeth and I sat with our babies in our arms and we four praised God together for the signs of promise that you two might grow to greatness in God's work of redemption. We prayed also that his Holy Spirit might dwell always in your lives.

"We hurried on next morning long before sunrise. We made the long descent from the hill-country of Judea, the Mount of Judah, going ever downward toward the desert. We followed down the great valley that runs between the lofty table-lands that rise high on both sides. Their shoulders sprawl down into the valley in a mass of piled-up hills and tangled steepes. They reminded us constantly of the road from Jerusalem to Jericho.

"Beersheba means 'seven wells' and we came down into the town that night after a weary day of travel. It was a night of stars and moon and mystery. The seven wells of Beersheba lay below us in a great crescent. In the white glare of the moon the desert stretched away like a luminous and great pale sea, a sea of emptiness and dread. It looked very near, very oppressive.

"From Dan to Beersheba is the whole length of Israel. We had come from the sight of Dan, visible from the hill of Nazareth across the Lake. We now looked over Beersheba toward the desert and Egypt. We had made the last stage of the journey in two days, from Bethlehem to Beersheba. The Roman soldiers would scarcely do better, even if Herod had ordered them out at once in pursuit of us. Father Abraham and his household, like

the other Patriarchs, made the journey leisurely with their flocks and herds. They took weeks or months to do it.

"We did not halt our journey as Abraham did when he came to Beersheba and built the first well for his great following of cattle, sheep and servants. He thus made it headquarters for his journeys to Egypt where he was received as a great Prince by the Egyptian Kings of our own Semitic blood.

"We did drink of his great well, with its seven score of grooves worn in the solid rock by the ropes of thirsty wanderers during twenty centuries. We also filled our water skins and two more in addition, which we bought in the bazaars of Beersheba. Here we laid in a store of provisions for the desert; Kali (parched corn or wheat), burgoul (flour and lentils boiled together and dried in the sun), wheat and as many figs and dates as the donkey was able to carry.

"Beersheba was the last town where there was a Roman garrison. They did not molest us. We were hardly noticed. We left in the morning as soon as we had laid in our supplies. We committed ourselves to the desert with a sense of trust. It was even with a feeling of mighty relief that we faced the dangers of the desert roads. And our trust was not in vain.

"God was with us. Emmanuel means 'God with us' and I like to think of Emmanuel as another name for you, my son, for God was with us through all the desert journeys. He gave us safe abiding. He gave us love and loyal friends to protect us and send us on our way. He saved us from other dangers beside that of the lions when Abba-Yusuf received those great scars that shine so white on his chest and shoulder.

"God is truly in all things. He is in all people as well. He is the God of all. He is the Father of us all. I feel that He is very near to the Arabs of the desert. They too are His children, just as we are. They were very good to us, and they speak a tongue that is not really foreign. It is so nearly like our own Aramaic that we could talk to them without trouble during the long months that they took care of us when Abba-Yusuf was weak and helpless from the wounds of the lion."

DESERT DANGERS

ON another day, The Boy came into the house with a look on his face that distinctly spoke of news. He stood slim and straight, carrying on his head the smaller water jar fresh filled with water from the Great Fountain. With a graceful motion, he allowed the jar to glide from head to waiting hands. Then he set it carefully in its place, reached with ready hand into the larger water jar and drew out a few strands of green cress, always used to keep the water fresh and sweet. This he left floating on the water of the smaller water jar.

Then he came and stood before his mother, his feet wide apart. A look of pretended mystery was on his face and a world of merry mischief in his dancing eyes.

"Mother-Mary," he said, "where have I been?"

"To the Great Fountain, of course," said his mother. "There is the water."

"And where else?" asked The Boy.

"Surely," said Mother-Mary, falling into his mood, "you have not had time to walk to Cana and back again."

"Not quite," said The Boy. "But I did not walk. I rode a camel. At least," he conceded, with his accustomed carefulness always to tell the exact truth, "I rode the camel there and walked back to Nazareth."

"Where was 'there,' if it was not Cana?" asked his mother.

"Over the hill and around by the road, half way to Sepphoris," said The Boy. "You sent me to fill the little water jar. While I was at the Great Fountain, a trader from beyond the Ghor (Jordan Valley) came up to the horse trough with six camels and a black Egyptian slave, to water them. I mean the camels. But only one of them drank beside the trader and his servant. The rest just wrinkled up their noses and lay down and chewed. The slave said they had drunk water yesterday."

"The Egyptian slave must have been a Nubian if he was black," said his mother. "How did the trader happen to speak to you?"

"He called out to the women and boys who were at the Great Fountain and said in Greek, 'Which is the road to the City?' The women were so busy quarreling that none of them heard him. At least nobody answered him. So I said, 'You can not miss the way if you go right up the hill here and keep bearing to the left. If you wish, I will go and show you the path.'

One of the women at the well asked me what it was that he wanted to know. I told her that he wanted to know the way to Sepphoris. She was the woman who came from the hill country of Judea to marry Jobab. She can't speak anything but Aramaic. She can't talk a word of Greek, so she is always asking everybody what somebody said. The trader asked me to go with him to show him the way. So I gave my water jar to cousin James Bar Cleopas. He said he would keep it at his house until I got back. Then I climbed up on the second camel and sat just as the trader told me. So I showed him the way."

"Wasn't it hard for such a small boy on such a large camel?"

"It was not hard to climb up on the camel for it was lying down. When it got up, I almost fell over its head because it tipped itself on a slant. But I leaned the other way and so I was all right. The riding was different. It was a very joggly camel."

"How far did you go?" asked Mother-Mary.

"Just over the hill on the Cana road, and around the hill on the other side until we could see Herod's citadel and the houses of Sepphoris," said The Boy.

"You could have gone right down to the city gates, if the trader needed you," said his mother.

"I knew that was what you would say," said The Boy, "but the trader did not need me after we came in sight of the citadel and the houses. He said 'God requite you for your kindness to a stranger,' when he told me that he did not need me any more. And besides that, he said, 'If your parents be well, I am glad, and you may tell them that you have brought them credit, as I bear witness this day.' When I was leaving him, he gave me salutation, just as though I was Bachur (a young man) and said, 'God's blessing rest upon you,' and 'To your house be peace.' I said, 'The peace of God return also upon you and yours.'"

"That was well said," commended his mother.

"And I jumped down, all by my own self," went on The Boy with a rush, "and he gave me this; and it is for you, Mary-Mother, the very first wages I ever earned; and it is from Damascus; and you are to wear it for your new headdress."

As a climax to this rather breathless announcement, The Boy produced from the bosom of his chalouk a square of linen, very finely woven, with two golden stripes along its edges.

"You are always thinking of your mother, Elem of mine" (boy growing firm and strong), said his mother, passing her gentle hand through his waving hair.

"Who would not think of you, if he had you for a mother?" asked The Boy.

"And now," said Mother-Mary, with a little sigh such as mothers give when they see the man displacing the baby in the growing boy, "I suppose I must begin to call you 'NAAR' " (youth, or he who shakes free).

"You can call me anything you wish, even Taph (child clinging to its mother), but nobody else can call me Taph. If you think now I am almost Naar, then soon I shall be Bachur (ripened one, young warrior). Then I shall always take care of you."

"Of course you will, my Bachur," said Mother-Mary, "and I am sure you will take better care of me than any Bachur ever took of his mother."

"If you like the new headdress, Mother-Mary, you ought to put it on and wear it," said The Boy.

"I like it the best of anything you ever gave me," said his mother. "I shall put it on now and we can surprise Abba-Yusuf when he comes home to supper."

"Let me take Yeled-Yusuf (Joses)," said The Boy. "I will keep him quiet while you put on your new headdress." So he took the fretting Yeled (new-born) and sat down, crosslegged in the way of the Orient, on one of the rush mats outside the door. He began softly to sing one of the psalms ascribed to his ancestor, David, "The Lord is my shepherd. I shall not want." It was often sung in the synagogue and was familiar to every Jewish boy.

Presently Mother-Mary came to the door. She was wearing her new headdress and had her distaff in her hand. The distaff was simply a round stick or spindle some fifteen inches long. It was large at the center and sharpened to a point at both ends. In one end was a small hook.

Mother-Mary caught the hook of the distaff in the shredded flax of which a fluffy bundle peeped from a wallet under her arm. Then she drew out a rough thread from the fibrous mass by rolling the spindle with a dextrous twisting motion against her hip. She thus united the fine filaments of shredded flax until she had a rough thread, loosely wound, as long as her extended arm could reach. Then she suspended the distaff by the thread and spun it rapidly until the thread had the desired tightness of twist, which was different for wool, linen and silk. The length of thread was wound below the rounded center of the spindle. Then the process of spinning was repeated.

"How do you like mother's new headdress?" she asked, her quick hands ever busy with the spinning, twisting and smoothing of the thread.

The growing boy looked up long and earnestly. He saw above him the face he had always loved, an oval face with olive skin that was both transparent and colorful under the Syrian sun. His gaze passed from the rounded neck up to the chin that would have been too firm but for the gentle mouth, ever to be remembered for its understanding smile. Then up to the eyes

beneath the twin arched brows that upheld the dreamy forehead. The eyes were brown and deep, with a golden warmth near the radial center of the iris. In their twinkling lights both humor and gentle mischief shone.

"The headdress is not good enough for you," The Boy remarked, his careful scrutiny completed. "Some day, when I am Bachur, you shall have one like the trader showed me, from India. They are of silk and he says that he sells them for their weight in gold."

"Who was the trader?" asked his mother.

"His name is Levi," answered The Boy. "He is from Alexandria. He is a Jew. He has four children, the same as we had before we got this last new boy that we are going to name after Abba-Yusuf. His wife's name is Esther. He lives in the Delta quarter near the canal they call 'Alpha.'"

"That is not far from our old home in Alexandria," said Mother-Mary. "Of course you asked him to come home with you for the night."

"Of course I did," answered The Boy, "just as you have always told me. He said he could not stay this time but, if he could, he would arrange to stay with us over the Sabbath when he made his next trip to Damascus and Babylon. It is right on his way. He used to have seven camels, but a lion killed one the last time he went back from here to Alexandria. It was just at dark that the lion killed his camel. He said he did not wish to trouble the lion, so he went right away from that place with the six camels that were not killed. I rode one of them. I mean one that was not killed. The place where the lion got the camel was just across the Rhinokolura."

"That was just about the place," said his mother, "that we had the visit from the lions when Abba-Yusuf received the long gashes from the lion's claws whose scars shine out so white on his arm and shoulder and those deep torn scars across his breast. Those were from the lion's teeth. That is why they were so long in healing."

"Mother-Mary," said The Boy, "tell me the story of the lions once more."

THE VISIT FROM THE LIONS

"It was in the cool of the day," began Mother-Mary. "The sun had gone down, but it was not yet dark. We had climbed a steep desert slope to a low ledge whose overhanging rocks would protect us from the chill dews of the desert night. There was a narrow crevice in the rocks. It formed a natural chimney and I had a large fire in it which had died down to glowing embers. I had just placed a mixing of dough in the hot ashes below the live coals to bake our kiccar-lehem (circular bread) for the evening meal. Meanwhile I had laid you, my Yonek (suckling child), on the beds which were spread out under the shelter of the overhanging ledge ten feet away, where you were out of the wind.



THE VIRGINS' WELL—NAZARETH

"It was all peaceful and very quiet. We had not been so happy since we started in the darkness of the night, made still more dark by terror, within an hour's time of God's warning to Abba-Yusuf that he must flee at once with us from Bethlehem if he would save you from King Herod's murderous fury. We had just crossed the dry bed of the Rhinokolura River which marks the frontier of Egypt. We were out of the power of the mad king who sought your life. Our hearts were at rest, our minds content.

"Abba-Yusuf had just come down the hill with a large armful of brushwood and faggots. He was standing on the ledge of rock ten or twelve feet above the fire. He had dropped a great bundle of firewood almost at my feet. Then he threw down another and smaller armful of dry branches directly on the embers, speaking the cheery word that never fails for you or for me.

"There,' he said, 'is a large armful that will carry us through the night. And here is a little bundle, right on your fire, just enough to finish your baking.'

"I looked up to answer him. I saw the smile on his face change to a sudden look of frozen horror. Then his figure became tense and rigid. The muscles stood out on thigh and arm in the evening glow, like corded bands of burnished bronze.

"Like a leopard he leaped into action. He took two swift strides to the left. Then he projected himself by a mighty jump, like an arrow from a bow, far out into the air from the face of the rock on which he had been standing. My astonished gaze followed the curving sweep of his body as he descended upon, what I now saw for the first time—the waiting horror below.

"I have never ceased to marvel at the wonder of that mighty leap from the rock high up above my head. I still marvel at its might, at its apparent ease and, above all, at the instant judgment of distance by which he timed his jump so exactly that he landed full upon the neck of a lion in motion. For that was the purpose and the end of that mighty leap.

"It was a lion. More, that lion was a very monster of the desert. He was a great tawny, magnificent beast. He seemed, in the waning light, to loom up as large as a camel. He had a thick, outstanding, brownish mane. His tail made me think of a huge snake. Its brushy tip was waving in a snake-like curve, but gently, as though he smiled and was well content with what he did.

"There he was, walking delicately, already fifteen feet away from the rocks. His great bushy head was high. He held it up with the air of a proud cat that carries its young kitten with the utmost carefulness. What was the great beast carrying?

"Horror upon horrors! My heart still turns to water when I think of

what that moment gave to my startled eyes. Hanging from his mouth was a white bundle. Then it burst upon me with sudden, awful certainty. It was you. That bundle I knew and saw with swift and startling clearness, was you, my precious, first-born, only son.

"The lion had set his teeth carefully through the loose wrappings of your swaddling clothes. In them, as in a swing, hung my child, my baby boy, yet not afraid. In that look of but a flash of time, I saw that you were smiling. You had put up one little baby hand to touch and play with the rough hair under the wide whiskered chin of the savage beast.

"Within the instant that I saw these things, their memory was implanted as a never fading picture on my mind. They have as much distinctness now as the lines and colors of the picture on the portico wall of the Greek theatre. I had not time to call nor scream, not even to take the indrawn breath of despairing terror. For there was Abba-Yusuf in midair, hurtling down in his flying leap of death or life for you, my baby boy.

"He landed full astride the thick and brawny shoulders of the lion. His right hand sank with a deep, firm grip into the thick hairs of its rough mane. Within the very instant of his landing, he reached forward with his left hand to snatch you from the lion's mouth, unscathed.

"What happened in the next few seconds? It seems to me now like a weird and dreadful dream. I remember rushing forward. I may have got half way to the confused heap in which you all went to the ground together. Fortunately Abba-Yusuf rolled out on the side toward me. He was holding you, still safe, in his left arm.

"He got up very quickly. But he did not rise more quickly than the lion. Even as he turned, the great yellow forepaw shot out. The lion made the motion with all the serpentine grace of a kitten at play. He did it with lightning speed. Almost quicker than the eye could follow, the cruel sharp claws struck and cut and mangled all the flesh of that arm from the shoulder to the elbow.

"Even as his arm fell, to hang helpless for many months, Abba-Yusuf seized you with his strong right hand. He fairly hurled you through the air into my waiting arms. He spoke but one word.

"'Run!' he cried, and turned again to face the lion. He commanded me to run, and I did run. At least, I ran for a little way. I ran toward the fire, for I had always heard that wild beasts have the fear of flames.

"When I reached the fire, I turned to look. I beheld a fearful and a paralysing sight. A large man, a strong man, Abba-Yusuf, was being shaken by a lion. The huge beast had buried its cruel teeth in the heavy muscles of his chest. He was being shaken by the powerful jaws of the lion as a rabbit is shaken by a wolf.

"I raised my heart to God in an agony of prayer. It all seemed hopeless,

yet I felt an answer coming in my soul. The monster dropped the limp and helpless form, as though he felt that his deadly work was done. He stood, with his huge forepaw resting on the torn and mangled chest of Abba-Yusuf, who lay prone beneath it. He was unconscious and apparently dead. I thought he was dead, yet the Spirit bade my spirit warm to hope and be ready. Then the lion turned and glared at me as I stood holding you beside the fire. His yellow eyes were large and dark, and very angry. The monstrous brute seemed to be looking for you. It was natural, I suppose, for you were the prey that had been snatched from his very teeth. Now you were safe for the moment within my arms.

"Then came the answer to my prayer. God put the thought into my mind as plainly as though He had spoken it in words. In fact, it seems now as though I could hear the very words in which my prayer was answered. 'If the lion fears to come to the flame, then will the lion fear if the flame comes to the lion.' That was God's answer. I could not do other than act on it at once.

"Stooping quickly, I laid you down there beside the fire. Just as quickly, I picked up the brightly blazing bundle of wood which Abba-Yusuf had thrown upon the embers but a short minute before. Running swiftly across the little space where the lion stood upon the prostrate body, I thrust the blazing branches right into the fierce beast's hairy face. The lion gave a savage snarl as I turned towards him. As I came near, he opened wide his mouth with a terrifying, coughing roar. But when the biting flames filled his nose and eyes with acrid, singeing smoke, the roar died down to a choking growl. Then he turned and fled.

"Never shall I forget how a sense of blessed relief came to me with that smell of burning hair as, snarling and sneezing and with shaking head, the great beast galloped off into the gathering darkness. But the lion did not go very far.

"I dragged Abba-Yusuf close to the fire. There I worked madly to stop the flow of blood and to bind up the gaping wounds. All the while, I could hear the lion at his work. First came the agonising cries of our poor little donkey on the hillside below. He uttered piercing screams, louder and more pitiful than those of a terrified child. Then came the thud of the attack. It was followed by the grinding and scuffling of heavy bodies in the gravel. The voice of the donkey suddenly ceased when the lion found its throat. Only the snarling and mumbling of the lion continued. Then the scuffling noises died down into silence. Later through the night, that dreadful night, I heard the lions, for there were more than one, as they dragged and tore and devoured our faithful little friend, the donkey, growling and snarling while they fed."

"I heard them too," boomed the deep voice of Abba-Yusuf. He had

come up unnoticed and had listened quietly to the latter part of the story. "But that was not all. There is a story of greater courage to be told. Your mother will not tell it. All through that night, that dreadful night, she did, I believe, what no other woman in the world could possibly have done. She saved my life that time and seven times more that I know of. In the days that followed, she saved it seven times as many more, just for good measure."

"What did you think, Abba-Yusuf," asked The Boy, "when you were fighting with the lion?"

"It is easy enough to tell what little I remember after the stroke of the lion's claws which Mother-Mary saw," answered Abba-Yusuf. "I remember that I threw your infant form through empty space in the general direction of your mother. It seemed to take you a long time to get to her, though I was sure I had started you through the air as fast as I could. I remember that I felt some impatience with you because you were so slow. I knew that there was something I must do after she had got you in her arms. I also knew that I did not dare turn around to do it, whatever it was, until she had you safe and until I had said something to her. At last, though I thought you might have done it more quickly, you sailed into her arms like a sparrow to a branch. Then I felt that the time had come and I could speak."

"'Run,' I shouted. Then I turned back to do whatever it was that I had to do. I had the impression that it was in some way connected with a lion. As I turned, I felt the hot and fetid breath of the lion on my face. He was just rising in a kind of half jump. His eyes were fierce and seemed almost black. I thought he looked a little cross-eyed. I struck him once with the hand of my unwounded arm. I can just recall that he blinked as though he was surprised. That was all that I had time to do, for then we went to the ground together. The lion was on top. I suppose that is where a lion has a right to be."

"What then?" asked The Boy eagerly.

"Then? Why then, I just went comfortably to sleep, without any pain at all," answered Abba-Yusuf. "Only at first, my sleep was slightly disturbed by an irregular, jolting motion that I quickly forgot in sweet oblivion."

"And then?" This from The Boy.

"After that I waked up. What do you suppose I saw, Boy? I looked into the most wonderful eyes in all this wonderful world. I saw such determination in those eyes as I never saw anywhere before. They were shining with the determination that I should not die. And I felt the tenderest hands that ever brought healing and comfort to the sick and injured. What do you suppose those tenderest hands were doing?"

"What?" breathed The Boy.

"Those tenderest hands were busy, as they always are," said Abba-Yusuf. "At that moment they were busy with me. To be exact, they were engaged in laying back the shreds of flesh upon my chest in an orderly way, just where they belonged. When they had built me a new set of muscles at one place, they would move to another spot and begin there. They would wash every laceration and every hanging sinew with wine. Then they put it back in place and bound up the whole with firm strips of cloth. Your mother tore strips from her own clothing. She used all my turban. She deprived you of a good part of your swaddling clothes. Meanwhile, just below us, the lions were making a very noisy meal from what was left of our poor donkey."

"And what do you suppose were the first words he said when he came back to life?" asked Mother-Mary.

"I know," said The Boy, eagerly. "He sniffed with his nose like this, 'snf, snf.' And he said, 'that bread smells good.'"

"Then your mother got a loaf out of the ashes. It was baked to a crisp, delicious brown. It was so hot that I burned my mouth," said Abba-Yusuf. "Then I really did wake up and said, 'Where is the yonek?' Your mother pointed over toward the fire. You were lying there with your swaddling clothes half gone. The other half had been used in making my bandages. Your eyes were open. You were smiling as though you were looking at angels and you were making circles in the air with both your little baby hands. I lay there and watched you until I went to sleep."

"He fainted," said Mother-Mary, "and he calls it 'going to sleep.' Seven times in that night he fainted. It was weakness from loss of blood and the shock of being shaken by the lion. Later in the night he slept."

"Seven times in that night," said Abba-Yusuf, "she brought me back to life again. She did it with the magic of her healing hands, with her marvelous courage and the little wine left over from the washing of my wounds. Above all, she did it by that spirit that shines out of her eyes to make the world all love. She has somehow given it to you, my boy."

"It was a strange night," said Mother-Mary.

"It was a marvelous experience," said Abba-Yusuf. "Nothing kept my soul on earth but her spirit, touching God's. I would hear her speaking from an infinite distance to my inner ear. Then I would break forth from thick clouds and darkness by a mighty surging of my will and fly, by long day's journeys, ever nearer. All that made worth while the agony and effort was the knowledge that I could pick up life with open eyes by the power of love I saw in hers, if only I might win that far. So, seven times restored to life, she would not let me go again but held me by the force of love and kept up my strength with little bites of bread soaked in that scanty store of wine."

"It lasted very well, for it served its purpose," said Mother-Mary, with a reminiscent smile, "but it was all gone by morning."

"Besides," continued Abba-Yusuf, "she kept the lions at bay all through the night with her fearlessness and the fire. I do not know how many times I saw her flashing past me with a blazing bough in her hand. Then I would hear a great scratching of gravel and the scurrying of padded feet. Soon she would come back. I would ask what was going on. She would say, 'It was nothing but the lions.' Then she would settle down to what she called the serious work of the night. She would feed me as if I were a sick olel (suckling who is not satisfied and is given bread). She scolded me that night much harder than she has ever scolded you, Naar-Jeshua."

"Of course I did," said Mother-Mary, with mischief in her smile, "for he needed it much more. He was constantly trying to get up and go after the lions. He wanted to do many things. In particular, he insisted on going up on the hill to bring more wood for the fire. Of course I did not let him raise his head, but it was well that he brought the large bundle which he threw at my feet just before the lion came. It only lasted till the dawn. One large branch I saved until the last. I needed it more than all the rest. The lioness was more inquisitive and less afraid than was her mate. He had had a taste of fire. He would run like a scared cat when he saw the first lifting of the flame. In the last dark before the dawn, the lioness crept in silently and very close. She faced me boldly and seemed about to spring when I came at her with that last blazing branch. She only turned and ran when she got her nose well blistered and her whiskers singed."

"I would not be afraid of lions anywhere," said Abba-Yusuf, "if only Mother-Mary could be there with her blazing branches and her courage. She saved us both a dozen times that night. She also refused to let me die. She kept me alive by sheer force of will and constant nursing."

"And prayer," added Mother-Mary.

"And prayer," repeated Abba-Yusuf solemnly. "She taught me that night, and in the long hours of many deathly days, that prayer is something real. It is more real and more alive than anything we mere men have ever known. If we men could learn to know God out of the deepest depths of a pure woman's soul, we would know God as no man has ever yet known Him, not even Moses, the Great Lawgiver, who saw Him face to face. Many things have I learned from Mother-Mary, but the greatest of all I learned that night and in the days that followed."

"Tell me," demanded The Boy.

"God and Life and Love are One," said Abba-Yusuf. "But that, I am sure, is only the beginning of what she showed me. It is too big for me to comprehend. Perhaps I began too late and lack the spirit to take it in. You are young and you are with her constantly. You may have the

divine spirit that can receive it whole within your heart and live it in your life. It is larger than faith. It is deeper than knowledge. It is as great as God. It is what I would give the world to comprehend. I wish that I might know God with your mother's knowledge, that I might love God with your mother's love. Thus, with all the strength of manhood, and with the finer and deeper spirit of true womanhood, I might look beyond the deepest depths of the God I worship to the deeper depths and finer substance of God as she worships Him. Only thus can any man attain the fullest breadth of human understanding and comprehend the deepest depths of God. Only such a man, with all of God indwelling divinely in his life, can teach the world the meaning of life and the simplicity of the mystery of God."

"Will King-Messiah teach the nations all of that when he comes to conquer them?" asked The Boy.

"Our nation prays and hopes for King-Messiah's coming." Abba-Yusuf's voice had more of vehemence than the conversation seemed to warrant, and a touch of bitterness as well. "Vain hope and impious prayer. We ought rather to pray for the coming of a greater than any king. We need something better than a king who can raise armies and subdue nations by brutal conquest, a king who will leave a heritage of selfish ambition, of family jealousy, of fratricidal strife and bloodshed. It has been so since David's time. Rebeboam's self-will divided David's kingdom so that ten of the twelve tribes are lost forever. The brave Maccabees became semi-heathen Greek princes. Their family strife gave power to the half-Jew, Herod, with his cruelties and murders. We are better under Rome. Augustus gives us peace and a rough justice, even with oppression.

"It is not a king we need, but a Savior who will rule our hearts by God's love and human service. We need the King of Love and not a king of blood and armies.

"We need the Savior who will combine a strong man's strength with a woman's faith, the faith that is knowledge, and the knowledge that God is Love.

"Only such a woman as Mother-Mary can rear and mould and nurture such a king. Such a mother might show the God-life to her son, and in so full a measure that he would become the son of God forever, able to carry that God-life even into death so that all the world may lead the God-life after him. This is too deep for us men to understand. So we continue to pray for a King-Messiah to come and help us to conquer and to rule by blood and plunder."

"Say, rather," commented Mother-Mary, "that it is too hard for the wise. It is too simple for any but unlearned men and all good women to understand."

"Mother-Mary understands and lives it," said Abba-Yusuf, "and living it gives her the power of the God-life. During that long night with the lions she did more than the strongest man could do of his own strength. Seven times she brought me back to life. Then she kept me alive. She made me sleep. She gave me strength so that, in the morning, I was able to stand, even to walk. She did it all in the power of God and by the Will of God, which she made her own to save my life. She talked with God. She leaned on God through that long night and for many, many weeks. She drew her strength from the power of God's love. All the while, she gave that strength to you and to me, and she gained it back, twice and thrice multiplied by the giving. Else we would not be here now, you and I, to share the glory of her love and to learn from her of God."

"In the morning, he walked a little way," said Mother-Mary.

"In the morning, I walked," said Abba-Yusuf solemnly. "By virtue of her prayers, by the use of much physical force, and by the power of an undaunted mirth which I had never before discovered, she got me on my feet. There, in the cool of the desert morning, she made me walk with her to health and life. Was ever such a miracle done by a woman?"

"It was not as hard for me as it was for Abba-Yusuf," said Mother-Mary. "Indeed, he was a man sick unto death."

"That is just what a mother-to-all-the-world would say," commented Abba-Yusuf. "No wonder all the mothers love her and that all the babies cry for her, from Sepphoris to Cana, and even to the Lake. She says her burden was not as heavy as mine. Think, Naar-Jeshuah, of what she did. She was carrying you, a Yonek of four months, a plump, well-liking child, and no light weight. She carried the beds; most of the donkey's load; also the gold given by the Wise Men, upon which we must depend for sustenance. She almost carried me as well, for I leaned my whole weight upon her, though with the shame of a strong man who has always gloried in his strength."

"Yes," said Mother-Mary, "and he wept great tears of weakness in his shame that he must lean on me, a poor, weak woman; he, a great, strong man who, only twelve short hours before, had leaped from a high ledge of rock upon the back of a huge monster of a lion, out of whose mouth he had snatched my baby, alive and unhurt."

"Indeed, she laughed me out of my shame," said Abba-Yusuf. "And she made me laugh with her, to turn my weakness into strength. And she made me ever lean more heavily upon her as the way grew longer. If the way was doubly long for me, what must it have been for her? In her was our only hope. At my pity, she would laugh and say, 'We are still alive. God has answered my prayer. I have His word within my heart that He will save us.' We were alone in the desert. There was not a sign of

fe. She had not had a mouthful to eat. She had not had a drop to drink. Perforce, I leaned upon her. I leaned upon her strength. I leaned upon her mirth. I leaned upon her courage. Above all, I leaned upon her prayers."

"God was as good as His word," said Mother-Mary, taking up the story. "Before the sun was high enough to beat down in his might, I heard the barking of a dog. I said to Abba-Yusuf, 'Hark! Do you hear that?' He answered, 'I hear nothing but the sound of brazen gongs, louder than the Temple trumpets, beating in my ears.' So I let him slip down all length beside a clump of cactus. And I laid you within his unwounded arm. I dropped all my load beside you both and spread one bed beneath you. The other I draped over the cactus branches above for a shade and covering from the sun."

"Committing you both to God, I took my way to seek that barking dog. It was not long before I found him, digging frantically in a jerboa's hole. He was not a dog of high courage, but I became very fond of him in later days. He did not wait to unearth his prey, nor did he try to drive me off. Instead, he retreated and kept retreating. That was just what I hoped and prayed for. Again my prayer was answered. His retreat brought me within sight of what I sought, his master, for all men are the children and image of God and we have always found them to be brethren in our distress.

"He was an Arab, the first human being we had seen since we left Beersheba. The dog ran cringing to his feet and then turned to bark defiance and protection to his master. The Arab was but a stripling, a boy just growing into manhood, who wanted to be thought a man. He showed his manhood by his strength and kindness to us in our trouble. He came with me at once and we found you both sleeping together in the shadow of the bed, like well-fed Yoneks after a full meal.

"Young Desmas was the son of the sheik of his Arab tribe. He saw how desperate was our case and returned swiftly to his father's camp, running all the way because of our great need. Before a great while he came back with four of the wildest and most hairy looking Arabs you ever saw. But they were strong men and they had hearts of gold."

"And they found three of us asleep in the shade instead of two," interrupted Abba-Yusuf. "That time I wakened before your mother. She was sleeping the sleep of complete exhaustion from hunger and fatigue."

"He would not let them waken me," said Mother-Mary, "until he had made them go through their scrips to find me something to eat."

"She was almost as weak as I was," said Abba-Yusuf, "though she would not tell, nor would she give up. When she woke she made those Arabs step to their work like a Roman muster-master."

"They were as kind to us as our own blood-brothers could have been," said Mother-Mary. "I feel towards young Desmas as if he were my own beloved son. His Arabs were very strong and very skilful. They took their long staves and bound our beds between them to form a litter. In it they carried Abba-Yusuf as gently as a child for three weary miles. Their camp was in a little hollow between the hills. I could never have discovered it, so well was it concealed. There was a small spring of water that had grass and shrubs about it. It seemed to our desert-weary eyes like a vision of the Blessed Isles or, rather, like a green glade of our own rich Galilee. They put us in a tent of the brown camel's hair that looks so black in the distance. There we stayed in the safety of their protection and in the comfort of their loving care, until those grievous lion's wounds were healed. It was a miracle to find such kindness and brotherhood in God's love so far away there in the wilderness."

"There was another miracle that came to me in those days," said Abba-Yusuf. "I had discovered your mother. It was a miracle of the desert. In her, I had discovered womanhood, pure womanhood. The woman-soul is a very part of God. That was the most wonderful discovery of my life. I had always thought of God as a male. Most men in the world have the same thought, especially among us Jews. But I found in your mother those qualities of knowing God that are not in any man, even the most learned. Without them, no man can know God. At least he can only know half of God, the male half.

"God created man in his own image. It was not males that God created, but man. 'Male and female He created them.' He breathed into them the breath of life. But God breathed into the soul of womanhood something of Himself that no man can know except as it is revealed to him by some good woman. That is the other half of God. I like to think of it as the Mother-part of God. God created us in His own image. A father may teach his son to be what he is, the image of the Father-part of God, but the son can only know all of God by learning the rest from his mother, who is the image of the Mother-part of God.

"I did not really know your mother, the image of the Mother-part of God, though I had lived by her side for more than a year. Nor did I know God until I learned those deeper things of God which she did not even know she was revealing. Or if she did, as I sometimes think, she did not tell me so. She let me feel that I had discovered them for myself, and so, truly to make them my own. It was not a new God I had found, but a new and deeper knowledge of God, ever the same, but now doubly great and doubly near. It had come to me with the greatest mystery and the greatest treasure of life, your mother. She was now my companion, my friend and myself in its better part. She completed my knowledge of



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God as well as my life's happiness. In her I found a knowledge of God that was as instinctive as it was deep and true. It is more than faith. It is an understanding that is larger than mere man's reasoned knowledge. It rests upon a mystery of love that brings the meaning of eternity into everything we do and think. It implants the divine mystery, the very Being of God Himself, in all our life, in work and play, in food and drink and every word we say. It makes the common things not less common, but more sacred and more divine. Your mother's life, more than her words, shall teach you this, that you may live the All-God so truly in a strong man's life that all the world may learn by your example how to live."

SAFE IN EGYPT

"MOTHER-MARY," said The Boy on another day, "while I am weaving this basket, you might tell me about Egypt. The other day, you only got Abba-Yusuf as far as the camp of the Arab tribe in the desert."

They were sitting before the house, looking down into the huge bowl formed by the hills that encircled Nazareth. Anna and Esther sat some distance away and, as dolls have been girls' playthings since history began, each was busy mothering a shapeless bundle of linen strips, tied into a shape remotely resembling the Yonek form of Joses who lay beside them sleeping soundly in the shade. When he wakened, the baby would become by right, the property of sedate little Anna. She would hold him and pet him and call him by all kinds of gurgling, manufactured names or, in mock seriousness, address him sternly by his own proper name of Joseph since he was named for his father, the Carpenter. No Syrian girl is quite happy except when playing "little mother."

Sturdy little James was toddling away on a solemn tour of investigation, induced by the sight of a squat little creature dressed in a mottled coat of brown and gray. The toad seemed friendly enough as it sat and looked up at him with little bead-like eyes but, upon his near approach, hopped away in alarmed long leaps absurdly disproportionate to its diminutive size. Abba-Yusuf had finished a pair of ox-yokes and gone to deliver them.

So the two sat working, these two comrades of perfect understanding. With fingers delicately skilled to the intricate motions of the well known childhood craft, The Boy methodically interwove the water-soaked willow withes with criss-cross regularity. He looked up only infrequently into the face he thought most beautiful. Then he would interrupt, as he knew he might, "the best story-teller in the world," to ask a question about the story or his basket weaving. The deft hands of Mother-Mary were ever busy with her spinning. She spun the thread on her distaff and with it the story, as it were. Only at times, one hand or both would swing into the graceful Oriental gesture that gave life to a scene, or point to a dramatic period.

"They gave us a tent of our own, as I told you the other day," she said. "They gave us food as well and protection and all the tenderness of loving service. Truly, Naar-Jeshuah, those Arabs are God's children, just as we are. They gave us brotherhood even before we ate their salt and leben."

they never failed to bring us the most bountiful supplies during the whole time we were with them. Even their luxuries they shared, like a family. Our food was leben, made of fermented camel's milk, with ripe dates and figs, also bread and wine such as we have at home. We had oranges from Gaza, nuts and apricots. Sometimes, when the whole camp was feasting, we had the boiled flesh of a sheep or goat. Often we ate the finest wheat flour, very white, which I suspect was part of their booty from captured caravans.

"Abba-Yusuf's wounds were slow in healing. His suffering was agony unbelievable. His fevered brain took him on long journeys, strange and wild, as he lay there helpless. He fought the lion daily for your life. But our touch would always quiet him. I needed only put you by his side where he could touch you with the hand of his unbandaged arm. Then he would go to sleep. At least he would lie quiet and cease the mutterings of frenzy that made the Arabs come about us and do strange things which we did not then understand. I have since found out that some, at least, were acts of worship.

"They used to bring flowers every day, often after long journeys in their search. They would put them on a stand before our tent, as I often later saw them do before the temples of the Egyptian gods. Some of them carved little boats to place beside the flowers. They carved the boats from bone or ivory. The men of the tribe were full of talk about Abba-Yusuf. Some said he was of Osiris. Others said he was Amun. Many said he was Aton, which was an old worship of the Middle Kingdom that still persists among the people of the ancient Egyptian stock who have taken to the desert or who live far from the Greek cities. All the tribesmen insisted that we were a sacred family. In Egypt none are circumcised but the priests. Therefore they spoke of Abba-Yusuf as 'the father of the god' or as 'the beloved of the god.' They spoke of me as 'the wife of the god,' for these are the titles given to the husband and wife of the sacred Egyptian priestly families.

"Nothing was too good for us. No difficulty was too great if we were in need. The women of the camp came day by day to help me do my work and to assist in the nursing and care of Abba-Yusuf. When his fever was at the highest, and his wounds were full of poison, and hope was almost gone, the wife of the sheik stayed with me constantly for days. She showed the greatest skill in surgery that I ever knew. She was of the most ancient Egyptian blood. She knew the traditions of her race and, I think, many of the so-called mysteries and secret teachings that descended through her family from the old times before Alexander came to conquer Egypt and to make it wholly Greek. Besides, she knew the methods of the wonderful Greek physicians of Alexandria, who are the best in the world. (They

were still unsurpassed in surgical skill and in the knowledge of anatomy for eighteen hundred years.) She would not permit the use of spiders' webs, nor the putrid brains of a black goat, nor the mangled head of a snake in the open wounds. They were healed by nothing else but pure water, constantly applied, and by washing twice a day in the strongest wine.

"Toward the middle of the summer, Abba-Yusuf began to regain some of his strength. It was his constant wish that we might go on to Alexandria. The heat was intense. It would have been unbearable but for the nightly breezes that swept in upon the desert from the Great Sea westward. Our Arab friends did not wish to see us go. But they knew the healthful coolness of Alexandria. They finally set us on our way. They saw to it that we were well stocked with provision of food and water. They gave us a new donkey to take the place of the one that was eaten by the lions. This time I made Abba-Yusuf ride, so weak he was, while I led the donkey. But he would carry you on his unwounded arm. Our whole camp surrounded us and went far out with us to make their farewells, constantly protesting that we should not go alone. But I said 'Emmanuel,' 'God is with us,' and bade them know that He would keep us safe.

"Later in the day, we felt that we were followed. We looked back in some alarm at the shining spear-points and the cavalcade of armed riders that appeared behind us. Our fears were needless. It was the friendly Arab sheik. Young Desmas rode by his side. Behind them were all their armed retainers. Sheik Sosimus had come after us to ease his mind as to our welfare. He had repented his permission to let us start alone when he had seen us go from his sight in the yellow distance. Now he took our protection into his own strong hands. He loaned us, for our guide and guardian, his own eldest and well grown son. Young Desmas took command, as by right, of the group of rugged spearmen who were to form our bodyguard. He took me behind him on his camel and he wanted you always in his arms instead of mine. Abba-Yusuf might also have ridden thus, but we feared that the motion of the camel would be too violent. It might open some of his deeper wounds again. We said 'Farewell' again to Sheik Sosimus and his people. Our hearts went back to the home-camp with them. They too, the wild men of the desert, shall be a part of the new world-peace promised by the angel vision, which all men equally shall share.

"The good sheik of the Arabs gave us the shield of his name as well as the protection of his spearmen under command of his son Desmas. That young warrior led us safely through trackless desert ways, where every wandering band would have taken us for enemies. Any of them might have killed or robbed us but for the good sheik's name and fingerprint. These made our journey like a pathway among friends with whom

we sheltered nightly as we do with friendly Jews during the harvest pilgrimage northward to Meiron, to visit the tomb of Barak in upper Galilee.

"Having once received us in their camps, the Arabs of the desert would make no pay for food or shelter. Daily they sent us on our way with warm good wishes in the first light of dawn. Nor would young Desmas take anything for his long and loving service to us all. But I found, among the gifts of the Wise Men, a ring of gold that held a large green stone with lights rich and transparent like the deeps of the sea. He accepted the ring as a token of our love and gratitude. He called the stone an emerald and asked me to tell you of it and also that he would wear it always in the hope that you may know him as a man and see again the gift from his 'Little Prince of Peace.'

"Desmas gave us safeguard as far as the River of Egypt. They call it Nile, which means 'Black.' There he procured a boatman of his own kindred, who took us in his long, narrow boat such as you remember. It had a three-cornered sail that stretched far above its short, strong mast. In it we were carried safely and easily, right to the mole beside the great Pharos, or lighthouse, of the harbor of Alexandria. In the city, and near the sea, we found lodgings with a family of kindly Jews from Cyprus, the island which is named for copper, or copper is so named from the island. I am not sure which is named for the other, but the family of Lasthenes were all copper merchants. Some of them lived in Cyprus and produced the copper from the mines and smelters. Our Lasthenes sold the copper in Alexandria. Their house was on the water front. There the rest and quiet and the tempering of the summer heat did wonders for Abba-Yusuf. The strong salt breezes swept in upon us from the Great Sea to bring fresh cooling to us all and to give quick healing to the lion wounds and to bring back strength to this weakened body.

"It was not long before we found a house. Then we had our own home in the Jewish part of the city. It is called the Delta quarter, for each of the five sections of the city bears the name of one of the first five letters of the Greek alphabet. The Jews are ruled by an Alabarch, appointed by the Emperor. He is a Jew and rules our people as though they were a separate nation. That is only right for there are more Jews in Alexandria than in Jerusalem.

"In Alexandria you lisped your baby words in Greek. As a Gamul (weaned child), you prattled Greek with the neighbors' children about the door. It could not be otherwise. All the people of Alexandria speak only Greek, except the new-comers from the country districts far from the trade roads of the world. These soon learn to talk Greek. All Asia is Greek-speaking along every trade road as far as Persia, and in every city that is not barbarian. The Jews of the hill-country of Judea, and of the

isolated districts about Jerusalem, speak Aramaic as their native tongue. Since the death of Herod, the scribes and scholars are getting much more power than they ever had before. They are using it to discourage Greek and to increase the use of Aramaic. The Phenicians who live among the hills on the border of Galilee speak Aramaic too. But Tyre and Sidon, the old Phenician cities just to the north of us, are as Greek as Antioch or Alexandria. They send teachers of rhetoric and philosophy to Rome itself.

"We Galileans talk both tongues by instinct from the very cradle. The reason is easy to understand. A little over a hundred years ago, there were no Jews left in Galilee. Simon, the Maccabean, removed every Jewish family from Galilee for safety during the war we fought for our freedom from the Greek kings of Antioch. No family of Jews dared come back to their old home until the strong hand of John Hyrcanus made it safe for them to return and settle here to share, with our Greek neighbors, the wonderful climate of rich Galilee and the great wealth that comes of the enormous commerce, all the commerce of Asia, that passes our doors on the three greatest trade roads of the world. At that time, the few Jews were compelled to speak Greek with the neighbors who so greatly outnumbered them. We are still outnumbered by the Gentiles to-day. Less than half the people of Galilee are Jews, even in villages like Nazareth, while the great cities like Sepphoris are almost wholly Greek. So we speak Greek as naturally as Aramaic. You boys are learning Latin from the Roman soldiers of the garrison at Sepphoris and of the great camp called 'Legio' on the Plain of Esdrelon. You bid fair to be the most gifted linguists in the world.

"As to Alexandria, we felt very much at home there. We hardly noticed the change in language. But we had lost some of our fluency in Aramaic when we got back to Jerusalem. In the Great Synagogue of Alexandria, no Aramaic is used. The Shema and Shemoneh Ezreh are said in Greek. So are all the prayers. Of course, the words of the Law and the Prophets are read in Hebrew, as they are with us. But nobody understands Hebrew any more. Hebrew is a dead language. Only the rabbis and scholars know it now. That is why we call it the 'language of the Chasidim' (learned). In Nazareth, the Meturgamen (translator) gives the words of the Targum (translation) in Aramaic, after every three verses that are read in Hebrew from the Laws and the Prophets. In Alexandria the Targum is always in Greek, but that is so all over the world, even in Rome, for all the Diaspora (dispersed Jews) are Greek-speaking.

"It is a strange story about the Jews settling in Alexandria. Alexander the Great conquered Egypt (332 B.C.) when he became the master of the world. He found a wonderful harbor on the coast behind the mud flats made by the Nile. There was a little village on the coast called Rhacotis. It was the home of pirates. Alexander destroyed it and ordered a magnifi-

cent city built on the spot. He named it Alexandria, as he named seven new cities in other conquered countries, after himself. He became the friend and protector of the Jews, though he approached Jerusalem in anger. The city did not send him its submission when he had captured Samaria. Knowing that he would be angry, Jaddua, the High Priest, went forth to meet him with a long procession of white-clad priests from the Holy Temple. Jaddua himself was clad in the gorgeous vestments of the High Priest's office, with the priceless jewelled ephod upon his breast. He wore the high golden headdress which bears the secret name of God on a gold plate across the forehead. Alexander's princes and generals expected him to give orders to slay the priests and to destroy the city and the Holy Temple. What was their surprise to see the conqueror dismount from his great war-horse, Bucephalus, and to hear him give the command to dismount with him and to do reverence to the High Priest, Jaddua.

"'This is the very man,' Alexander announced, 'whom I recognise by his features and his vestments as the one who appeared to me in Dios. I had gone to rest in despair of finding a way to conquer Asia. Then came the vision. This very man came, bearing the same features and wearing the very garments you now behold. He pronounced the blessing of God upon my purpose. He also showed me how and by what means to make my victorious march from the Hellespont to the Ganges in farthest Persia (India).'

"Then Alexander gave Jaddua rich gifts for the Temple. He commanded sacrifices of thanksgiving to be made on the Great Altar. He ordered a hecatomb of animals, a hundred oxen, to be there slain and burnt as his meed of worship and praise to the God of Israel. He did not force his way into the Holy of Holies in blasphemy, as most conquerors would have done. Pompey did so seventy years ago. It was not long thereafter that he lost his power and his life in punishment.

"Alexander became our friend. He gave protection to the Jews in all his kingdoms. He encouraged our merchants to settle in his great, new city of Alexandria. He gave them the full privileges of citizenship. Not only that, but he gave us the right to be called Macedonians, like his intimates and countrymen.

"Among his great captains was Ptolemy, the Macedonian. When Alexander died, Ptolemy became governor of Egypt. He completed the building of the city in still greater magnificence. He made himself King of all Egypt. His son inherited the kingdom, and the Ptolemies, for almost three hundred years, continued to show favor to the Jews. By the time of the second Ptolemy, called Philadelphus, one-fourth of the dwellers in Alexandria were Jews. They have steadily increased both in numbers and in wealth. It was that same Ptolemy who wrote to Eleazer, the High Priest in Jerusalem three hundred years ago, and asked him to send wise men and scholars to trans-

late the Hebrew Scriptures into Greek. They came to Alexandria (286 B.C.), seventy-two scholars and elders. There were six for every tribe, the most learned in our nation. King Ptolemy received them with honor. He fed them from his own table. He kept them at his own charges until the whole of the Hebrew Scriptures (Old Testament) were translated into Greek. The King read them with joy and had copies of every book placed in the Museum, which is the largest library in all the world. He sent the elders home, laden with rich gifts. That Greek translation of the Law and the Prophets is called the Septuagint (seventy) because of the seventy-two rabbis who made the translation. It is used in all the synagogues of the Diaspora (Jews dispersed throughout the world) from Egypt to India, Persia to Carthage, Babylon to Athens, Spain, Gaul and Rome, where Greek is the language of all educated men, as it is the language of trade in all civilised lands in the known world.

"There are more than fifty synagogues in Alexandria. One of them is among the finest buildings of the city. It is called the Great Synagogue. It is built of marble, a basilica, that is, an oblong building which is unlike most of the Greek temples, for it is entirely covered by a roof, supported by a double row of Corinthian columns. The chairs of the seventy elders who compose the local Sanhedrin are, in that vast space, far less imposing than the seven chairs of the elders of our synagogue here in Nazareth. The Great Synagogue is so large that they have a high platform on which stands one of the Hazzans (readers) who, during the service, gives signals to tell the congregation when to make their responses.

"We were soon at home in the streets of the great city. It is larger than Rome, and it has more than three-quarters as many inhabitants. The Jewish quarter is a great city in itself. More Jews dwell there than in Jerusalem, or even Antioch, which makes it the largest Jewish city in the world. The Jewish Quarter lies to the northeast, along the great street called Canopic, which forms a marvelous vista, for it is two hundred feet wide. It has two rows of high marble columns on either side and the colonnades stretch out as straight as an arrow for the four full miles of its length. Alexandria is the only one of the world's great cities, excepting our own Antioch here in the North, whose streets are laid out in squares and which have the great width that gives such long vistas of graceful colonnades and handsome marble buildings.

"The greatest temple is that of Serapis. They call it Serapion. I have been told that it is even more impressive than the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, in Rome. Its library has fifty thousand books, or more than that of Augustus in the Temple of Apollo in Rome. As for the Great Library, there are six hundred thousand books in the Museum. There scholars come from every nation to learn from the masters of science and philosophy

in its porches and covered colonnades. It is the center of learning for all the world. Athens itself is overshadowed by its scholarship and magnitude.

"The Royal Quarter is called Brucheum. It extends beside the Jewish Quarter to the promontory of Lochias where the Royal Palaces shine marble-white beside the sea. In that Quarter is the Museum and also the Timonion, which Mark Antony built after he married Cleopatra. Near by are the Apostases (magazines) and the Emporium where anything can be bought, from cargoes of wheat and the ships to carry them, to silks from India and the purple of Tyre, or if you like, an onion or a bunch of garlic of which the Egyptian Quarter is so fond. Back of the Emporium is the huge Cæsareum where the golden statue of Augustus receives the worship of a god, which he will not permit in Rome. In front are two great obelisks each of a single stone, which are the envy of the Romans and would be taken away but that no ship is large enough to carry them. (One is now in New York, the other in London). The Gymnasium and Palæstra are near the Jewish Quarter, while the Serapion is almost at the other end of the Great Canopic street, westward near Lake Merotis. Another street of the same width crosses the Canopic at the center of the city where the high marble tomb of Alexander rises within a circular bronze fence. The body of the great world-conqueror, immersed in honey, rests in that tomb, called 'Soma,' and all about him lie the bodies of all the Ptolemies who ruled Egypt, until Cleopatra, the wife of Julius Cæsar and afterward of Mark Antony, whose death ended the royal line of the Greek kings.

"But the greatest marvel of Alexandria is the Pharos. It is the lighthouse, the highest structure ever raised by men, and always counted among the Seven Wonders of the world. It is of white marble, over four hundred feet in height. Four-square at the bottom, it rises in a towering octagon for the other two-thirds of its height. At the top is a Temple of Hephæstus, who is called Vulcan by the Romans. There the fires blaze nightly to guide the ships from thirty miles out at sea. A little temple nestles at its base where the sailors give gifts in honor of Poseidon, the Greek god of the sea. But for their more solemn vows, made for safety in storms or rescue from shipwreck, they go to the Great Temple of Poseidon in the city, which stands in front of the Great Theatre on the hill.

"The Seven Wonders of the World, the most marvelous accomplishments of building by the hands of men, are the Pyramids of Egypt, which you have also seen, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, The Temple of Artemis (Diana) at Ephesus, the Statue of Zeus, by Phidias, at Olympus, the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus (tomb of Mausolus), the Colossus at Rhodes and the one beside which you lived, the Pharos at Alexandria."

NEWS FROM HOME

"It was at the Great Synagogue that we heard the news from home," continued Mother-Mary. "In that enormous congregation you will see every stranger and new arrival among the Jews who come to Alexandria, whether from the Holy Land or from the Diaspora in every nation in the known world, just as you may meet every one you ever knew or saw in the Holy Temple, when you go up to the Great Feasts three times in the year.

"We always attended the meetings in the Great Synagogue on the Sabbath and on the market days. Thus we met many merchants and travelers from Jerusalem and, occasionally, an acquaintance from Galilee. It was from them we heard what was going on in the Land during the years we were absent.

"We heard that King Herod the Great was dead at last of his loathsome disease, but only after a mad orgy of killings. Five days before his death, he had sent his soldiers to the prison to kill Antipater, his son and heir. That son had been named for Herod's father and, for some years was acknowledged by proclamation and in Herod's will as the heir apparent to his throne. The ungrateful prince, true son of his father, had prepared poison for Herod. He left the deadly draft to be given to his father, making an excuse to go to Rome in order that he might not be discovered in his plot to secure the kingdom more quickly. At the cost of a dozen killings by torture and plain murder, Herod got evidence of the conspiracy. With the aid of Varus, Legate of Syria, he convicted Antipater of his crime. Varus also gave Herod permission to ask the Emperor for authority to put the guilty prince to death. Cæsar's permission came a week before Herod died. It might never have been used. But one day the King fainted from his suffering. They thought that he was dead. From his prison cell in the palace Antipater heard the cries of mourning and the screams of the women of the court. He tried to bribe his jailor to let him out at once, that he might seize the kingdom from his brothers who had been named in a new will as his successors. But Herod came to life again. He recovered his senses. The jailor came and told the king of Antipater's attempted bribe. Roused to fresh anger, Herod sent and had him killed at once.

"We also heard that Herod summoned the foremost Jews from all parts of the kingdom. He did this only when he knew that his death was sure and not long to be delayed. When they came, he had them shut fast in the

hippodrome in Jericho, near the palace where he was ill. He knew how much he was hated. There would be only rejoicing at his death. So his evil heart conceived a crafty method to insure mourning over all the Land at the time of his funeral. He commanded his sister Salome to turn the hippodrome into a bloody shambles as soon as the breath had left his body. His soldiers were to kill all the imprisoned Jews before the news of his death was published. Thus there would be weeping and lamentation in every city of the Land at the time of his funeral. But Salome had a mind more sane or a heart more tender. She and her latest husband, Alexas, set free the Jewish prisoners and told them that the king had dismissed them before they gave out news of Herod's death.

"Herod had changed his will three times after he knew that he must die. The last will named Archelaus, a younger son, as successor to Herod's title, King of Judea. But it provided that he must receive the approval of Augustus. That is the rule for all royal families whose nations are under Roman domination. In order to obtain Cæsar's approval, Archelaus must go to Rome in person. He did not go until after the Passover the next Spring.

"It was over a year after we left Bethlehem before we heard of Archelaus' departure for Rome. At Herod's death he had taken command of the soldiers. They had proclaimed him King. He had assumed the purple. He went up into the Temple and sat in the Gate of Nicanor. There he made great promises of a just and moderate rule. He was to give benefits to everybody. Meantime, he delayed his departure with the excuse that ships cannot sail to Rome after October. So he remained in Jerusalem all winter.

"At the Feast of the Passover, the hundreds of thousands of Jews from all the Land and all the world were assembled. They came to worship God in His Holy Temple and to sacrifice the Paschal lamb. Many were indignant because of wrongs committed in the name of the king. A violent insurrection rose. Archelaus could not satisfy the demands of the people. When he could not quiet them by peaceful methods, he employed his whole army. It was composed of Thracian, Galatian and German hirelings and Roman mercenaries from every nation. They attacked the people who were massed in great crowds that were unarmed. The soldiers cut them down and killed them, men, women and children alike until, in the very Courts of the Temple, there lay great piles of the bodies of the pilgrims who had come up to worship at the Feast. Three thousand were killed that day. All the rest were compelled to flee and to return to their homes without completing their week of worship.

"The Passover opens the Spring, which marks the beginning of navigation. Archelaus then took ship to Rome to plead with the Emperor to be appointed King according to his father's will. Many of his family went with him, among them Salome, the sister of Herod, with all her kindred. They

did not go to plead his cause. All the family now united against him. Herod Antipas, our own tetrarch, was the elder brother. He sailed from the port of Ptolemais here in the North. The Romans call it Acco. Our Herod went to prove to Cæsar that he had been named heir to the throne by a will that stood from the discovery of Antipater's treachery until three days before his father's death. His plea was that the new will was made after Herod was crazed by the attempted bribery of Antipater and by having to kill that favorite son. Herod had nine wives and many children. All the sons whom he had not killed also took passage to Rome, each hoping to gain the ear of Augustus and to win his favor and a share of Herod's wealth.

"The news from home became worse and worse after the royal family had gone to Rome. The insurrection continued and Cæsar's Legate and the President of all Syria, Varus, came in person to suppress it. When he returned to his Capital at Antioch, he left a full Roman legion in Jerusalem. He appointed Sabinus, a knight (Eques), to command the legion which consists of six thousand regulars and five thousand auxiliaries, with cavalry. Sabinus began by imposing the most high-handed extortion and open robbery on the well-to-do. And he put such oppression upon the masses that the whole people were mad with rage.

"Pentecost is fifty days after the Passover, as you know, for Pentecost means 'fifty days' in Greek. At that feast, Jerusalem overflows again with its multitude of Pilgrims. They had heard of Sabinus' robberies. Indignant, they came from Galilee in the North to Idumea in the South. Many brave men came from the wilds about the Dead Sea and across the Jordan. They were, by some, called robbers, since they had fled from the tyranny of Herod and had kept themselves in freedom by uniting in strong armed bands. United in anger at Sabinus's new injustices, these men joined with the pilgrim bands and drove out the soldiers. Then they besieged Sabinus and his Roman Legion in the Tower of Antonia.

"Sabinus was a coward, which is unusual in a Roman general. He feared to lead his men in open battle against the multitudes enraged against him and far outnumbering his legion. He fled to the shelter of the strong tower of Phæsalis, which Herod built to fortify the walls and named after his brother who was killed by the Arabs. From the top of the high tower, the terrified commander made frantic signals to his officers to lead forth his legion against the Jews. A terrific battle followed. The superior numbers of the Jews, even with their rage to make them brave, could not prevail against the skill and order of the Romans. Roman discipline is invincible. As always, the Jews were scattered in confusion, and large numbers of them were killed. Many of them climbed to the top of the gold-roofed cloisters of the Temple. From that point they threw down stones and darts and shot arrows into the crowded legionaries below. Thus they killed hundreds of

he soldiers. The Romans were roused to such madness that they set fire to the cloisters. The fire burned furiously, for the gold plates of the roof were embedded in beeswax. Thousands perished in the flames or were killed as they attempted to escape, for they had no defensive armor. The Romans rushed through the smoke and flames in search of the treasures stored in the Temple. They seized enormous quantities of wealth from the Treasury and a great weight of gold from the roofs which had fallen. Sabinus openly received four hundred talents of gold (twelve millions of dollars).

"The whole Land was now in a tumult of civil war. We could not have returned, even if we had wished to do so. Two thousand of Herod's disbanded soldiers united in Judea to fight against the king's forces. All Galilee was seething with patriotic rebellion. Judas, the Patriot, came from Gaulonitis and raised an army in Galilee. That is why he is so often called Judas, the Galilean. He was burning with bitter memories of the outlawry and murder of his father, the heroic Hezekias, whom Herod killed as a robber when he was first made king. Judas infused the patriotic Galileans with his own spirit of revenge. They attacked and captured the great city and the mighty citadel of Sepphoris, just below us over the hill. It was then, as it is now, the huge arsenal of the North, containing arms and equipment for scores of thousands. Judas distributed the arms from the plentiful stores of the citadel among those who followed him. Thus they became a very powerful fighting force in spite of their lack of discipline.

"In the Ghor (Jordan Valley) a former slave of Herod named Simon gathered a band of wild men about him and crowned himself as king. He blundered and burned the royal palace at Jericho as well as other houses of the old king in different places. Another armed band plundered and burned the king's palace at Amanthus. A man named Athronges rose in Judea. He was called a very hardy man, who was remarkably strong in his hands. He drew a large number of lawless men together and also crowned himself king. He had four brothers, each with a large following. They joined him in attacking the king's forces and Romans, whom they drove into their strongholds. There they kept them fast while they pillaged and foraged at will through all the Land. They robbed and killed and committed every cruelty among the people, not caring whether their victims were friends or foes.

"Sabinus was still besieged in the fortress of Antonia. Crazed with fear, he sent message after message to Varus, beseeching him to come to save him and his Roman legion. Varus gathered the other three legions that were in Syria and came down like a plague through the North. First he routed and dispersed Judas' armed forces, which could hardly be called armies. Judas fled to Gaulonitis where, they say, he keeps a store of arms and many armed men about him in hidden gorges and caverns of the mountains, unmolested

by Philip, the just and kindly tetrarch. I fear that we shall see more of him and his savage Kanayim before many years have passed.

"Varus subdued the hill part of Galilee and quickly recaptured Sepphoris. He destroyed the city and razed the citadel to the ground. He sold all its people into slavery. Our tetrarch, Herod Antipas, has rebuilt it and made the city more magnificent than ever during the years of your boyhood.

"Varus then marched up to Jerusalem. On the way he stopped to punish every city and armed camp that had rebelled. He slew every leader of revolt who was brought before him. So he cleansed the Land with Roman thoroughness. In Jerusalem alone more than two thousand were hung upon the cross of shame. We were told that peaceable folk could hardly go beyond their doors. For miles about Jerusalem they must walk through roads that were lined on both sides with the bodies of those who had been crucified upon the Roman cross. Such was the news that came to us from time to time at the Great Synagogue. It was borne by fugitives and exiles who had fled to Alexandria from the Holy Land.

"Word came to us from Rome, even more frequently. All the family and kindred of Herod had united against Archelaus. They accused him to Augustus and demanded that the Emperor should appoint his brother Antipas, our tetrarch, as king of Judea. This would have been in accordance with Herod's earlier will.

"A great number of Jews in the Holy Land appealed to Varus, the Legate of all Syria, when he had pacified the Land and rescued Sabinus, who, like the coward he was, ran off with his four hundred talents of gold and took ship to Rome without waiting to thank his superior. The Jews asked the Legate for permission to make a final plea to Cæsar for the appointment of a Roman governor, rather than any Herod, as king of Judea. Varus allowed them to take ship to Rome and himself wrote letters to Augustus, telling him of the desperate condition of the country.

"A deputation of fifty of the chief Jews took ship and went to Rome. There they were joined in their appeal to Cæsar by all the Jews who lived in the Capital City of the Empire. There were eight thousand in the procession which appeared before the Emperor. Augustus received them in the Temple of Apollo. The fifty ambassadors made a strong protest against the claims of Archelaus, saying, 'We will not have this man to reign over us.' They offered their loyalty to the Emperor. They promised their obedience and the obedience of the nation to any Roman Governor whom Augustus might appoint, if only we were freed from the evil rule of the Herods.

"It was in the second summer of our stay in Egypt that the emperor gave his decision as to who should rule in Jerusalem. Augustus had listened to the pleading of both sides. The shrewdest of Archelaus' antagonists was

Antipater, the son of Herod's sister, Salome. He spoke most violently against his cousin. He said that "he had long exercised Royal authority" and that he now came to demand the power he had usurped, since he had been guilty of changing the organization of the army, murdering the thousands of innocent pilgrims in the Temple of God and giving answers as a king to his numerous petitioners.

"Archelaus' chief defender was a clever Greek Philosopher, no less than Nicolaus of Damascus, here in the North. He had for years been Herod's most intimate friend and adviser, almost the ruler of the kingdom itself. He made such a cunning display of eloquence in defence of his client and it was mixed with such flattery of Augustus that, when Archelaus fell to the ground at Cæsar's feet, the Emperor lifted him up and said that he was worthy to succeed his father.

"Thus Cæsar gave Archelaus the government of Judea according to Herod's latest will, but without the title of King. He must rule as Ethnarch until he had proved his moderation and fitness. Augustus promised that he should be king if he ruled wisely and well. Archelaus came back to Jerusalem before the winter of that year and, during the months that followed, we heard of the cruelty and passionate vengeance with which he pursued those who had failed to support his claim to the government. It would have been dangerous still to attempt the journey to Judea where Archelaus reigned with alternate weakness and cruelty.

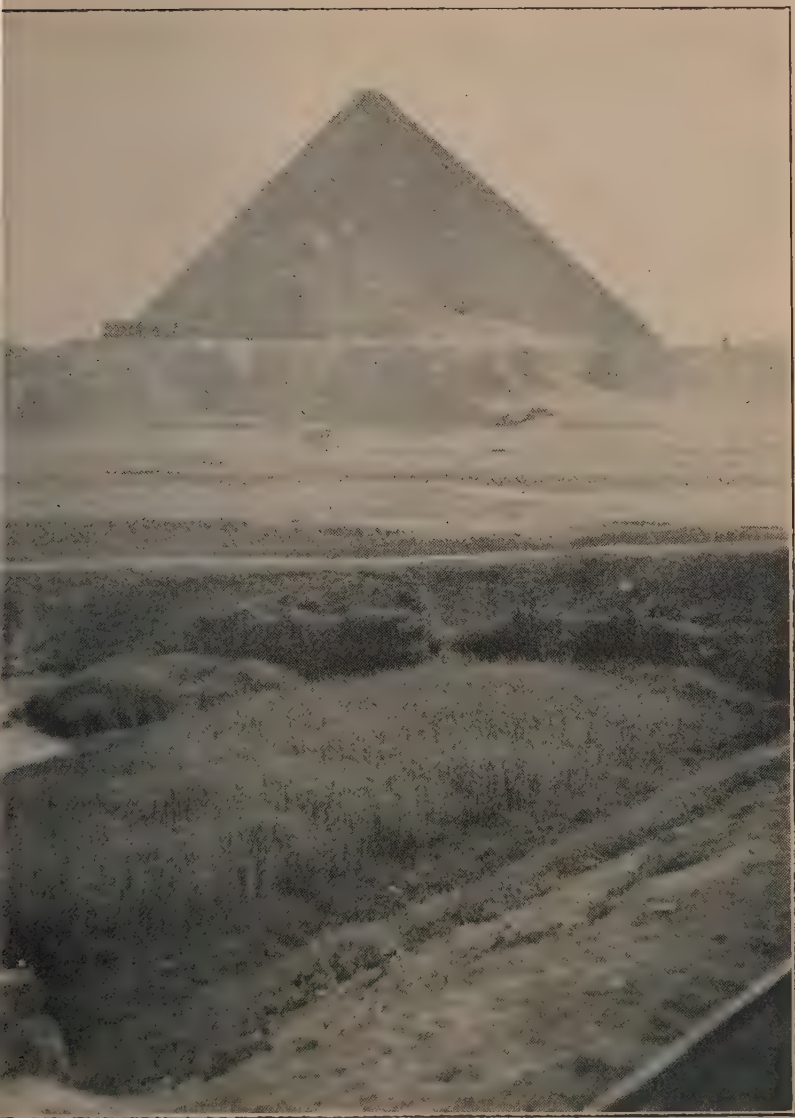
"Among the fugitives from Jerusalem to Alexandria, one came at last whom I loved well. It was Keturah, my old neighbor, the wife of Gershom of Bethlehem. She was no longer the merry, happy woman whose cheerful face had seemed to me like that of a ministering angel. She was a tragic figure of desolated motherhood, a woman sick unto death. The cooling breezes from the Great Sea could not infuse new life and strength into her weakened frame as they had into that of Abba-Yusuf when I brought him here, but a shadow of his former self, so sick and weak he was from the poison-wounds of the lion. She told me that our flight had been none too soon. Herod's soldiers came the day after we left Bethlehem. A full century (sixty men) there were, hardened German Barbarians. They searched the town for children. By Herod's command they killed all the males of two years old and under. Her own two little boys were cruelly mangled and killed before her very eyes. She died in my arms of a broken heart, for they were all she had.

"We continued to live in Alexandria during the winter after Archelaus' accession and for a full year thereafter. It might have been safe to go to Galilee, but not to Judea. The rabbis have a saying, "Go South for Wisdom. Go North for Wealth." Jerusalem may have the wisdom of the Law, as Galilee has the wealth of the Land. But troubles and disturbances

always begin in Jerusalem. The Galileans are patriotic and are always first to rise in defence of our religion and our nation, but we also have the intelligence to be first in our return to quiet and tranquillity.

"After another year, the news began to come that there was comparative quiet throughout the Land and that it was safe for travelers to journey there. You were four years old when we started out on the long walk that would end in Galilee. We traveled up the valley of the Nile. The Greeks call the Great River 'Melos,' the Hebrews 'Sihor'; the natives call it 'Amr-hiri' and the Ancient Egyptians called it 'Hapi-mu,' or Egypt. All these names mean 'black,' or very dark blue, the same as 'Nile,' which is Persian and the name of the plant from which we get the dye of 'indigo.' For almost a month we made our way across the flat lands which the Greeks call 'Thallatta,' the Arabs 'Bakr' and the Hebrews 'Shammayim.' These are the names for 'sea' and the name is well given. The whole of the flat Nile bottom lands really form a sea during four months in the year. The River overflows and stands as a lake of fresh water over the level country. The water is very muddy when it comes down from a thousand miles southward among the mountains and mud-banks of interior Africa. So the mud settles to the bottom and adds a layer of richest soil to the already rich fields. The natives plant some of their crops from boats before the flood subsides. But they plant their wheat after the land is dry. It is because of the yearly addition of so much new and very rich soil that they have such enormous crops. We walked for days, even weeks, through wonderful fields of waving wheat that stretched farther than we could see before and behind us and that extended, we knew, more than a hundred miles to the Libyan desert in the West.

"Gradually the wheat-lands narrowed, until we came to the Great Pyramids. They stand right on the edge of the desert, hardly five miles from the Nile. We could look across the River and see the Roman fortress called Babylon (now Cairo). It was at Ghizeh that you saw the Pyramids. I wonder that you remember them, for you were very young. You have already seen two of the Seven Wonders of the World. Among the Seven, the Pyramids are always mentioned first. Then come the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, built, terrace upon terrace, of huge stones which Nebuchadnezzar commanded to be brought from the far mountains to the mud flats of Babylon. He built them to please his queen who was homesick for her mountains of Media. Next is the temple of Artemis at Ephesus. The Romans call it the Temple of Diana of the Ephesians. It was burned on the day Alexander the Great was born, but the Ephesians rebuilt it in even greater glory with the great statue of Artemis which is shaped of ivory and gold and precious stones that dazzle the eyes of the beholders. Then comes the great statue of Zeus, carved by Phidias out of the mountain at Olympia. The Mausoleum of



THE GREAT PYRAMID, CHEOPS

Halicarnassus was built by the widow of King Mausolus to contain his ashes and to honor his greatness. The Colossus of Rhodes is a bronze statue over a hundred feet high under which ships sail into the harbor. The Pharos, the great lighthouse of Alexandria, is the other World Wonder you have seen and beside it you have lived.

"Across the River from the Pyramids, in the far distance, we could see the ancient city of Heliopolis, the City of the Sun. It was called the City of On in the time of the Patriarch Jacob. You remember that Joseph married Asenath, the daughter of the High Priest and Ruler of On. At the time of Joseph, it was a wonderful city, decorated with great obelisks, each of a single stone, approached by a long avenue of sphinxes. The avenue was lined on both sides by those curious carved animals, which represent a lion with a woman's head and arms, and led to the Temple of the Sun. Joseph probably built one of the pyramids. Each of the ancient Pharaoh's built a pyramid-tomb. As Joseph was the Vizier, he had charge of everything that Pharaoh did, including the building of the pyramid for his burial-place. The Pharaoh whom Joseph served as Prime Minister was of the Semitic race. The Pharaohs of his dynasty were the Shepherd Kings, called 'Hyksos,' and they spoke the same language as Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, for the Jews are Semitic too.

"It was Friday, the eve of the Sabbath, when we came up to the Pyramids. We had seen them, far off, since early morning. We made our camp in the very shadow of the Great Sphinx, which is a gigantic figure of a woman with the body of a lion, couching on the yellow sands at the edge of the desert. There I made our double baking of kiccar-lehem to feed us while we rested through the Sabbath. Many people came and went, especially to the stone temple that stands between the forepaws of the Great Sphinx. You can understand something of the size of the monstrous half-human figure when I tell you that the temple between its feet is larger than any building in Nazareth. Many people brought flowers and some brought small carved boats to place on a stand before the temple. We did not see any animals killed for sacrifice. The priest's family had an enormous number of cats about the place. Nobody molested them, for the Egyptians consider it a sacrilege to kill a cat. We heard of a Roman who killed a cat in the Egyptian Quarter of Alexandria (56 B.C.). It was in the reign of the last Greek king of the Ptolemy line. He sent soldiers to protect the Roman, but in vain. The mob were crazed with indignation. They had seized the Roman and, in spite of the efforts of the Greek soldiers, they tore him to pieces and scattered his flesh among the sacred cats as a meal of vengeance.

"From the Pyramids, it took us but a day and a half to walk to ancient Memphis, the second city of Egypt after Alexandria. We found a home with a friendly Jewish family. We stayed with them for more than two

weeks before we were ready to make our crossing of the River of Egypt, with plentiful provision of food and water for the desert way. Near Memphis are many other pyramids, the tombs of the ancient Pharaohs. But the strangest thing is the magnificent cemetery of the sacred Egyptian bulls. It is more than a mile and a half in length. On each side are walled-up tombs. Each tomb contains the body of a sacred Egyptian bull. Each had been embalmed as carefully as one of the Pharaohs, perhaps two or three thousand years ago. Before its death it had lived for twenty-eight years in the Temple of Osiris as a pampered pet. It had received worship either as the Sun-God or in his place. At the end of twenty-eight years, it was thrown into the Nile and drowned. Then it was drawn out and embalmed. It was buried with the most gorgeous panoplies of a Court funeral and mourned as one of the Highest. All Egypt joined in the mourning for forty days.

"It was necessary for us to travel all that distance up the Nile, for we could not have crossed the many mouths into which the River divides below Ghizeh. It flows into the Great Sea by a hundred channels and through mud lakes which are impassable. We crossed the Nile at Memphis in that same narrow boat with a three-cornered sail which you remember. Looking back, we could see groups of many pyramids, the greatest ones at Ghizeh and many others about Aboukir, Dashur and Sakkarah. There are seventy pyramids that have been built as the tombs of the Pharaohs. The twenty or more miles of their circuit form the greatest Royal Cemetery in the world. After we crossed the River, we went through the lush vegetation and rich crops that gradually fade away into the desert. Less and less we heard the sound of running water and saw the half-naked gardeners who watered the garden 'with the foot,' as Moses calls it in the Book of Genesis. The water is so near the surface in that flat land that it needs but the foot upon the water wheel to bring up a flowing stream that runs in channels to all the gardens and produces four rich crops a year.

"Moses must have looked back, with the children of Israel, from the point that we reached that first evening. We could see the setting sun glowing from the pyramidions, or pointed caps of the obelisks at the Temple of Ptah, the god whom the Greeks call Hephæstus and the Romans Vulcan, and on the gold gables of the Temple of the Sun at the city of On, or Heliopolis. But Moses did not see, as we did, the old canal which Darius the Mede built six hundred years ago when the Persians conquered Egypt, to connect the Nile with the Red Sea. It is almost useless now and its great banks are not much of an obstacle since the sands of the desert have drifted in to level their steep slopes. But it gave us Nile water to drink until the second day, when we came at evening to the Wells of Moses near the end of the Red Sea.

"Who should be camping beside the Wells that night but an Arab of that same friendly tribe that had saved us in our distress. He was well mounted

and left us early next morning to return to his people. It was not such a great surprise, therefore, three days later, when we saw a clump of spears in the distance. Our beloved Desmas came darting out of their midst on a spirited Arabian horse. He welcomed us like his own lost family. He was now well-grown and no longer afraid of being called a boy. He insisted that we should go with him directly to the old home camp and I think there was not a mile of all the distance that you were not either on his saddlebow or shoulder. The Arabs of the tribe were happy to see us. A sheep was killed and we had a great feast. On our part we rejoiced to be with these old and well tried friends. We stayed for more than a month with them for, now that we had crossed the Nile, there was no danger of our being detained by the annual rising of the River, which begins in June and goes down before the end of October.

"Our especial friends were Desmas and his mother, the wife and son of Sheik Soszimus. The young warrior, Desmas, was never tired of showing off the gift we had given him, the ring with the large green stone which he called an emerald. As before, the Arabs would hardly let us go. But they finally sent us away with bountiful provision for the road. They showered us with earnest blessings as their honored guests, now considered as a family of the tribe. Young Desmas insisted on going with us for three days of our journey. When he left us, he gave us the safeguard of his father's finger print on parchment. It found us friends and food at every Arab encampment on the way. We had not realised that the name of Soszimus was so highly honored and so widely known. Desmas made us promise that we would call upon him or send to get the protection of our 'tribe brethren' in case of personal danger in any insurrection that might occur. To this end, he took our thumb-prints, Abba-Yusuf's and mine and yours as well, on parchment with the ink of Furthest Persia (India), so that he and his people might know our need and come to our aid.

"Thus, under God's protection, among ten thousand people, in a thousand strange places, where we might have found enemies, we found a host of friends. Even among all the strange forms of worship, we found love for suffering humanity in the hearts of Arab and Greek, Egyptian and Jew. We found a high faith that rose to the very Father-God, even beneath the heathen forms and idol-worship. We had not known this before and wondered to find such faith, so like our own. I think that all the world longs for a Father-God whose name is Love. While you lay softly in my arms, I found that, in the hearts of all alike, God's way is Love. Everybody loves a baby. Nobody will hurt a mother's love if it can be helped. That is God's love and nothing more. If everybody only knew that God's love is just the father-love that we all can share, all the world would be happy and worship God together. Even the lions had no malice towards us. Their

fierceness is just a form of love. They love their little ones and must find them food. The jackals that barked and the hyenas that nightly howled about our camp were only seeking food for their young in the home dens of the wilds.

"So we came into Judea. Herod was dead. That we knew. But we found that Archelaus was ruling in his father's stead in very much his father's way. Because of that, we feared to make Bethlehem our home. We only stopped a few days with old friends and got such things as Keturah had left with a neighbor for our return.

"On our way North, we went to the Holy Temple in Jerusalem. Abba-Yusuf bought a lamb. We offered it before God as a thank-offering for His protection from the dangers we had passed. It was killed there in the Court of the Priests. Its blood was sprinkled below the red line on the Great Altar as our Sacrifice of Thanksgiving. After the priests had received their share, we roasted the carcass there in the Court of the Women. That was where you ate your first holy meal of flesh which had been sacrificed upon God's Great Altar of Burnt Sacrifice.

"Then we came North to our rich and prosperous Galilee, to make our home in Nazareth."

SCHOOL DAYS

A WOMAN's scream rang out. Its shrillness pierced the stone walls of the synagogue. It was followed by another scream and yet another. Children's cries were heard in terrified weeping. A man's voice was heard in the shout of "Fire."

It was on a day late in the year 6 A.D. The Boy was nine years old. In the Jewish synagogue, the boys of Nazareth were sitting in a crosslegged circle around their teacher. The teacher was also the Hazzan, or reader in the synagogue, the chief officiant at the weekly services on Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath.

When the screams were heard, every boy stopped work and stiffened to attention. In the heart of each was a burning curiosity. He knew, or hoped, that it would be shared by the teacher. Every eye was turned upon the Hazzan with an imploring look. Under each sitting form could be sensed the tightening of the leg muscles, in readiness to project the boy to his feet at a single bound that he might be first at the door when the signal was given that permitted him to rise and depart.

A moment before, the Hazzan had commanded the boys to put away their slates or, rather, the paddle-shaped boards which were used for the writing lesson. On that very morning, a little boy of six had come to school for the first time. He had received his writing board from the Hazzan. According to the ancient custom, the board had been smeared with honey which the new boy was permitted to lick off clean. During this pleasing task, the Hazzan repeated that portion of the nineteenth psalm referring to "the statutes and judgments of the Lord," saying, "More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb."

The reading lesson was begun when the writing-boards had been put away. Of course the lesson was from the Old Testament, which was the Jews' only Bible. "Biblos" is the Greek word for book. There was no other book for the boys of the synagogue school. Nor was there any attempt to teach them anything else but "The Law and the Prophets." In the Old Testament, or Jewish Scriptures, they found their history and geography, their stories of great men, their drama and philosophy, tales and poetry, their whole literature and religion. It was from the Old Testament that the Jewish boy learned to read. It was the words of the Old Testament that he faithfully copied as he learned to write.

The lesson of that day was from the Book of Leviticus, which was the first book to be read after a boy began his schooling. Afterward he read Deuteronomy, Genesis, Exodus and Numbers, thus completing the Pentateuch, which is the Greek word meaning "Five Books." The Jews called these five books "The Law." All the rest of the Old Testament was called "The Prophets." Even historical writings like Joshua, Judges, Samuel and Kings were called books of "The Prophets."

The boys had begun to read aloud, the whole school in chorus, the lesson from Leviticus. They chanted the sentences in the rhythm and with the peculiar minor cadence of the true Oriental, shouting the words at the top of their voices. They were often punished because they did not read loudly enough. It is so with the Arab school-boys to-day. "The parents have to pay for their schooling," says the teacher, "and they can at least tell, by the noise, that the boys are not idle."

Then the screams of the woman pierced through the cadenced singsong of the schoolboy voices. Every voice was hushed to silence, even before the Hazzan gave the signal with upraised hand. But discipline was not broken. The boys still sat in their crosslegged circle on the floor, tense and expectant, only waiting for the nod that would unleash the muscles which were tightened under them. The nod came quickly. The Hazzan was curious too. In less time than it takes to tell it, every boy was on his feet. All were at the door together. Pell-mell, they pushed through and broke into the street in such a writhing mass as only boys can form and untangle so quickly.

A few doors below the synagogue, a crowd was already beginning to gather before the house of Diophanes and Rhoa, Greek Jews from Antioch, who had recently come to live in Nazareth. The door was open, as doors always were while daylight lasted. Through the wide portal a dense cloud of smoke was pouring.

"Fire!" shouted each boy, as he caught sight of the smoke. The whole school rushed forward, shouting "Fire," eager to get close to the excitement, and adding greatly to the uproar.

It was not an ordinary fire. As the boys approached, they saw the form of Rhoa, emerging from the smoky interior. They all knew her well as the wife of Diophanes of Antioch, but even better as the mother of the Didymoi, their twin playmates, Thomas and Eliezer. Hers was a frantic figure as it appeared out of the murk and was seen in the open doorway. She was struggling and screaming. She was holding back with all her strength against the force with which two men were pushing her out of the smoke-filled house. She held her Yalda (new-born baby girl) upon her breast. With the other hand, she was dragging a crying Yonek. Before her was being pushed a Taph (child clinging to its mother.)

Now came into view the two men who were so roughly handling the frantic mother. They hustled her and pushed her out of her own house as though she were an interloper. The two who held Rhoa were followed out of the door by four others. All six were armed with broad, short swords. Each carried a leather-faced, round shield.

Thomas and Eliezer, the twin sons of Rhoa, had come running out of the school with the other boys, as curious and excited as the rest. Dodging through the crowd, they now rushed to the relief of their mother. Thomas picked up the Yonek and Eliezer the Taph, to give them comfort and to wipe away their tears, one with the sleeve of his chalouk, the other with the hanging end of his turban.

"What is it, Mother-Rhoa?" they asked excitedly.

"The Kanayim (Zealots) have come," she sobbed. She drew away from the men who had been holding her and stood, as if for protection, between her little sons.

"They are burning our grain," she told them, "because your father says it is right to pay the Roman tax." Then she turned like a tigress upon the two men who stood to intercept her if she should attempt to return into the smoke-filled house.

"You cowards," she cried, "you would not have dared to come, if my husband had not gone from home to-day." She spoke in Greek. The men understood her, but they were Kanayim, zealots for everything Jewish and fighting for the ever-growing Nationalist prejudice against all things foreign, whether rule or language. Very pointedly one of the men answered her in the Aramaic of Jerusalem and Babylon.

"Yes, he has gone," he said. Then he added sternly, "And we know just where he has gone. He has gone just over the hill yonder to the city accursed." But the adjective he used was an Aramaic term of coarsest degradation.

"He is now with his Roman friends in the citadel of Sepphoris," said his companion, turning to the crowd. "He is now making a bargain with Chusa, the steward of Herod the Tetrarch, to furnish wheat for the soldier-jackals of Herod's Roman garrison. May they die of plague, every one of those fifteen thousand beasts of prey, like the Assyrian host of Sennacherib when they attacked the Holy City during the reign of the righteous Hezekiah, in the days of Isaiah, the Prophet."

"It is thus," broke in the other, "that Diophanes, a Jew, helps our Gentile oppressors to tax us for the support of Roman soldiers, offscourings of filth from all the godless nations of the world."

"May they tax you a hundredfold, O sons of Belial," cried Rhoa.

"The tax is a threat to the life of our nation," said the other. "To pay it is to confess ourselves slaves to Rome."

"We are the slaves of Rome," rejoined the woman. "They can tax us if they wish, for they are the masters of the world."

"Call no man master," boomed a deep voice behind her. The man who spoke stood forward. He was one of the four who had been the last to leave the house. A large man, wide of chest and powerfully built, his beard was black and tangled, very heavy but not thick enough to hide a mouth of stern determination. His cheeks were sun-browned, like an Arab's. His eyes shone with a mystic fervor. He was better armed than the others. In addition to the short sword and shield he had a helmet and wore a greave on his right leg, like a Roman legionary.

"Call no man master," he repeated, as he stepped to the center of the scene to face the citizens of Nazareth. Among them Gentiles and Jews were almost equally in evidence. Some Pharisees of the strict school of Shammei caught up his words, which formed the rallying-cry of the Kanayim, or Zealots, for the Nationalist cause.

"Call no man master," they shouted. But the shout was rather thin and hollow. It was from the throat, more than from the chest. For the people of Nazareth were composite in their nationality. There were about as many Jews as Greeks but, with the Arabs and Greek Syrians, the Gentiles far outnumbered them. This was to be expected in a suburb which was almost a part of the metropolis of Galilee. The culture of Sepphoris was Greek and its sympathies were largely Roman, even after the Nationalists became so strong that they began the war for Jewish freedom which ended with the destruction of Jerusalem in 70 A.D.

"It is Judas, the Gaulonite." So spoke a subdued voice from the crowd. Judas caught the words and turned in the direction of the speaker.

"You have said. I am indeed Judas. Gaulonitis has given me a home, or rather a hiding place in her caves and impenetrable mountain fastnesses, there beyond the Sea of Chinnereth. There I have kept freedom alive as did my father, the Patriot Hezekiah, among the high caves of Galilee until he lost his life at the hands of Herod. Now I am here to call you, my kindred in blood, my brothers in suffering, to fight against our slavery to Rome. I call you to fight for the freedom of our beloved Galilee. Now I call you, as Judas, the Galilean."

"Gladly will I call you 'Judas, the Galilean,' when I see you hang dying upon the Roman cross where you belong," shrilled Rhoea. "Robber and thief, and leader of thieves and Arab skulkers among the hills."

"Silence, woman." Thus spoke another voice in a tone of sharp rebuke. It held a tone of such authority that it arrested all attention.

"Sadok, the Pharisee," muttered the man who had spoken the name of Judas, the Gaulonite.

Sadok was the other leader who, with Judas, headed the party of the

Kanayim. These extreme nationalists were now making the attempt at open rebellion against the Roman Empire. Their name, Kanayim, meant "the Jealous Ones." Kanayim is often wrongly written Canaanians, thus giving the impression that they were Canaanites. Most of them were Pharisees of the narrow sort. Their religious bigotry had been fed by the harsh teachings of Shammei. He had been first the loving pupil, and, later the jealous rival, of Hillel. His followers, the school of Shammei, continued in fierce opposition to the liberal teaching of Hillel's more numerous following until, fifty years later, bigotry and murder had reduced the milder Jews to impotence.

Sadok stood forward to address the crowd, which was now much larger and constantly increasing. He presented a striking contrast to the muscular and bulky Judas, his fellow-leader in the revolt against Rome. He was a small man. His thin arms and spindling legs did not seem to belong to the deep chest and round stomach. The forehead was bulging. The eyes were those of a visionary. He, too, carried a leather shield and the short, wide sword that hung with incongruous absurdity upon the preciseness of his dress. The costume was rabbinically correct in every detail. His turban was white. So was his chalouk. A tallith, or prayer-cloth, was spread over his shoulders. The prominent phylacteries were in cubical boxes that were much larger than usual and bound with many windings upon hand and forehead. All these showed rabbinical correctness and proclaimed the meticulous precision of a carefully dressed Pharisee who wished to advertise his cult to all beholders. The rabbinic thread was very evident in the knotting of the blue-and-white fringes of tallith and chalouk. His costume announced him, before he spoke, as a graduate scholar of the great schools of Jerusalem, a rabbi of the first rank. His upraised hand beckoned for silence.

"Men of Galilee," he said, "look back with me nine years to the end of our slavery to the Idumean (Herod) and to the beginning of a worse bondage to the purple-clad tyrant of the seven hills of Rome. Nine years ago, the worthless son of Herod took his far journey to Rome, the city of all iniquity. He went to ask Augustus for his father's rule and title. He expected to return as King of the Jews. But all our citizens hated him and we sent a message after him, saying, 'We will not have this man to reign over us.' That message was delivered to the Emperor by fifty of the most notable men of our nation. They were joined in their protest by more than eight thousand Jews who live in Rome. That mighty throng roared out its disapproval before Augustus in the Temple of Apollo. We asked but one thing of Cæsar. We asked that we might never again be subject to a Herod as our king. We promised willing obedience to any Roman Governor whom the Emperor might appoint, if only we could worship God in our own way

under the direction of our High Priest and the Great Sanhedrin. We so far prevailed with Augustus that he did not appoint Archelaus as King. He did make him Ethnarch of Judea and promised that he should be king if he ruled with justice and moderation. Even though not as King, the vile son of his mad father came back with the power of life and death over the Holy City to which the tribes go up for worship. He returned as master of Judea. He was Master, even of the Temple of God, for he had power to appoint to the office of High Priest any Jew who was vile enough to seek, and rich enough to buy, his favor. He became master in those holy things in which we acknowledge God alone as Master."

"Call no man master," boomed out the great voice of Judas. From the crowd many voices answered with the war-cry of the Kanayim, "Call no man master." The shout was louder than before.

In the Gospel of St. Luke the story stands as a parable to teach a spiritual truth. It was told by the Master. He used no names and no political references with which he was so familiar. "There was a certain nobleman who went into a far country to receive for himself a kingdom and to return. . . . But his citizens hated him and sent a message after him, saying, 'We will not have this man to reign over us' " (Luke 19: 12).

"Archelaus returned," continued Sadok, "as master of life and death over the multitude of the Jews but not, as he had promised the Emperor, to do justice, to show mercy and to give himself to the right ordering of the nation. Instead, he sought out all who had opposed his claim to rule. When he found them, he commanded to bring them in and slay them before his face. Not content with the three thousand Passover pilgrims whom his soldiers had slain before he went to Rome, piling them in great heaps of dead in the Holy Temple, he killed more enemies in impoverished Judea than the Emperor had killed in both Rome and Egypt when he, while still Octavian, had looked upon the dead faces of Antony and Cleopatra after the battle of Actium. Not only did he kill, but Archelaus seized the wealth of those he killed. He spent it with his drunken companions. He spent it to make great spectacles of Roman games and lewd Grecian plays in the hippodromes and theatres of Jerusalem, Cæsarea and wicked Sebaste, which was once ancient Samaria. He might have become Messiah-King but he chose the part of Esau."

"The true Messiah-King was Herod the Great, his father," shouted a Sadducee from the crowd. "It was Herod who restored the frontiers of Israel to their furthest ancient boundaries. It was Herod the Great who did the works of Messiah-King for our nation. It was Herod who built anew the Temple of God to be the most magnificent house of worship in the world."

This was perhaps the sorest point that could be made against the Kanayim. The strongest plea in their fight for the freedom of the Jews was that of



OIL AND GRAIN BAZAAR—NAZARETH

restoring the old frontiers and the ancient kingdom, with the right to impose taxes upon themselves instead of submitting to those imposed by Rome. Hence their anger when a Herodian or Sadducee reminded them that they had had all these things under the rule of the hated Herod. The retort of the Sadducee, therefore, angered Sadok beyond all bounds of self-restraint.

"Cursed traitor to our race, that is a lie and blasphemy unspeakable," he shouted, raising both arms in execration. "God's curse upon you, Greco-philie (Greek-lover). It is more than blasphemy to defend that mad impostor's claim that he was Messiah-King. Nobody would receive that falsehood but a Greek or a Herodian. Herod could not be Messiah. He was but a half-Jew by birth. He was still less a Jew by education. He was a Greek of the Greeks, by language and by preference. All his friends were Greek. Or worse, they were Roman. Nicolaus of Damascus, the Greek historian, was his closest intimate and most trusted counsellor for years. He saved him the kingdom when Augustus' suspicions were aroused as to Herod's loyalty. By his flattery and his old friendship for the Emperor, he procured the rule of Judea for Archelaus. Nicolaus and his brother Ptolemy, two godless Greek philosophers, were to all intents the rulers of the Jews for many years of Herod's reign. All Herod's buildings were Greek. Consider the Greek Temple at Sebaste and the great pile of marble before the harbor in Cæsarea, where the statues of Augustus receive the homage of a god. Think of the Great Temple of Dionysius, just over the hill yonder in Sepphoris. All these are Greek and devoted to the worship of the Gods of Olympus and of Asia. What did Herod build that was not idolatrous? What did he do that was not beastly and inhuman? Yet you claim that he was Messiah-King. God's curse upon you. Think of what Augustus himself said of Herod after many years as his protector and his friend, 'Melius est Herodis porcus esse, quam filius.' (Better be a pig than the son of Herod.) Herod was a beast and an Idumean. He who is worthy to be called as King-Messiah must be a Jew of the purest blood. Messiah has not yet come. God's curse upon you and all Herod-lovers. When Messiah-King does come, he will extend the boundaries of Israel as Herod did, and further, until it reaches to the last frontier where Roman power holds the world in slavery. Then King-Messiah will take tithes of every people and every land to bring untold riches to God's Temple and to free the Jews from every tax. In that glorious rule of all the world, Messiah-King will enforce the worship of our God on all the lands which he will set at liberty."

"Liberty is better than life," rang out the great voice of Judas. This was the second rallying-cry of the Kanayim. Again the Zealot sympathisers took up and repeated the watchword.

"Liberty is better than life," they shouted. And now, Judas took up the burden of the nationalist appeal. He feared its failure from the incoherence

of Sadok's anger and saw that, with the characteristic fondness of the Rabbis for controversial argument, his friend would keep on floundering in the deep waters of delay, much to the harm of their common cause.

"Men of Galilee," he said, "hear me further on the words of my beloved friend and companion in the cause of Liberty. The learned Sadok has told us what befell nine years ago. You all know what has befallen in the nine years since. They have been years of misrule. They have despoiled our nation. We have protested to Augustus by ever greater and more influential delegations. They have told the Emperor of the weakness and debauchery of Archelaus and, above all, of his cruelty. All was in vain. Augustus will readily excuse cruelty. Cruelty is but a Roman policy. But Cæsar will not forgive instability of rule. So the end came for the son of Herod when we sent the greatest deputation of all to Rome last summer. It was composed of the most prominent Jews, of many rich Samaritans and of prosperous Greeks. They sank all differences of race and religion. They gave joint testimony to Augustus of the misrule of Archelaus, of his avarice and cruelty, of his weakness and instability.

"The Emperor sent for him at once. He did not even show him the respect of a letter. He gave the message in Rome to Archelaus' steward, who came at once to Jerusalem. There he found his master feasting with his usual dissolute companions, drunkenly weeping and bemoaning himself because of an evil dream. He had dreamed of nine wheatstalks which he had seen grow and ripen to nine full ears of corn, when oxen came and devoured them all. Archelaus did not dare disobey the command of the Emperor to come at once to Rome, and . . ."

"You do not tell us," interrupted a voice from the crowd, "how Simon the Essene interpreted the dream after all the Chaldeans and paid soothsayers had failed."

"Indeed, it is so I heard the story," assented Judas easily, "that Simon came in after the others had failed. He gave the interpretation in all truth and fearlessness, that the nine full ears of corn were nine years of rule, which were quickly to be ended, since a greater power would now take away both their fruit and their substance. I heard it said also, that Archelaus even rewarded the Essene, instead of imposing a sentence of stripes or death. Howbeit, he took ship at once from Cæsarea. When he reached Rome, he was confronted by the greatest from all the Land, Jews, Greeks and Samaritans. He could not answer their accusations. He stammered and became confused. Finally he fell at Cæsar's feet and begged incoherently for mercy. The Emperor deposed him and sent him as an exile to Vienne of Gaul, a village on the Rhone near Lugdunum (now Lyons, France), where they say he has not many months to live because of his drunkenness and loathsome life. Such is

the end of him who treated Judea and the Holy City without justice or mercy, as a slave is treated by a harsh master."

"Call no man master," shouted Sadok. "Call no man master," echoed the Zealot sympathisers in the crowd.

"Call no man master, but God alone," shouted Sadok again and aroused a stronger answer from the crowd.

"What shall we say of Augustus?" asked Judas. "He deposed Archelaus. He even recalled Saturninus, the Legate of Syria who, if he was not involved in the mischief to our nation, at least had not prevented its misrule by Archelaus who was his subordinate under Cæsar. The Emperor named Quirinius as Legate of Syria and Coponius as Procurator of Judea. To that extent, Augustus kept his promise to send a governor who is not of the vile brood of Herod."

"How about the good faith of the Jews to Augustus?" came a question from among the assembled hearers. "They promised to give willing obedience to any Roman governor, if only Archelaus were deposed. I happen to know that P. Sulpicius Quirinius is a Roman of the very highest character. He is of consular rank, which is the most honorable in the Empire. He was consul in the year 742 (12 B.C.). So he could be made Cæsar's Legate in any of the greatest provinces of the Empire. No Roman is more noble. None is more familiar with Syria and the East. He served under Varus ten years ago (when Christ was born). He was the actual ruler of Syria five years ago, for he was the rector of Caius Cæsar when that grandson of Augustus was sent to the East to gain experience in government and military command by leading the army against the Parthians, only to die of poison on his journey back to Rome."

"Quirinius may be the noblest Roman of them all," said Judas, "but he is a Roman. The first thing he did when he took over the presidency of Syria was to order a census after the Roman manner. That census includes us. Every man in the Holy Land will be compelled to pay a denarius (16 cents). Every Jew must pay that denarius to support the Roman legions who are kept here to make us slaves. That means nothing else but to lose our life as a nation. When we have paid that denarius at the command of a Roman Governor, we have ceased to be a nation and have become merely a Roman Province, without liberty or a life of our own."

"Liberty is better than life," shouted Sadok, and the war-cry was echoed by a larger number than before.

"Quirinius has already sent out the order to take the census. He has sent it to Herod Antipas of Galilee, to Philip of Iturea and to Coponius at Jerusalem. Remember how God punished King David for numbering the people. We must see that the tax is not paid and that the people are not numbered."

"Caponius is a knight, only lower in rank than Quirinius," called out a Greek. "They both served with honor five years ago in the war that saved us from Parthian violence and from Arab robbery. What is one denarius from each of us to compare with peace in our Province and safety to our homes? Is it just a Jewish trick that you are urging us to break the solemn oath your highest ambassadors swore to Augustus, that willing obedience would be given to any upright Roman Governor?"

"I am a Jew of the tribe of Benjamin," broke in another. "It is not the will of the Jewish people that we should fail to keep the promise made by our ambassadors to the Emperor. I was in Jerusalem ten days ago. I saw Caponius. I know that he is keeping the promise of Augustus in respect to our religion. The Roman cohorts in Jerusalem bear no images for emblems. They bear, as medallions for their standards, only plain circular disks of brass without a mark of carving. As to the Jews, I saw in Jerusalem in the very Temple of God a proclamation regarding the tax. It was signed by no less than Joazar, the High Priest himself. It stated that the Emperor had kept his promise. He had sent us a noble Roman Governor. He would give us freedom in our worship and would show respect to our religion. The High Priest urged all good Jews to pay the tax peaceably and without tumult."

"Where is your Jewish honor now?" shouted the Greek. "Why listen to a false Jew who would urge us to break the oath sworn by the greatest men of the nation in obedience to the greatest man of all, to the divine Augustus, the ruler of all the world?"

"Smite that man upon the mouth," commanded Judas, losing all patience. His followers attempted to do so. They thrust their way into the crowd, hastening to punish the Greek for his insolence to their leader. The Greek had no mind to stand out against full-armed men. He made his way through the surging mass as quickly as he could. In this he was assisted by willing friends and neighbors of Nazareth. They opened a path for his quick departure, but seemed very slow and awkward in giving room to the armed strangers who followed their fellow townsman. And it was to be noticed that they were not all Greeks who gave the Greek free passage but did not help the Jews to catch and beat him.

Meantime, the crowds of Nazareth were buzzing with talk and argument. Not all of it was friendly. It took some time to get quiet restored. Orientals, whether Jew or Arab, start talking easily and take long to stop. At last, however, Judas and his armed followers regained a semblance of order. The Zealot leader was in full swing, urging his hearers to refuse payment of the Roman tax and to resist it to the death. Suddenly his expression changed. He stopped speaking and called Sadok to his side. They talked together in low tones. Judas gave a signal. The other four men joined them. In a compact line, with drawn swords, they made silent way through the massed

dwellers of Nazareth. It was not until the six men were clear of the crowd that they turned and Judas spoke again.

"Men of Nazareth," he said, "let this be your warning not to harbor traitors to your nation and your God. Let all beware, both Jews and Greeks. You are forbidden to help the Romans by selling them your goods. Call no man master."

A moving gleam of polished brass had glinted warning to the sharp eyes of Judas. He saw it first at the top of the hill that slopes toward Sepphoris. A column of soldiers under the command of a Decurion (leader of ten) came marching down the steep as Judas and his little band marched up the opposite side of the Nazareth hill-basin. When they were well out of reach of pursuit, the Kanayim shouted defiance to the Romans, waved threatening swords at the people of the town and vanished from sight in the direction of the rocky fastnesses to the north-east, near Arbela and the Lake.

The house of Diophanes was gutted by the fire. A new roof must be built. The store of wheat was burned so as to be useless for food. The furnishings were destroyed, except the earthenware and iron utensils. Only the clothing they wore escaped. But Rhoea and Diophanes, with their children, found warm welcome and shelter in the house of the carpenter and were happy in the love and fellowship of their neighbors.

The next morning at daylight, the boys were back at school in the synagogue, sitting crosslegged on the floor in a wide-eyed circle about the Hazzan, shouting in measured cadence their unfinished reading lesson from the Book of Leviticus.

THE SABBATH

It was a brilliant, glaring summer day. It was Friday. In Nazareth denuded hills climbed brownly out of the basin that encloses the town. Their tops cut the sapphire sky with a discordant line of dried and yellow foliage. Only the taller stalks remained, ragged and sere, to give reminder of the glory of growth and color that the summer sun had stolen.

On the slope of the hill, above the cattle market, a group of boys were playing. The games had been somewhat slow during the warm hours of the afternoon. They were such games as boys have played since history began: "Jacks," played with sheep's-knuckles, which were square enough to rest securely on the back of the hand; riddles, asked by the "sphinx," with a fable or two of "Old Æsop," told by boys of the Greek families: "Pitch and toss," followed by one of the five different kinds of ball games: "Follis," that failed because the round bundle of hemp (like a football) came to pieces under the too vigorous impact of hand and elbow, which were the only strokes allowed; "Morra," imported by a lad fresh from Rome; but the finger-guessing did not take very well among the Syrians, so he suggested "Duodecim scripta" (backgammon) with the pointed spaces drawn on the ground and marked sheep's-knuckles used for the dice. The boys of Nazareth showed him how to play "Pessoi" (draughts) and "Poleis," whose pieces are common soldiers and whose rovers are kings.

Jude had created a diversion by coming into the crowd with a cleft stick holding twenty-six scorpions, which he claimed as a record. The scorpions were rather more indignant than usual and frightened home the boy from Italy, with his new-fangled games.

Every boy, of course, had brought to light a David's sling that had been bestowed in some fold of his chalouk. Stone throwing had given place to "hide-and-seek." There was not enough wind for kite-flying, so the minds of the boys had turned to something more active. Bows and arrows had appeared from somewhere. The Greek lad who "shot his arrow out of sight" was the hero of the moment, only to be displaced by one of the future founders of our civilization, who outdid all the rest in hurling the javelin. Another won in the "discus" throw.

The cooler hour now provoked ambition for more active exercise. Sides had just been chosen for a rushing game of "Romans-and-robbers." It was a wonderful game, with miles of running and the wild excitement of the close

chase and final capture, but it was destined not to be played on that particular Friday. Fate intervened with truly feminine regard for the cultural demands of manners and morals. Fate took the form, or rather the voice, at that day and hour, of Rhoa, the Greek Jewess of Antioch.

"Ercheto, Didymoi" (Come, twins). The words were Greek and carried far in the shrill tones of a woman's voice. "Thomas and Eliezer, it is time to come home and wash for the Sabbath."

"Yes, Mother-Rhoa," answered the twins in unison. They started off at once in obedient reply to Rhoa's summons. About half of the boys left the game and followed them. They were the boys of Jewish families, who knew that the call for the twins meant them as well. They too hurried home to be in time for the Sabbath preparations.

Those who stayed behind were Greek and Arab Syrians, boys of the Gentile families who lived in Nazareth.

"Why do they always spoil our Friday afternoons with their extra baptisings (washings)?" asked Nicolaus complainingly.

"Because their Sabbath begins at sunset, I suppose, and they have got to get clean," said his friend Alcibiades. "But you will have to do more than baptise your face and hands with water and get your neck clean, and your ears and your feet if they pick you out to be the little god, Dionysus, at the Bacchanalian Festival. It will be worse than the Jew boys on Friday. You will have to go into the bath and soak and soak. They will scrub you with alkali dirt until your skin is almost gone. Then they will baptise you all over to wash it off, first with hot water and then with cold. When you are dry, they will rub you with oil until you are all shiny, like the athletes, and scrape it off with the strigil, and they will put perfume all over you and you will have to let the barber curl your hair—and everything."

"We do not have to bother about Sabbaths and things," said Sohemus, an Arab boy. "Sometimes we have to do things for the feasts of Demeter and Semele. But mostly we worship the Greek gods now, since we moved here from Nabatea."

"We Greeks are cleaner than the Jews, or almost anybody," said Nicolaus. "I am glad we do not have any old Sabbath every week. The Jew boys can't play. And they can't walk much more than half a mile on their Sabbath, unless they take some food, and call it two meals, and hide it on Friday, 3,000 feet or 'a Sabbath day's journey' from home. Then on Saturday, they have to eat part of the food and call it a meal, on the way out. They eat the rest on the way back and call it another meal. And they have to call the place 'home,' where they eat it, even if it is under a tree or behind a rock."

"That is just a part of their foolishness," remarked Alcibiades. "I got even with that old, fat Malchus, or Malachi, one time. I ate the food I saw him hide one Friday afternoon. When he came to the place on Saturday, I was

there. He looked all around for his dinner. He couldn't find it 'cause it was inside of me. Do you know what he did?"

"No. Tell us," said Sohemus.

"The old hypocrite just put his hand up to his mouth. Then he chewed. Then he went right on. He worked his jaws and only pretended to eat."

"I suppose that is just as good as telling lies about his home being under a tree or in the crack of a rock," said Nicolaus. "But my father says it is not such a bad religion after all. He says it is better than we hear preached all the time by the long-cloaked Greek philosophers, as they travel around the country. He says that the Jew God, the one we call 'Iaow,' is really the same as Zeus. Zeus has been used so much for all the gods of all the countries that he is not Zeus of Olympus any more. All the philosophers, and the common people too, when they say Theos or Zeus, mean the same thing. That is, God. He is the one god who is biggest of all, the one the Jews worship, the one we call Iaow. They call him Jehovah. But that is none of our affair. Come on. Let's go over the hill and see old Corinthus, the Arab. Maybe he will let us ride one of his camels."

Meanwhile, the Jewish boys had gone to their homes to make their preparations for the Sabbath. Each one pointed his nose toward the Karayim (kitchen stove) as he came in. The inquisitive sniff became an appreciative one in every case. A double portion of wheat or barley had been put through the mill and the flour had been baked into Kiccar-lehem, providing bread enough so that no work of baking need be done on the Sabbath. Not only that, but a better meal was provided than on other days. The Sabbath was never a fast. Sometimes there was meat, which was a great luxury, or fish, which was a more common food. The house had already been cleaned, swept and garnished for the Sabbath. When Abba-Yusuf came home, he would find all the members of the family dressed in their best garments, after a most thorough washing, and quite ready for the evening meal.

As sunset approached, they heard a double blast from the Shofar, or ram's horn, with which the Hazzan announced the approach of the Sabbath. Then the Sabbath lamp was lighted. The family joined in the prayer of preparation as the Hazzan blew the second blast upon his horn. When the third blast was blown, the Sabbath had really begun. The Hazzan must put down his horn beside him, wherever he was, in order that he might not break the Sabbath by carrying a burden.

Before the third blast of the Shofar, or ramshorn, Mother-Mary had lighted the Sabbath lamp. Abba-Yusuf, with The Boy, had gone to the synagogue, where the first Sabbath service was held immediately after sunset. It was a rare thing for the women to attend the service on Friday evening, as it is among the Jews to this day. The lamp was lighted with the prescribed prayer:

"Blessed art Thou, the Eternal, our God, King of the Universe, who hast sanctified us with Thy commandments, and hast commanded us to light the Sabbath Lamp."

When Abba-Yusuf returned home with The Boy, they found the Sabbath lamp lighted, the house cleaned and everything in order for the first Sabbath meal of the three demanded by tradition, the first being after sunset when the Sabbath began, the second after the morning worship in the synagogue and the third after the service in the afternoon.

Abba-Yusuf took his stand by the table, his family all about him. At his place were two loaves of bread, or kiccar-lehem, instead of one, in memory of the double portion of manna which was gathered in the time of Moses on Fridays, when the Israelites were wandering forty years in the wilderness. It was done by God's command, in order that they might learn not to labor on the Sabbath. On the table before him also stood the cup, ready for the mixing of the water and the wine that would receive the first blessing of the Sabbath meal.

So he stood, his loved ones all about him, and their eyes reflected the light in his own as he looked upon her "who made this house a home," while he recited the blessing upon the wife with which the husband formally dedicated the Sabbath in the home. The blessing includes Proverbs 31: 10 and continues to the end of the chapter:

"Who can find a virtuous woman? Her worth is far above rubies. The heart of her husband trusteth in her, and he shall never lack profit (gain). She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. . . . Her children shall rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her thus: 'Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all,' " etc.

After the blessing on the wife and mother, he said the Qiddush, or the Sanctification of the Sabbath. Like most of the sacred formulas of the Jews it was taken directly from the Holy Scriptures. The Qiddush was preceded by part of the story of Creation as it is found in the book of Genesis:

"On the sixth day—the heavens and the earth were finished and all their host. And on the seventh, God had ended his work which He had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all His work which He had made. And God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it; because thereon, He rested from all His work which God had created in order to make it."

It was at this point that Mother-Mary came to him. Lifting the small wine skin, she poured wine into the cup he held and, from a small earthen jug, poured water in the cup until the Sabbath Cup was mixed, one quarter wine and three quarters water. Abba-Yusuf raised the cup in blessing and said the Benediction of Wine:

"Blessed art Thou, the Eternal, our God, King of the Universe, who createst the fruit of the vine."

The Sabbath prayer that followed was a matter of bitter controversy among the Jewish Rabbis. The fanatical Jews of the School of Shammei insisted that it should precede the Benediction of the Wine in opposition to the rule of the great Hillel that the Sabbath prayer should follow, but should precede the partaking of the Sabbath Cup. The Jews of Galilee were largely representative of the more liberal Hillel, as in this case, where Abba-Yusuf held the cup, already mixed, and said the prayer:

"Blessed art Thou, the Eternal, our God, King of the Universe, who hast sanctified us with His commandments and found delight in us; who with love and favor hast caused us to inherit the holy Sabbath; in remembrance of the work of creation, because the day was the first of the holy convocations—a memorial of the departure out of Egypt. For thou, O Eternal, hast chosen and sanctified us above all people and, with love and favor, hast caused us to inherit the holy sabbath. Blessed art Thou, O Eternal, who sanctified the Sabbath."

Abba-Yusuf first drank of the cup and handed it to Mother-Mary. She drank of it and gave it to The Boy who, in turn, passed it to all the other children. Even baby-Salome was allowed to drink a few drops of the Sabbath Cup.

Before sitting down to eat, the children came, one by one, to receive their Sabbath Blessing. Abba-Yusuf and Mother-Mary put their hands upon the heads of each in turn. Over each of the boys, they said the ancient blessing of the tribes:

"God make thee to be like Ephraim and Manasseh."

Upon each of the girls, they said the almost equally ancient blessing of the wives of the Patriarchs:

"God make thee to be like Sarah, Rebecca, Rachel and Leah."

The formal washing of the hands and feet was customary for the more important feasts, even among the unconventional Galileans, though we are told of the Pharisees that "when they saw some of his disciples eat bread with unwashen hands, they found fault" (Mark 7: 2).

Before the Sabbath meal, as for every washing of the hands, the prayer was said for the washing:

"Blessed art Thou, the Eternal, our God, King of the Universe, who hast sanctified us with Thy commandments, and hast given us command concerning the washing of our hands."

The washing might not have been necessary for those who had already performed their ablutions at home in preparation for the Sabbath, but Abba-Yusuf had been away. He had been in the town and in the synagogue, where he may have touched many things that would produce Levitical uncleanness. If he had read the roll of the Scriptures, he would have unclean hands according to the ruling of the rabbis, for the Scriptures were written on parchment, the skin of dead animals.

After the washing, all the family took their places and Abba-Yusuf said the Benediction of the Bread:

"Blessed art Thou, the Eternal, our God, King of the Universe, who bringest forth bread from the earth."

They sat down to a very cheerful meal. The food was richer and more plentiful than that of any common day. The Sabbath was always a feast. No fasting might occur. Even mourning must be put aside on the Sabbath, no matter if the period of mourning was unfinished.

The next morning, the morning of the Sabbath, the family rose with the sun and washed with unusual care. Before the prayer for washing, each said the prayer appointed upon awakening:

"I give thanks to Thee, O living and Eternal King, who in Thy great and faithful compassion, hast restored my soul within me."

The Jewish law commands that each one shall wash the hands before going more than four cubits, or six feet, from his bed. This rule, as also the custom of doing without food or any drink except water until the completion of the morning worship in the synagogue, seem to have become rigid observances during the centuries after the destruction of Jerusalem and the Holy Temple. The continuous life of the race could only be maintained, during those years of exile and scattered life, by the most drastic adherence to customs and religious habits that would mark off the Jews from all other people by an exclusive particularity.

But the children need not fast in any case. According to tradition, they were only gradually accustomed to fasting as they approached the age for assuming the full obligations of the Law. The "Shema," or Jewish Creed, was said by the family, as by all orthodox Jews at the beginning of every day. Breakfast was a very "sketchy" meal. It consisted of Kiccar-lehem, or bread, with olives or some other kind of green, so needful to the Asiatic.

The whole family looked on as Abba-Yusuf enveloped himself in the Tallith, or prayer-scarf, with its sacred fringes. The "zizith," or fringe (literally "twisted cords"), was what we would call a tassel. It was attached by a blue cord to each of the four corners of the Tallith, or prayer shawl.

The Tallith was a large piece of linen or of wool. It covered the whole body and the loose end was thrown over the left shoulder. The fringes were gathered in the hands, looked upon with reverence, kissed with fervor and pressed against the mouth and eyes. The fringe, when properly made, consisted of six hundred and thirteen threads. Each thread symbolically represented one of the six hundred and thirteen precepts of the Law as taught by the rabbis.

An old prayer to be said before putting on the Tallith:

Behold me, O Eternal, enwrapping my body with the fringes of Thy commandment. In like manner do Thou enwrap my soul and my body too—even all its members and sinews, in the spiritual light diffused by the holy precept of the fringes. And even as in this world I envelop myself in the material scarf, so may I become worthy to wear the robe of wisdom and the beautiful scarf of spiritual purity in the world to come. May my soul, my mind and my prayer be delivered from all external influences: and may the scarf extend, instead, its own hallowed influence to deliver them ‘As the eagle stirreth up her nest and hovereth over her young.’ ”

After it was put on, the Blessing of the Tallith was said:

“Blessed art Thou, the Eternal, our God, King of the Universe, who hath sanctified us with his commandments and hath commanded us to envelop ourselves with fringes.”

Phylacteries were also a part of the equipment of the Jew for religious observance. They were called Tephillin, or Phylacteries, which means safeguards. They were little square boxes, commonly two finger-widths each way, sewed on a piece of thick leather with a thread made of the veins of a “clean” animal. The boxes were bound with leather thongs to the arm and the head. The straps, or thongs, were black on the outside, to correspond with the color of the box or phylactery. The phylactery for the head was called Shel Rosh. It was divided into four compartments. Each contained a strip of parchment on which were written in Hebrew a passage of Scripture, Exodus 13: 1-10 and 13: 11-16, Deuteronomy 6: 4-9 and 11: 13-21. The phylactery for the arm was called Shel Yad. In it was a longer strip of parchment on which was written the same Scripture. The Shel Rosh, or box for the head, since it was in plain sight, was inscribed on each side with the Hebrew letter “shin,” (שׁ), the initial letter of Shaddei, one of the names of God, meaning the powerful or the Almighty. The initial was originally put on the outside in order to scare away the demons.

An old formula to precede the “laying” of the Phylacteries:

“Behold me intent on placing the phylacteries upon my arm and brow, in fulfilment of the injunction of my Creator, thus written in the Law, ‘Thou



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shalt bind them upon thy hands, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes.' These phylacteries contain the four portions of the Holy Writ in which God's Unity is acknowledged, and in which are recorded those wonders and miracles which He wrought for us when He brought us forth from Egypt, even He who possesseth supreme might and dominion upon earth. He hath commanded us to bind the phylactery upon our hand, in memorial of His outstretched arm, wherewith He hath delivered us; to place it opposite our heart, in order that the desires and thoughts of our hearts may be directed to His sacred service; to lay it opposite our brain, in order that our mind, which is therein enthroned, with all our senses and faculties, may be subservient to His hallowed worship, Blessed be He. Through the influence, then, of this commandment of (Tephillin) phylacteries, may we be favored with long life and blessed with sacred impulses and hallowing thoughts, without any conception of sin or iniquity whatever; so that evil imaginations may have no power to allure us and lead us astray, but conduct us to worship the Eternal, as it is in our hearts to do."

The Shel Yad, the phylactery of the hand, was placed on the left arm, on the thicker part above the elbow, opposite the heart or, for a left-handed man, on the right arm. It must be "laid" on the naked arm, in contact with the flesh. With the "laying" was said the Blessing of the Shel Yad:

"Blessed art Thou, the Eternal, our God, King of the Universe, who hast sanctified us with His commandments and commanded us to bind the phylacteries on our hands."

Then the thongs, or straps, were bound seven times around the arm with the blackened side outwards. At this point, and before carrying the thongs down to the hand to make the final fastening, the Shel Rosh, or phylactery for the head, was placed on the forehead. Its thongs were bound about the head, with the saying of the general Blessing of the Phylacteries, which was immediately followed by the Ascription of Glory, used in more ancient time for prayer in connection with the Temple worship:

"Blessed art Thou, the Eternal, our God, King of the Universe, who hast sanctified us with His commandments, and commanded us concerning the precept of the phylacteries."

"Blessed be the name of the Glory of His kingdom, forever and ever."

Then the thongs, or ligatures, were brought down from the Shel Yad, where they had been bound seven times around the arm, and were wound three times around the middle finger, with the repetition (at least in later years) of the Troth to the Highest:

"And I will betroth Thee unto me forever; I will betroth Thee unto me in righteousness and judgment, in mercy and compassion; yea, I will betroth Thee unto me in faithfulness, and thou shalt know the Eternal."

With the phylacteries and prayer shawl, the Tephillin and Tallith, the Jew was properly equipped for the morning worship of the synagogue, except that the phylacteries were not worn on Sabbaths and Feast Days. The reason given is that the phylacteries were but lesser "signs" of that holiness of which the "days" were greater "signs." Therefore the Tallith was worn and the phylacteries were omitted on Sabbaths and Feasts.

Enveloped in his Tallith, or prayer scarf, Abba-Yusuf led his family, dressed in their best, along the level path that crossed the hill to the wheat bazaar, where they turned upwards to the synagogue, standing on the higher slope and looking down over the houses of Nazareth as does the English Church on the same hill to-day. They were instructed by the rabbis to approach the synagogue "with quick steps and cheerful alacrity," in contrast to the slow pace with which they returned home, showing that they were glad to go to the "place of holy study" and sorrowful on leaving it. The synagogue was by origin the place of study and not of worship. The ancient world associated worship with temples and sacrifices, not with study or mental activity. The worship of the Jews was centered in the Temple at Jerusalem. Their moral teaching and the study of the Law were divided between the synagogues of the Land and the rabbinical schools at Jerusalem.

The synagogue of Nazareth was built of stone. It had very thick walls. Unlike the houses of the town, it had windows or, rather, openings in the walls to furnish light for reading. The entrance was at the south and was covered by a porch to protect the people from sun and rain. There was a tablet on the inner wall of the porch. On it were posted prayers for "the Roman Senate and People" and for the rulers to whom loyalty was due, for the Emperor, Cæsar Augustus, and for Herod Antipas, the tetrarch of Galilee. There were also posted the names of those who were "anathema," or excommunicated from the synagogue, with the length of time for which they were excluded and, I suppose, the cause.

In the porch also, before the entrance, were boxes for alms and a large earthenware dish for offerings of other sorts, fruit, grain, olives and figs, which would be distributed among the poor and needy. Three men were appointed from the congregation to be "over the offerings." Two of them supervised the receiving of the gifts on days other than the Sabbath when, of course, the gifts could not be brought, as no burdens might be carried.

The stone slab across the top of the porch was carved with an emblem representing the "Pot of Manna," supposed to be deposited with Aaron's rod in the sacred box called the Ark of the Covenant through the period of the Judges. The pot of manna was often pictured in stone on Jewish synagogues. Aaron's rod was another very common symbol. In spite of the commandment against carved images, such symbols were common, especially in Galilee and

the North, also in the Diaspora, or among the Jews dispersed throughout the world. Synagogues, especially in cities where there were more than one, were often known by the name of the emblems carved upon their porticoes. Beside the Great Synagogue there was a "synagogue of the vine" in Sepphoris, the great city just over the hill from Nazareth. There was a "synagogue of the olive tree" in Rome.

Little groups of people approached the synagogue in the brightening light of the opening day. Greetings were cheerful among the womenfolk, subdued among the men and so shy as to seem furtive among the boys and girls, clad in their "best."

Abba-Yusuf separated himself from his family in the crowded porch. He joined two or three men who seemed to be of the more substantial type of Nazareth citizens. Together they went up the single stone step that led into the building. The step was the symbol of the entrance to the Holy Temple at Jerusalem where the people "went up" from the Great Courts which were less holy, to the Court of Israel and the Great Altar of Burnt Offering in the Court of the Priests.

With the other elders of the synagogue, Abba-Yusuf threaded his way among the men and boys who sat or stood on the rush mats spread about on the stone floor. As the elders went forward, the men began to arrange themselves in the order of their age or dignity, ready for the service to commence. The women and girls went up the rough stone steps that led to a balcony that overhung three sides of the building and that was supported by the double row of columns which carried the flat roof close above them.

With the other elders, Abba-Yusuf took his seat in one of the seven chairs of honor, the only seats in the synagogue, with the exception of the one placed on the raised platform, or Bema, for the teacher, who might be a traveling scribe or rabbi. He sat when he gave the homily, or talk, of instruction, in explanation of the portion of the Law or of the Prophets which had been read during the synagogue-service. A reading desk also stood on the raised platform, which was called the "Bema" in both Greek and Aramaic.

Behind the Bema and above the level of the platform, was a recess in the wall of the synagogue which corresponded to the Holy Place in the Temple. It was covered by a veil and held the sacred rolls of parchment or sheepskin, on which, in Hebrew, an unknown tongue for five hundred years except to the scholars, were written the Sacred Scriptures of the Jews, which we call the Old Testament.

Abba-Yusuf sat with the elders in one of the seven chairs in front of the Bema. Their backs were to the platform and their faces toward the congregation. Six of the elders were already seated. Only the middle chair was unoccupied. It awaited the presiding officer of the elders, Eliashib, who was

called "Archsynagogos," or ruler of the synagogue. The elders were chosen by casting lots upon the names of those nominated by the members of the congregation. Those chosen by the lot were "elected."

The elders were a very dignified and presentable body of men as they sat thus in their long chalouks and clean turbans (for men must not go uncovered in the synagogue or women either, as St. Paul carefully instructed the bare-headed Greek converts). The seven elders formed the governing committee of synagogue control. They had charge of the synagogue and of all meetings that were held in it on the Sabbaths (Saturdays), Mondays and Thursdays, as well as of the synagogue school for the boys. The elders also served in a civil capacity. They sat as judges of the Jews of Nazareth. As magistrates, they punished the Jews, not only for breaking the laws of Moses, but for civil offences, such as stealing, injury to person or property, false testimony, taking another man's wife or removing a landmark, the stone or post that marked the line of a neighbor's property, which was a very serious crime in a country without fences. All these things came under the Mosaic Laws, a very complete code. Only on a death sentence, they must appeal to the Roman ruler to condemn the criminal. The elders sat as judges at the week-day meetings in the synagogue on Mondays and Thursdays, when the people came in from the country to sell the product of their herds and flocks. Then the prayers were much shorter, the service lasting only about half an hour while, on the Sabbath, it was two hours and more in length. The Jews who attended wore both their phylacteries and their Talliths, or prayer shawls. Only on Sabbaths and feast days the phylacteries were not worn.

Presently Eliashib, the ruler of the synagogue, came in and took his seat in the center of the elders. He was attended by the Hazzan, or reader, who also served on week days as teacher of the boys in the synagogue school. In a small, half-Greek town, like Nazareth, there was but one synagogue and the Hazzan was a general factotum for the services. In the Gospel he is called the minister, or servant. He handed the roll to the Master and did services of a menial nature which would be done in a large synagogue by a hired servitor or slave.

When he had seen Eliashib to his seat, the Hazzan mounted the Bema, took his stand before the reading desk and began the service of the synagogue for the morning of the Sabbath:

"Blessed art Thou, by whose word the world was created; Blessed be Thou forever. Blessed be Thou, who hast made all out of nothing; blessed be He who has pity on the earth; blessed be He who has pity on His creatures; blessed be He who richly rewards His saints; blessed be He who liveth forever, and is forever the same; blessed be He, the Savior and Redeemer! Blessed be Thy name! Blessed be Thou, the Eternal, our God, King of the Universe! All-Merciful God and Father! Thy people utter Thy praise with

their lips; Thy godly servants proclaim Thy glory and honor. We would praise Thee, the Eternal, our God, with the psalms of Thy servant David; we would laud and magnify Thee with songs of thanksgiving and praise. We do homage to Thy Name, our King, our God, the Only One, He who liveth forever, the Eternal, whose name is glorious forever and ever. Blessed be Thou, the Eternal! Lord, blessed be Thou in songs of praise."

The prayers were in Aramaic, the common tongue of Palestine and Babylon. The Hazzan, or Reader did not read them in the tones of the speaking voice. He rather chanted them, with a peculiar singsong that is still characteristic of Asiatics in their worship, with many minor cadences, Oriental in sound and weirdly incongruous to our Occidental ears. The readings of the Old Testament Scriptures had a different cadence from that of the prayers, while the psalms were sung to a true melody which somewhat resembled English plainsong but for the constantly recurring minors.

It was a great day, this, for the family of the carpenter. A Yalda (new-born baby girl) was safe at home and sleeping soundly. She was to be named to-day in the synagogue. So Abba-Yusuf was the first to be called among the seven readers of the portion of the Law appointed for the day. He read the number of verses that were his share, which must be at least three for every reader. He read the Scripture in the ancient Hebrew which nobody understood, but which was written in the same characters as the Aramaic of the Land. The Hazzan stood beside him as he read, acting as "meturgamen," or translator, and gave the Aramaic version of each verse as it was read in the Hebrew.

The service was very long, lasting well over two hours. Private prayers were said, also selections from various psalms. A hymn was sung, based on the thirteen articles of the Jewish Creed (not the Shema, which was rather a national confession of faith in the words of the Scripture). More prayers followed, during which were said in unison by the congregation the Fifteen Blessings of the Jew.

"Blessed art Thou, the Eternal, our God, King of the Universe, who givest the cock perception to distinguish between day and night.

"Blessed art Thou, the Eternal, our God, King of the Universe, who hast not made me a heathen.

"Blessed art Thou, the Eternal, our God, King of the Universe, who hast not made me a slave.

"Blessed art Thou, the Eternal, our God, King of the Universe, who hast not made me a woman (women said "who hast made me according to Thy will).

"Blessed art Thou, the Eternal, our God, King of the Universe, who clothest the naked.

"Blessed art Thou, the Eternal, our God, King of the Universe, who openest the eyes of the blind.

"Blessed art Thou, the Eternal, our God, King of the Universe, who releasest those who are imprisoned.

"Blessed art Thou, the Eternal, our God, King of the Universe, who raisest those who are bowed down.

"Blessed art Thou, the Eternal, our God, King of the Universe, who expandest the earth above the waters.

"Blessed art Thou, the Eternal, our God, King of the Universe, who regulatest the steps of man.

"Blessed art Thou, the Eternal, our God, King of the Universe, who providest for all my wants.

"Blessed art Thou, the Eternal, our God, King of the Universe, who girdest Israel with might.

"Blessed art Thou, the Eternal, our God, King of the Universe, who crownest Israel with glory.

"Blessed art Thou, the Eternal, our God, King of the Universe, who givest strength to the weary.

"Blessed art Thou, the Eternal, our God, King of the Universe, who removest sleep from mine eyes and slumber from mine eyelids."

More prayers and psalms followed, together with appointed portions of the Scriptures that were read daily. Interspersed among these were versicles in which the reader was answered by the united response of the people, until they reached the Shemoneh Ezreh, or Eighteen Benedictions, called the "Amee-dah" by modern Jews. The first three and last three of the Eighteen Benedictions were always said, with the Sabbath prayer between them.

1. "Blessed art Thou, the Eternal, our God and the God of our fathers, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, the God of Jacob, the Great God, the mighty and tremendous, the Most High God, who bestoweth gracious favors and createst all things, and rememberest the piety of the Patriarchs, and wilt bring a redeemer to their posterity, for the sake of Thy Name in love. O King, who bringest help and healing and art a shield. Blessed art Thou, the Eternal, the shield of Abraham.

2. "Thou art mighty forever, O Eternal; Thou restoreth life to the dead, Thou are mighty to save; who sustaineth the living with beneficence and quickenest the dead with great mercy, supporting the fallen and healing the sick, and setting at liberty those who are bound, and upholding Thy faithfulness unto those who sleep in the dust. Who is like unto Thee, the Eternal, the Almighty One; or who can be compared to Thee, O King, who killest and makest alive again, and causest help to spring forth? And faithful art Thou to quicken the dead. Blessed art Thou, O Eternal, who restoreth the dead.

3. "Thou art holy and Thy Name is holy, and the saints daily praise Thee. Selah. Blessed art Thou, the Eternal, the God most holy."

(The rest of the prayers may be found in Schürer, II, ii, p. 85, "History of the Jewish People in the Time of Jesus Christ.")

They were important for the reason that they were commanded to be said three times a day by every Jew. Their subjects were:

4, Knowledge. 5, Repentance. 6, Forgiveness. 7, Redemption. 8, Healing. 9, Blessing the harvest. 10, Restoring the captives. 11, Justice. 12, Apostates. 13, Support of the Righteous. 14, Restoration of Jerusalem. 15, For David's son. 16, Answer to Prayer. 17, Shekina (Glory) to return to the Temple. 18, Thanksgiving. 19, Salvation.

After other prayers, the most solemn part of the service took place. It was the order of the Torah, or hearing the Law.

The Hazzan solemnly went to the recess in the back wall of the synagogue. With a dramatic sweep, he drew aside the curtains, disclosing to view the wooden box that contained the sacred rolls of sheepskin or parchment on which were written the Hebrew Scriptures.

When he opened the Ark, he led the people in the words:

"And when the ark went forward, Moses said, 'Arise, O Eternal! and let Thine enemies be scattered, and those that hate Thee flee before Thee: for from Zion shall the Law go forth, and the word of the Eternal from Jerusalem.'"

Then the congregation burst forth in a great voice and in unison,

"Blessed be He who hath given the Law to His people Israel in His holiness."

While the Hazzan was taking the roll out of the box, or Ark, removing it from the metal case in which it was kept and unwrapping it from the silk wrapping with which it was covered, the congregation united in a murmuring and buzzing undertone of prayer which began, "Blessed be Thy Name, King of the Universe," and contained much of personal loyalty, praise and supplication.

When the Hazzan had unwrapped the Torah (Law), he took the roll in his hands and exhibited it to the congregation. He did it in such a manner as to show the writing, holding it up in various positions, in front, to the right, to the left and behind, so that all might be sure it was the Law, saying the first words of the verses which the people took up with a shout:

"HEAR, O ISRAEL—The Eternal is our God, the Eternal is ONE.

OUR GOD IS ONE; Great is the Eternal, whose name is the Most Holy.

O MAGNIFY the Eternal with me, and together let us extol His name."

So he took the roll to the reading desk where he put it down, saying, "Ascribe ye greatness to our God and render honor to the Law."

Now he called the name of him who was the first of the seven appointed to read the Law, "Draw near, Yusuf Ben Mattathias."

Abba-Yusuf ascended the Bema and stood beside the Hazzan, who said the Blessing of the Law:

Blessed be He who in His holiness hath given the Law to His people Israel. The Law of the Eternal is perfect, it restoreth the soul; the testimony of the Eternal is sure, it maketh the simple wise. The statutes of the Eternal are upright, they rejoice the heart; the commandment of the Eternal is clear, it enlighteneth the eyes. The Eternal will give strength to his people; the Eternal will bless his people with peace. The way of the Omnipotent is a shield to all who trust in Him.

CONGREGATION. And you who cling to the Eternal, your God, are all of you alive this day.

ABBA-YUSUF. Bless ye the Eternal, who is ever Blessed.

CONGREGATION. Blessed be the Eternal, who is blessed forever and ever.

Abba-Yusuf. Blessed be the Eternal, who is blessed forever and ever. Blessed art Thou, the Eternal, our God, King of the Universe, who hath selected us from all nations and hath given us His Law. Blessed art Thou, O Eternal, the giver of the Law.

Abba Yusuf now read the portion of the Law assigned, after which he gave the ascription:

Blessed art Thou, the Eternal, our God, the King of the Universe, who hast given us the law of truth, and hath thus planted in our midst eternal life. Blessed art Thou, the Eternal, the giver of the Law.

Before Abba-Yusuf went down from the Bema, the Hazzan stood beside him to say the words which gave the name to the baby girl that had come safely to the carpenter's home.

Blessed art Thou, the Eternal, our God, the King of the Universe, by whom cometh prosperity, children and the fruit of the womb, who hast given to Yusuf Ben Mattathias the Yalda, Salome. Make her to be like Sarah, Rebecca, Rachel and Leah.

So the morning service in the synagogue continued. The other men were called up one by one to read their share of the Law. Another set of men were called up to read the selection from the Prophets. Other prayers were said. In two cases the Hazzan took the sacred roll of the Torah in his hands, while he said the prayers. The first time it was for "Those in Authority" in government, the "Senate and the Roman People." The Jews have always been careful to observe the niceties of formality in their relationship to the "powers that be." The other prayer that was said with the sacred roll in the hands of the Hazzan was that for the restoration of the lost tribes and the unity of the nation.

A stranger was present, a scribe who was traveling toward Babylon. He was invited to speak. Ascending the Bema, he sat in the chair. The Hazzan handed him the roll. He read an extract from the Book of Numbers and gave an exhortation to obedience in the "lighter" as well as the "heavier" commands of the Law.

A priest, or Cohen, was called up from the congregation to give the closing benediction. The morning service ended.

Abba-Yusuf and Mother-Mary walked out into the bright hot sun and, with their children, found themselves at home in time to see the awakening of the new-named Yalda, baby-Salome, and to unite in the second bountiful meal of the Sabbath and to take the nap and noonday rest before the beginning of the afternoon service in the synagogue.

THE WALK TO MOUNT TABOR

AT the end of the wheat harvest on a cloudless day, as are all the days of May, four boys came up the hill through the bazaars of Nazareth.

They were equipped for a long day on the road or in the fields. It mattered little to them which. Each one carried his scrip, or wallet, hung over the shoulder by a stout leather strap, or thong. The sides of the wallets bulged suggestively, inviting the poke of an inquisitive finger and the pertinent question, direct from the comrade's heart or its vicinity,

"What did you bring?" was the usual form of the query.

The answers did not vary greatly, since the larders of Nazareth, then as now, for the well-to-do and poor alike, held about the same essential foods. The boys, like all boys, took the common things for granted and were particular to mention the toothsome extras. James' answer to the poked finger and the interested question was given with sketchy interest in the staples, but with emphasis upon the luxury.

"Five barley loaves, two dried fishes from the Lake and lubin (melted butter of goat's milk, distantly like Devonshire clotted cream) *and apricots*," he said.

"We have figs and olives too," said Thomas, ignoring bread and such daily commonplaces.

"We have figs and olives too," repeated Eliezer, his twin.

"I have got almonds," said Jude. He brought joy with his announcement. He did not add, nor did he need to, that the almonds were green, freshly picked from the trees, and were expected to be eaten "shells and all." They seem a rather pungent and a bitter delicacy for Northern appetites, but are much esteemed in Palestine.

Turning to the right from the tool-maker's bazaar, the boys began to call, in shrilling, high-pitched voices, "Ta'al, ta'a, Jeshuah, Ta'al, ta'a."

Quickly The Boy appeared at the door of the carpenter's house. He was ready to join them and stopped only for the parting kiss from her who stood, a radiant picture of motherhood framed by the open door, to say her last "Goodbyes." Mother-Mary had the last and littlest baby resting easily upon her hip. Little Salome was smiling and waving too, so that The Boy must needs go back and kiss her as well. Mother-Mary did not forget to call after them in her rich contralto voice the parting call of all mothers since the world began:

"Have a good time, boys," she said, "and do not get hurt."

"Where shall we go?" said Jude, as they started down the hill. "To Sepphoris?"

"What is the matter with you, Jude?" said Thomas. "You always want to go to Sepphoris. You know or, at least you ought to know, that Herod has just got back from driving out the Arabs in Perea. There must be twelve thousand soldiers in Sepphoris now, for he has his full legion and the auxiliaries. The whole city is full of them. Somebody is sure to get hurt or killed."

"Hurt or killed," repeated his twin; "besides, it is not far enough."

"No, it is not far enough to have much fun," said James. "Anyhow, it is just over the hill and, pretty soon, we shall see more of the city than we want to see. It will not be long before we boys begin working. Then we shall have to walk over there every morning and stay all day. Let's go to the Lake and fish."

"The Lake is too far unless we stay over night, and I have not asked permission," said The Boy. "Why not go to Mount Tabor?"

"Tove!" (good) came the chorus. "Let's go to Tabor."

Down the hill they went, dodging among the donkeys in the narrow streets of the bazaars and under the noses of the camels in the markets, then turned to the left and followed the path on the edge of the hill, leading up the long and gentle slope to the Great Fountain, now called the Virgin's Well, or Gabriel's Spring. There they stopped for a long drink of the crystal water before beginning their toilsome walk.

From the Great Fountain, they turned to the right and crossed the short half mile of level before breasting the high hill to the eastward. After ten minutes of steady climbing, they emerged from the great basin formed by the hills about Nazareth. At the top, Mount Tabor came into sight, peeping over the range of hills ahead, like the round top of a gigantic mushroom.

Dropping steeply down the other side, they skirted the huge basin that gaped beside them, like a mile-wide shellhole. Leaving it on their right, they soon reached the old Khan, now deserted, and climbed the next hill above it to the left, to drop down the long valley, now called the Ain Shan, where they found a great gathering of shepherds who had brought their flocks and herds to the stream for their daily watering.

It was a sight full of interest, even for boys brought up in the heart of the hills, as were these boys of Lower Galilee. They stood and watched while the shepherds separated their flocks from the undistinguishable mass in which the sheep and goats were intermingled on the banks of the crowded stream.

Thomas' twin, Eliezer, joined with the mischievous Jude in the effort to

attract the sheep to them by imitating the calls of the different shepherds. Not in a single instance did they deceive the sheep. All the sheep of every flock separated themselves without mistake from the crowded mass of animals at the water side. Once away from the others, the sheep and goats would turn and follow the call of their own shepherd which they knew so well.

Each shepherd had his own particular signal for his flock. Sometimes it was a whistled cadence. Generally it was a shrill and piping call, voiced with a peculiar rising inflection. Jude and Eliezer, in their imitation of these calls, did not succeed in deceiving the sheep, but they did stir up the anger of one of the wild-looking shepherds. With his shepherd's crook as a brandished club, he ran at the two boys with fire in his eye and curses on his tongue. Jude and Eliezer, in the face of such an attack, stopped their funning at once and took to flight. The irate shepherd pursued them for some distance up the stony hill. Only their speed and youthful agility saved them from coming off with broken heads.

"Better drink once more," said The Boy, when the two had rather shamefacedly returned, hot and breathless from running. "It may be our last water for the day."

With the sheep and goats drinking below them, the boys all buried their noses once more in the clear water flowing over the dam of rough stones. Then they started the climb of the next long hill leading up beside the little village of Tirah, talking as they went.

"But it is not such good water as our Fountain at Nazareth," said Thomas reminiscently.

"No water anywhere is as good as our Fountain at Nazareth," said Eliezer to his twin.

"Water is water, wherever you find it," said Jude.

"Water is the commonest thing in the world, except earth and air," said The Boy, "and they are of no use without it."

"We get too much water in the 'early rains,'" said Jude. "From November to January, we get nothing but water. We get as much in those three months as the rest of the world gets in a year. The gutters in the middle of the streets can't carry it off. Even the steepest streets are full, like a rushing river. Our chickens get washed away and drown. Last winter I saw two lambs and a big goat lying out on the flats below the cattle market."

"Yes," said James the Less, "and it soaks the ground till even these mountain paths are knee-deep in mud. And the whole Plain of Esdrelon is a bottomless swamp. Even the sheep and oxen, with their split hoofs, can't get across it. As for horses and donkeys, with their solid hoofs—why, there are the bones of one now, just at the edge of that little hollow over there where the poor beast tried to get through and died. What is the use of so much water all at once?"

"Water is the great cleaner," said The Boy. "It washes everything. It carries down the dirt and rubbish that collect all through the summer in our streets. It washes the earth and air as well as our hands and feet. It makes everything clean and healthy. Why can't the common things be the sacred things?"

"I think, maybe, it is because they are so easy to get, or else we are used to them," suggested Jude.

"That is no reason why a thing should not be sacred, when it really is sacred," said The Boy. "The thing they call sacred in Jerusalem is the blood of lambs and sheep and bulls. It makes the Temple more bloody than the butcher's shambles. The burning flesh smells worse than a tannery. Instead of blood, I would make water the sacred thing in a clean religion."

"That is what the Essenes do, isn't it?" asked Thomas.

"That is what the Essenes do," echoed Eliezer, his twin. "Look! There is one of the Essenes now, going down the valley towards Chessulloth. (Yksal). See how white his clothes are, turban and all."

"There was a merchant from the Negeb (South) who stayed at our house a while ago," continued Thomas, "and he said that he had been at the colony where the Essenes live. It is down in the Ghor (Jordan Valley). He says there are four thousand of them at the Oasis of En Gedi, beside Lake Asphaltitis (the Dead Sea). They baptise (wash) themselves six times a day in clean water, and they wash their clothes so often that they are always white."

"Yes," said Eliezer, breaking in eagerly to continue his twin's story, "and they pray all the time when they are not working and they work almost all day, and they meet in a common hall to eat after they are washed and dressed all clean, and they do not talk while they eat, and they will not take an oath, and they refuse to kill anything; so they have no meat to eat, not even the Passover lamb once a year, for they will not shed blood, even for the Temple Sacrifices, and—"

"And they turn toward the sun, when they pray," interrupted Thomas. "And they keep their word."

"They go about doing good," said The Boy, "and Mother-Mary says that that is better than sacrifices."

Talking of many things, in the way of boys, they came up the slope of the long hill. About them on both sides stretched wide sweeps of wild meadow-land, like that of our Western prairies. The verdant growth of rich feeding grounds oddly belies its verdancy and gives an aspect to the countryside that is almost dreary and conveys a sense of emptiness and desolation. Strangely enough, they were never out of sight of human kind. The walker over those same paths to-day has many an uncanny thrill, as a dark spot in the long grass is suddenly seen as the covered head of an Arab, sitting

motionless on the ground some distance from the road. Or, half way down a gentle slope, he will see three or four silent, crosslegged figures, sometimes of women or children. During the half hour while he is in sight of the place, they have not moved. They do not seem to be working. He does not hear them speak. No flocks are near at hand to account for their presence. They are usually too far from the road or path to see them clearly, even to tell whether they are men, women or children. Yet, there in the tall grasses that extend for miles without sign of habitation or other visible show of life, appear from time to time those motionless, shadowy forms whose heads are clearly seen above the verdure. It is a weird experience to a wayfarer from the undreaming West. He feels that he has somehow gone beneath the surface of the Oriental mind when he reads the psalm and has the recurrence of that eerie sensation of all-surrounding, watchful eyes, with the words, "about my path and about my bed."

When the boys reached the top of the long hill, they saw Mount Tabor rising impressively out of the valley below, like a great, round sugar loaf. Large boulders alternated with forest growth, so that its steep sides were speckled with dark gray spots amid splashes of a dull green. The stone houses of Deburieh nestled in a much larger patch of green that merged into a silver gray and marked the olive trees below. The village presented a homelike, peaceful picture. The mountain was not so peaceful. There the Roman fortress stood out, squat and menacing, with the look of a grim sentinel which dominated the whole countryside.

"How big it looks from here," said Thomas.

"How big it looks from here," echoed Eliezer, his twin.

"But it is less than two hundred feet higher than our hill above the bazaars in Nazareth," said James.

Parallel with the slope of the mountain, they followed around and down the stony valley that led to Tabor's base at Deburieh. The "early rains" of winter and the "latter rains" of spring had left the marks of years of washing torrents. The boys needed all their sureness of foot and quickness of eye for safety. Boulders were everywhere. The rushing water had carved strange shapes in a soil that is something between very hard clay and very soft rock in its consistency. At points it had left high pinnacles. In other places, the water had washed out grotesquely shaped holes. They were sometimes shallow, sometimes deep, often large enough to be called caves.

They had almost reached the end of the fast-deepening gully when the keen eyes of The Boy were attracted by something a little out of the usual in the look of the foliage which spread at the roots of a great terebinth tree on the steep side of the valley.

He ran quickly over to the place and parted the shrubbery. Before him, instead of a solid wall of rock, he saw a small black opening, the mouth



APPROACHING MOUNT TABOR

of a natural cave. This was a real "find," not lightly to be passed by any group of boys in any age of the world. It must be investigated. Without a moment's hesitation, he pushed aside the undergrowth and drew himself within the narrow opening. He was followed at once by the rest of his companions.

They found themselves in a rocky cavern that was quite low at the entrance, making it necessary to go forward on hands and knees. Soon it enlarged into a spacious and airy chamber. The gravel bottom sloped gently downward. The echoes from above, as they advanced, told of a roof increasing steadily in height.

"Just the place to play 'Romans and Robbers.' Let's see how large it is," said Thomas.

"Let's see how large," echoed Eliezer, his twin.

"Better join hands first," said their leader.

So they joined hands and went forward into the darkness for fifty feet or more. There they stopped and debated what to do.

"Let's shout," suggested some one.

They shouted. The echo of their shout came crashing back from the walls and ceiling. It was like the long roll of thunder and hushed them for a moment into silence. Then came the obvious remark of Jude's sober-minded brother James.

"It is the biggest cave you ever saw," he said solemnly.

"Yes, if you could only see it," answered Jude.

They all laughed in chorus. It was a matter of course to laugh at Jude. He expected laughter and they expected to laugh. But their laughter came back to them in echoed rolling waves that sounded anything but merry. It added a touch of apprehension to their venture.

"But, big or not," added Jude resolutely, "I am going to see how big it is and where it stops."

"Wait, Jude, and give me your hand," said The Boy, reaching out to take it, as he spoke.

Failing to find Jude's hand in the darkness, he took firm hold of the first thing he touched. It happened to be the scrip, or wallet, that held the green almonds which Jude had brought for lunch. Well it was that he touched the scrip and got a firm hold upon it. Jude had not taken more than three steps when the boys heard a very wet-sounding splash. The firmly gripped wallet pulled The Boy down with a jerk, first to his knees and then flat on his face.

He found himself lying outstretched, full-length upon floor of the cave. His right hand was on solid ground. His left hand and his head were drawn over the edge of a pit that was just blacker than the blackness all about them.

His left hand still clung firmly to the folds of the scrip. It was a heavy pull and stretched his arm well down below the edge of the pit. But he managed to hold on and so kept the choking and spluttering Jude well to the top of the water in which he was immersed, which seemed to have no bottom. He called to the other boys. In the call were both warning and command.

"Come to me, Naarim (boys)," he said. "But come slowly. Jude is in a water-pit. Crawl on your hands and knees and feel before you as you come." They came at once, and almost too quickly. Eliezer's head collided with his leader as he came, almost knocking him into the pit with his cousin Jude.

Speedily The Boy made his plan for the rescue. Almost as speedily he carried it out. He guided the hand of Jude's brother James down to the point where he could grasp the scrip. Then his commands were plain and explicit.

"Take hold of the scrip," he said to James. "Hold him up but do not pull too hard, or you may break the leather thong." His other directions were to the twins.

"Didymoi (twins)," he said, "you two must lie across my legs to balance me while I reach down and get hold of Jude."

Thus firmly anchored by the weight of the twins on his feet, The Boy bent his body far over the edge of the pit. Leaning down, he grasped the struggling Jude by his upstretched arm. He held him above the water until his choking subsided. Meanwhile, he dispelled Jude's fright and restored his confidence by a rapid-fire badinage and much friendly ridicule, until he was satisfied that his commands would be obeyed when, and as, he gave them. When he felt that the time had come, he raised Jude's hands until they met behind his own neck. Then he made a stirrup with his hands, into which he had Jude place his knee.

"Now climb," he said sternly.

Jude "climbed."

Lifting from below, The Boy helped Jude to climb over his own body to safety. Then he raised himself until he could put one hand up on the edge of the pit and, with a lift and sidewise roll, he regained the solid ground.

"And now, we are going out from here," said the rescuer. He took the shivering Jude by the shoulders and propelled him toward the dim spot of light that marked the entrance. He was followed closely by his little band. When they reached the open air again, the other boys were all anxious to allow "poor, shivering Jude" to sit down to rest and dry his garments. To this suggestion their leader applied a prompt "veto."

"He does not need rest," he said. "What he needs is exercise. He

will get it if he follows me. I am almost as wet as he is, since he climbed up over my back. He will soon stop shivering, if he stays with us." So they went briskly down the valley toward the little village of Deburieh.

"Never mind," said James slyly, after they had gone forward in silence for some distance. "We saved those almonds, even from getting wet. I kept them dry myself for a little while. It is no more than right for him to give us enough to keep us from starving until we get to a place where we can open our srips and really eat."

They munched the almonds with great enjoyment as they came down to the foot of the mountain. There they turned up the side of Tabor, ascending diagonally because of the steepness.

"Jude," said Thomas suddenly, "it is perfectly fair for you to furnish these almonds to quench our thirst. You were the only one who got a drink back there."

"You were the only one who got a drink," added Eliezer.

"At any rate," replied Jude, now beginning to recover his spirits, "I found that the water was good to drink. Beside that, I found out exactly where the water was. That may save all our lives some day, if the Roman soldiers should be after us."

"There is one of them now," said Thomas. "Be sure not to stir him up. He looks as though he could shoot straight with that short bow. Besides, he looks angry enough to shoot on the slightest provocation."

"Slightest provocation," echoed Eliezer.

"Do not malign the man by saying that he looks angry," said the little joker, now fully recovered. "He is the most even-tempered man in the Roman army. He is always angry."

As if to justify the jocular words, the grim sentinel turned a threatening eye upon the boys. He was standing guard at the bend of the road, where it turned up toward the fortress at the top of the mountain. He shook his raised spear at them and, in a voice harsh and guttural, ordered them gruffly away.

Thus halted, they skirted the mountain for some distance. Out of the sight of the sentry, they stopped under the shadow of a great gray rock. Here they sat down, unslung their srips and began to spread out the good things from home in preparation for their midday meal.

Above them frowned the squat Roman fort, set there to guard the passes over the Jordan and to protect the commerce of the great caravan road. This road was one of the branches of the *Via Maris*, which wound down to the Plain of Esdrelon below their feet. Another branch ran through Nazareth itself. The *Via Maris*, meaning the "Road of the Sea," was one of the most important trade routes of the Roman Empire. It carried the world's commerce from Persia and the East by way of Damascus and

Babylon. Passing through Capernaum at the head of the Lake, it came up over the hills of Lower Galilee. By two or three alternative branches it reached the Plain of Esdrelon where much commerce diverged to Egypt by the easy levels along the Great Sea, though the greater part followed the shorter route for embarkation at the Roman Port of Acco, by way of Nazareth and Sepphoris.

As the boys looked down upon the great world-road, a far extended line of camels came down from the North. They bore spices and carpets (rugs) from the interior of Persia. Their drivers were clad in Eastern garb, some in the flowing mantles and felt caps of sun-worshipping Parsees. Others were duffle-clad in the sober wool of far Thibet. Following the camel-caravan, came a long string of donkeys. They carried the chief product of the Lake and came from Bethsaida, at the upper end of the Sea of Galilee. They were laden with wide panniers which held the dried fish of the Lake, a delicacy so highly prized by the Romans that it was to be found on every banquet table where Romans feasted throughout the world.

From the other direction came a *manipulus*, a double *centuria*, of Roman soldiers, consisting of one hundred and twenty men. Marching toward the fort at the top of Mount Tabor, they walked slowly and rather wearily, tired and sullen from the long march in the hot sun across the Plain of Esdrelon.

There, under the eyes of the boys, took place one of those incidents which were common enough anywhere under Roman rule, but which kept the more fiery souls of Galilee ablaze with anger and always ready for rebellion against the Empire.

A ROMAN JOKE

THE double *centuria*, or *manipulus*, of Roman legionaries was passing up the vale toward the path that leads to the top of Mount Tabor.

Riding from the direction of the Lake came a man alone. The lone rider passed the Roman column beneath the spot where the boys of Nazareth were seated, preparing to eat their lunch. The rider was seated on a small donkey. He was a Jew, well past middle age and of marked personality. His beard was long and gray. It flowed down over his breast in waving luxuriance. This gave him a look of authority and an appearance of dignity such as we associate with the three Patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

His high rabbi's cap added an air of austerity that called for the deep veneration with which Jewish boys were taught to regard their elders, especially their superiors in the national religion. The heavy fringes of his chalouk, with the "riband of blue," taken in connection with the broad phylacteries on arm and forehead, proclaimed him a strict Pharisee, probably highly placed, and a man of position in the Jewish Church.

There was something incongruous about the appearance of the rider, as he passed the marching column of soldiers. Perhaps it was the self-conscious dignity which contrasted so strongly with his position on the very small donkey of which he was astride. Whatever it was it attracted the particular attention of one of the soldiers. The legionary was weary with the long march and ready to vent his sullen resentment of individual discomfort on any person or thing that came his way.

As the Pharisee was riding sedately past, the soldier reached out from his place in the ranks. He grasped the long beard of the rider in his sinewy right hand. It was but the work of a second to drag the astonished Jew from the saddle and to kick the well-doing donkey sharply in the ribs. The startled animal recoiled in terror and ran up the mountain toward the boulder where the boys were seated, just ready to begin their holiday repast. Still holding his victim by the beard, the soldier shouted his news to a comrade in the rear:

"Ho! Justus," he called, "I have captured Abraham, his very self. Behold the father of all the Jews." So saying, he swung the hapless Pharisee quickly and forcibly back to the ready hands in the next rank. Justus caught him by the folds of his chalouk, just in time to prevent him from falling.

"Hail, Father Abraham—and farewell," he greeted him derisively. So

swung him back in turn to a comrade in the next rank behind. This one repeated the performance with a greeting of mock reverence.

"Peace be upon Israel. Thy servant, sir," he said, as he flung the poor Jew back to the next tormentor.

So the stunned victim was forced to run the gauntlet of twenty-eight or thirty Roman legionaries.

None of them handled him gently. Some of them twitched his beard or roughly pulled it as he passed. Others swung him back by a strong hand twisted in the folds of his chalouk. Some slapped him resoundingly, even if not ill-naturedly on face or body, as they pushed him back to the waiting line behind. The last one to receive him was more surly and ill-natured than the rest had been.

"Would you crowd me, dog of a Jew?" he snarled, as the dazed rabbi reeled helplessly toward him. With clenched fist he struck the Jew heavily on the face. The blow was so sharp that it drew the blood. As the rabbi staggered from the blow, the man in the rear rank gave him a brutal kick that sent him falling headlong into the thorny growth beside the road.

"And it was all done with perfect discipline," said their commander that evening, as he related the story for the approval of his fellow officers at the fort.

"Not a man fell out of line," he continued, "nor was the column halted for an instant in its march. Such is our Roman discipline, which rules the world. I would that you had been there. It would have given you as much pleasure as it did me. I could scarce forbear to smile. It was well worth witnessing and its effect upon the men was remarkable. A great roar of laughter rose from the ranks as the poor fool plunged headlong into the thorns. And the men finished the hard climb up the mountain talking cheerfully. They were as vigorous when we reached the top as when they started the march at break of day."

"Quite right," spoke his superior approvingly. "A good Roman joke and a hearty laugh will do more to refresh the men on a hard march than a skin of wine."

Meanwhile the victim of the "Roman joke" had risen to his feet when the last of the column passed. He began to wander back and forth along the roadside. His eyes were on the ground, in half-hearted search for something he had lost.

The five boys had risen to their feet when the heartless Roman joke began. They had looked on in puzzled astonishment. The astonishment gave place to burning anger as they saw the wanton insult to the dignity of an honored rabbi of their nation. They would gladly have interfered, doubtless to their own hurt and possibly to the greater injury of the rabbi, for their hearts were ablaze with indignant wrath. But the whole thing

took place more quickly than it can be told. It was finished before they were able to realise just what was happening, much less to understand its meaning. The Roman column was marching away and the rabbi rising from his bed of thorns before they could make a move or intervene. As usual, it was The Boy who took the lead.

"See, Jude, the donkey is coming up this way," he said. "You and Eliezer must catch it. Then bring it back to the rock. James and Thomas will come with me." So the three boys ran quickly down to the bewildered rabbi. They saluted him with more than the usual respect which custom demanded from Jewish boys toward their elders and superiors.

"God be with you, rabbi," said The Boy.

"And the Lord bless you, my son," answered the rabbi. He spoke mechanically. Then he added, like a hurt child, "I am sore buffeted and bruised. I have lost the Shel Yad (hand phylactery) and the Shel Rosh (head phylactery) and I cannot find them."

"Let us find them for you, Master," said Thomas. "We know just where to look."

Within a little while the sharp eyes of the boys discovered the small square boxes that contain the true phylacteries, or "safeguards," long strips of parchment, on which are written the Summary of the Law, taken from the books of Exodus and Deuteronomy. The phylacteries, according to the command of Moses, were worn by orthodox Jews only during the time of prayer. Those of the Pharisees who were more strict or more ostentatious, wore their phylacteries daily until the sun went down.

Having restored the phylacteries, the boys helped the rabbi to "lay" them, that is, to bind them on, one on the arm and the other on the forehead, between the eyes.

"Honored rabbi," then said The Boy, "my comrades have caught your beast. See! They have it safely there beside the rock up yonder. Come with us and let us minister to your wants, for you must be weak and faint."

"God be with with, my son, and requite you for your kindness to one in distress," said the rabbi. "It shall be as you say."

Thereupon The Boy offered his strong young shoulder to the rabbi for support. With Thomas on the other side, they helped him up the hill, out of the gaze of the open road, and so to the shadow of the great rock under which their meal was spread.

There the rabbi washed the blood from his face with water from the goat-skin bottle at his saddle-bow. He composed his garments, readjusted his phylacteries and, according to custom, spread forth his hands and said the "grace before meat." For it was the command of the fathers that grace must be said where three eat together, "even if one of them be a Samaritan."

So they all sat down together and made a very hearty meal from the

contents of the scribes, already spread out under the shadow of the rock. When they were filled, the rabbi said "grace after meat" and they all sat in great content, or would have done so but for the memory of what had just occurred, which cast the shadow of Roman tyranny athwart their minds. It was with a sigh that The Boy turned to the rabbi and put the thought that was uppermost in all their minds.

"Honored rabbi," he said, "what answer shall God, our Father, make to the Romans for such abuse of power as you have suffered here to-day?"

"Boys of Galilee," said the rabbi, "you have been witnesses of the attack which was made on me, guiltless of any wrong. It was a brutal attack, made upon an unoffending member of our race, upon a dignitary of our nation. It might have been better borne if it had been done in anger, even if not for a just cause. But it was done without malice in the hearts of the brutal soldiery. It was done in play. It was all rough good humor, a Roman pastime. You saw me bruised and wounded by the soldiers. They made me their butt and laughing stock, all for a joke, a Roman joke. It was enjoyed and laughed at by the whole company. Why? Because they are conquerors, because they are Roman conquerors. Yonder is the very company now, nearing the top of the mountain, on their way to the Roman fort above us."

Looking upward, the boys could see the glitter of the sun on spear point and helmet. They could see the shining of the golden eagles that formed the ensign of the company approaching the grim fortress at the top of the mountain.

"Like the company of soldiers that made me their victim," continued the rabbi, "that fort is the sign and symbol of the power of Rome. It is set there to control, for Rome, this great road from Persia and the East. It is a part of the system that takes toll from the commerce of the nations of all the world. Its object is to keep, in ease and luxury, the idle million who live in the sinful City of the Seven Hills. Rome lives on the sweat and toil of all the world. Yonder, twenty miles to the westward, you see the long range of Mount Carmel, its bold end sharply dipping to the sea. At that point is the meeting place of all the great trade routes of Asia and of Africa. They meet there at the edge of Galilee, where Elijah slew the prophets of Baal with the sword. That is Rome's gateway to Asia. It is the commercial base which keeps alive the power of this new nation, Rome, which holds us in subjection, as the other great world powers have also held us in bondage through the centuries."

"Why should we always be slaves to the heathen?" asked Jude.

"It was for our sins that God gave our enemies the power to conquer us and hold us in bondage to their rule," said the rabbi. "Each had its day.

Each held its power for such time as God willed. Each in turn conquered our nation and made us slaves. The Assyrians were the first. They gained world power. They destroyed the Northern Kingdom, the Kingdom of Israel. They carried away to far countries the Ten Tribes who had given themselves over to idolatry, who will never return until King-Messiah shall call them back, when he comes gloriously to rule the whole wide world. Only the tribes of Judah and Benjamin were left faithful to our God.

"Then came the Babylonians as rulers of the world. They conquered the Kingdom of Judea. They captured Jerusalem, the Holy City. They destroyed the Temple of God, as Jeremiah prophesied. They carried away the Jews, as captives, to Babylon. During the seventy years of the Babylonian captivity another world-empire rose under Cyrus, the Persian. God made Cyrus His minister to send back faithful Jews from among the captives, to establish our religion and to rebuild the Temple at Jerusalem. For Cyrus hated idols. He destroyed the huge images of beasts and false gods in the great temples of idol worship throughout all Egypt.

"Two hundred years later the Greeks became the world power. Alexander the Great began as King of Macedonia. He brought all Greece and the Grecian world in subjection to his rule. Under the inspiration of Aristotle, his master in philosophy, Alexander dreamed his dream. It was for the universal dominance of Greek culture and education that the world might be all Greek. He never faltered in his dream but pushed onward until he had conquered Little Asia, and Asia itself to Persia and beyond, to the River Ganges in Furthest Persia. To these he added Egypt, where he established the great Greek City of Alexandria, so was master of the world.

"Alexander imposed the Greek language and the Greek culture upon all the nations and Greek is still the language of diplomacy, as well as trade, throughout the world, so well did he plant his centres of culture and plan great cities that should make Greek the language of the countries that they ruled, and Grecian culture the sole avenue of prosperity and worldly place.

"It was not the end when Alexander died in a drunken orgy, sated with conquest and longing for other worlds to conquer. His great generals became kings of the nations he had appointed them to govern and to Grecianise. Ptolemy made a Greek colony of ancient Egypt. Seleucus made a Greek colony of Syria. The two generals became rival kings, as the city of Antioch became the rival of the greater Alexandria. Greek fought Greek across our helpless Land for one hundred and fifty bloody years. Then the brave Maccabees gathered the lionlike Judeans and fought for life and for our religion. Taking advantage of Greek rivalries, they established a shadow of government at Jerusalem. They cleansed the Temple of God, whose altar had been defiled by the sacrifice of a sow. But they demeaned themselves to the Greek culture all about them. They accepted their rule as High

Priests by the appointment of the Syrian kings at Antioch. Their descendants became kings in name but, more and more, they became purely Greek in culture. They kept their power by what they called "alliance," but it was almost always by direct tribute to Grecian kings."

"Now it is Rome," said Eliezer. "Now Rome," echoed Thomas.

"Now it is Rome," repeated the rabbi. "Rome is the newest and the greatest of the world empires. Rome has conquered the others as she conquered us. Rome holds the whole world in slavery. Such is her empire now. But the power of those other empires grew to its climax and each, in turn, became the ruler of the world. Then the power faded. The ruling race was conquered by another race, a race that was young and vigorous, inured to war and hardship, unspoiled by luxury and wealth."

"Good Master," said James, "do you think that the power of Rome will also fade and die, so that we shall see our nation free?"

"So, I verily believe, will fade the power of the rule of Rome," answered the rabbi. "Power of rule will do what power always does. It always brings ruin, through wealth unearned, in effortless luxury, by robbery of conquered people's goods and with the pride of authority that blinds men's eyes to other people's rights. What saith King Solomon, the Wise? 'Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.' As it has always been, so it will always be. Yet God will raise up a leader to set our nation free. King-Messiah will come with power and might."

THE RABBI'S STORY OF BARAK

"Here below us, you see the little village of Deburieh. It is named for Deborah, the prophetess of God. It was she who summoned the men of ancient Israel to war against our oppression.

"She called Barak from his tents in the high mountains of Northern Galilee. He refused to come unless she also came. But she gave him her promise and Barak sent out the call for all the fighting men of Israel. Here where we are sitting he gathered the warriors of the nation. From this very spot they watched the horsemen and chariots of Sisera approaching to destroy them.

"Led by their great captain, Sisera, the Phenician soldiers came across the Plain of Esdrelon, their armor gleaming and banners flying. The dust clouds rose about that mighty host as you see it rising now about that long caravan of camels there upon the Plain.

"Here stood Barak with but ten thousand undisciplined men to oppose that multitude of well-trained warriors.

"For twenty years the Phenicians had mightily oppressed our fathers under the iron rule of Jabin, the King of Canaan.

"At last the men of Israel had risen to the call of Deborah. They were ready to give battle to their conquerors as, one day, I pray God, we may be ready to give battle to the legions of Rome. Here the Israelites had made their stand. Now came Sisera to destroy them with nine hundred chariots of iron and thousands of well trained, mighty men of war. For those twenty years the Phenicians, proud and masters of the commerce of the world, had oppressed our fathers, even as Rome has oppressed us for seventy years, since Pompey came with his legions and made us slaves.

"Barak and his men stood where we stand—and trembled. They were only ten thousand. Their courage was upheld only by a woman. So, now, he stood beside them, this Deborah the Prophetess of God, and prophesied, and made them brave. She told them that God would this day deliver Sisera and his mighty host into their hand. Only they must fight for God and for Israel.

"So it came to pass. The men of Israel and of Judea were hillmen. They were bred to the highland life of their native mountain fastnesses. They were fleet of foot and as active as panthers. They made their sudden attack here from the slopes of Mount Tabor. Who else but hill-bred men could have rushed down this rough and rocky hill with such speed and impetuosity?

"With the first fierce attack and unexpected charge Sisera's columns of chariots were broken. No longer were our fathers mere hillmen, no longer trembling and unorganised bands. They were united. They were the armies of the living God. With lightning speed they ran in and among the Phenician horses, hacking and killing in a frenzy of desperation, in fiery defence of the Land which gave them birth.

"But it was God who gave them the victory that day. Barak and his brave ten thousand fought like lions and like true patriots. But it was God who gave them victory. It was after the season of the 'latter rains,' but God sent down a torrential, blinding rain, with the thunder and lightning of His wrath. The Plain of Esdrelon became an engulfing bog, as you boys yearly see it during the 'early rains' of winter.

"The chariots of Sisera's armies were almost invincible on dry ground against any armies of the ancient world. God's storm and flood of rain made them powerless against the Israelites. They could not keep their line of column which made them immune to an attacking army. They could not deploy against the footmen of the hills. Barak's men swept in among them as the snow among the trees of their own mountain heights. They cut down the horses and the drivers of the chariots as the hail cuts down the growing crops, as the flail cuts the grain from the straw. Even Sisera, the great captain, like all the rest, was compelled to get down from his mud-bound chariot and flee away on foot.

"As Deborah prophesied, Sisera fell at the hands of a woman. That was God's promise, and it was God who brought it about.

"Who but the God of His Chosen people could have caused a woman like Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite, to forget the sacred laws of hospitality? For Jael's husband was at peace with the Canaanites. Yet she killed her guest after he had asked her protection, after he had eaten his *leben*, after he had tasted her salt, while he was sleeping in her tent.

"The story of Barak is told in the fourth chapter of the Book of Judges. The song of Deborah is in the fifth. You all remember it, for it is one of the most wonderful songs of our nation's history.

'The kings came and fought,
Then fought the kings of Canaan
In Taanach, by the waters of the Megiddo
They took no gain of money.

From heaven the stars fought
From their courses they fought against Sisera.
The River Kishon swept them away,
That ancient river, the River Kishon.

My soul thou hast trodden down strength.'

"Can you see it, boys of Galilee? Can you see the confusion of the chariots, the wild flight of the horses, the swift rise of the river Kishon far across the Plain, then the destruction of Sisera's mighty host? That is what you should see and dream, as you hear the Song of Deborah.

'Then did the horses' hoofs stamp
By reason of the prancings,
The prancings of the strong ones.

So let all Thine enemies perish, Jehovah,
But let them that love Him be as the sun,
As the sun when he goeth forth in his might.'

For a while the boys sat in silence, picturing the scene of the battle on the Plain below. They saw again, in vivid vision, the sudden downrushing attack by hillmen of their own towns and countryside. They felt the shock of rude weapons against the iron chariot columns, the riot and confusion. They heard the crash of thunder. They felt the torrents of rain that turned the flat Plain into an ocean of mud and changed the dry gully of the distant Kishon into the resistless flood which, as they fled, carried down the struggling men and swimming horses to the Great Sea, glistening beyond. They saw the victory of God's few over the heathen many.

THE RABBI'S STORY OF GIDEON

"Look now to the South," said the rabbi, after the silence. "See that boulder of rock beyond the Vale of Jezreel, where the valley begins to fall steeply toward the Ghor (Jordan Valley). There is the Well of Harod. It is just at that line of shrubs and rushes, over the three mills.

"It was there, at the well of Harod, the Ain Jalud, that God gave the sign to Israel's host by which He selected Gideon's brave 'three hundred' to put to flight the Arab army 'which was as grasshoppers for multitude.'

"For seven years the Arabs, 'the children of the East,' or 'Midianites,' as they are called in the Sacred Scriptures, had mightily oppressed the people of ancient Israel. The Arabs had regularly destroyed the crops of our fathers. They had carried off all the sheep and cattle, so that our nation was like to perish for want of food. And the people 'made them dens which were in the mountains, and caves and strongholds.'

"You remember the story. The messenger of the Lord came to Gideon, where he 'threshed out wheat in the wine press to hide it from the Midianites.' He did not dare to use his open threshing floor on the shoulder of the hill, where the Arabs could have seen him. So the angel found him threshing in the wine press and gave him God's command to save the nation from the oppression of the Arabs.

"Gideon took ten men from among his servants. With them he went and tore down the altar of Baal, the false god worshipped by his Canaanite neighbors. He also cut down the totem-pole, or 'asherah,' which stood beside Baal's altar, with the ugly face of the idol carved in the wood. Gideon took clean stones and built an altar to God. On it he sacrificed a bullock for a burnt offering, and he used the totem-pole to build the fire and to roast the bull, as God commanded him. He and his men ate the burnt offering as a sacred feast, with a vow to set Israel free.

"Gideon then called the tribes, especially the hillmen here to the North, the tribes of Asher, Zebulon and Nephtali, also his neighbors of Manasseh. They marched out to meet the Midianites. The Arabs were encamped all along the Plain below there, where it dips downward toward the Valley of Jezreel.

"On the way God revealed to Gideon that he had too many men. For thirty-two thousand had gathered to defend the nation. So Gideon selected ten thousand and sent back twenty-two thousand, those who were afraid, beside those who had families and dependents.

"Again, God said that there were still too many. They would think they had won the victory by their own skill and force. He wanted to teach them to worship and trust in Him. He put a plan in Gideon's mind by which to test the men at Harod's Well. By that plan he would select the

chosen few, who would win the glory of the victory for God and our nation and land.

"The men would be very thirsty when they reached the brook that flowed out of the Ain Jalud. For it was a long dusty march. All day they were walking through a barren region that was completely waterless. Every man was to be sent back home who bowed down on his knees to drink, with his head lowered, his mouth in the water and his weapon cast aside.

"Gideon was to select only those men who came to the water cautiously. They all knew and were warned that they were hidden from the Arabs only by the slight screen of rushes and undergrowth that lined the sides of the brook. Only those men were to be chosen who took up the water with one hand, who 'lapped the water as a dog lappeth,' who drank with their heads up and with their faces to the enemy. The chosen were those who stood up watchfully, drank from one hand and held the weapon in the other.

"Most of the ten thousand thought nothing of the danger from the enemy multitude who were encamped just beyond the brook. They cast their weapons aside and went upon their knees to drink, all except three hundred men.

"Each one of the three hundred stood with his head up and his weapon in one hand, while he drank by lapping water out of the other hand, 'as a dog lappeth.' These men were both brave and cautious. Thus they were chosen by God's plan to do God's work. They could be trusted to obey and be silent in the dangers of the night attack which Gideon planned against the Arabs.

"When darkness fell, Gideon took only his servant, Phurah. They two stole down to the camp of the Arabs and got among them. There they heard one of the Arab's sentinels telling another his dream of 'a cake of barley bread that tumbled into the host of Midian and came to a tent and smote it that it fell and overturned it, that the tent lay along.' As it is to-day, the term 'barley cake' is the name used by the Arabs, especially the wandering Bedouins, in ridicule for the fellahin, the peaceful farmer who cultivates the soil, whose crops are fair prey to them.

"And his fellow answered and said, 'This is nothing else save the sword of Gideon, the son of Joash, a man of Israel; for into his hand hath God delivered Midian and all the host.'

"When Gideon had thus learned of the specter of fear that stalked the Arab camp, he worshipped God for so preparing Israel's victory. He returned to his brave three hundred and said to them, 'Arise, for the Lord hath delivered into your hand the host of Midian.'

"In the middle watch, when the courage of men is at its lowest ebb, he divided his three hundred men into three bands, one hundred in each corner

pany. He gave each man a trumpet and an earthen jar which contained a burning torch. Each company stole into the Arab camp from a different direction, thus giving three centers for the surprise attack.

"When all had reached their appointed places, Gideon gave the signal. He broke his jar with a loud crash against the jar of his companion. He waved aloft the smouldering torch and swung it in glowing circles until it broke into a bright flame. He blew the shrill blast of war upon his trumpet. Every man in each of the companies did the same. Each crashed his jar against that of his comrade and the noise was deafening. Each waved aloft his blazing torch. Each blew the blast of war upon his trumpet. And all the men of every company joined in a mighty battle cry, 'the sword of the Lord and of Gideon.'

"In a moment the immense camp was in the wildest confusion. Every Arab was in flight or in craven fear. It was so that when one Arab ran into another in the darkness, he fought him desperately for his life. So God turned the swords of the Midianites, one against the other. The camels, without number and squealing with fright, ran among the tents. They overturned them and trampled down the half-awakened Arabs. Those who were left fled down the valley in the darkness toward the Ghor. The story is told in the sixth chapter of the Book of Judges.

"So God once more saved our nation from the rule and oppression of the heathen. 'And the land had peace forty years.'" So ended the rabbi.

"Good rabbi," said James, "do you believe that God will raise up a leader to set us free from the tyranny of Rome?"

"As God liveth," answered the rabbi, "I believe that, even now, there dwells in Galilee or Judea the long-awaited King-Messiah who will deliver us. Perhaps he is, at this moment, looking out over this Plain of Esdrelon, dreaming of the time when he will lead our army to victory and drive the Romans from the Land."

"I suppose the leader will come from the ruling house of Herod." This was Jude's contribution.

"And be a great military captain," suggested Thomas.

"And be a great military captain," echoed Eliezer.

"Why not from among the plain people?" asked James.

"Look you, boys of Galilee," said the rabbi earnestly, "the leader of Israel, the Messiah-King that is to be, is almost certain to be a hillman, brought up in the heights, accustomed to the hardy and simple life of the people. So the Saviors of Israel have ever been. No Hebrew Savior has ever been a member of a ruling house, certainly not so great as that of Herod. The Herods are friends of Rome. They must be. They owe their appointment to the Emperor Augustus. They could not otherwise endure. In his last will and testament, Herod the Great named his son Archelaus

to be King of Judea, but only on condition that the will was confirmed by Cæsar. Augustus permitted Archelaus to rule, but not as king. He gave him the title of ethnarch and promised that he should be king if he ruled with sobriety and good judgment. Nine years of cruelty, vacillation and debauchery confirmed his failure. Three years ago he was recalled to Rome. He was deposed and exiled to a city on the Rhone in Gaul, where he died a drunkard and debauchee among the barbarians."

"If not a Herod, then who?" asked Jude.

"The greatest of all was Moses," said the rabbi. "He was called from the desert and mountain wilderness of the Negeb (South). Barak was a mountaineer from Galilee. Gideon came out of the high hills of the Mount of Ephraim, which we now call Samaria. David belonged to that rough mountain region which descends so steeply from Bethlehem to the Ghor. Judas Maccabeus, 'the Hammer of God,' came out of the wild hill country of Judea, which we call the 'Mount of Judah.' It was from the mountains that he and his brothers led the few faithful Jews who rejected the Greek culture and the Greek worship when the Syrians held the Land. You remember how their father Matthias resisted the urgent pleading of the Syrian king's officer that, as a man of note, he should burn the pinch of incense on the heathen altar as a form of courtesy to the Greek rule; how he killed the false Jew who wished to join in the heathen worship, destroyed the Greek altar and killed the king's officer and, with his sons, fled to the mountain fastnesses of the hill country and raised the banner of freedom for our nation and our God."

"Why is it that we do not hear people say words of pride and praise in connection with the Maccabees?" asked James.

"The Maccabees, Judas and his four brothers, were brave and patriotic Jews," said the rabbi. "They were killed, one by one, in defense of our freedom and our worship. The last one, Simon, was not murdered until our freedom was assured. He ruled our people under the title of High Priest, as did his son at first. Later, Aristobulus took the title of king as well as High Priest. He succumbed to the lust for power which made him kill his favorite brother, Antigonus, to keep the power for himself. So it was with all the dynasty, which we call the Asmonean, after Asmoneus, the grandfather of Matthias and founder of the family. Their power and rule became ever greater until their wealth and pride of rule and luxury made them the servants of sin. It is always so with power. They made Greek alliances and accepted their appointment as High Priests from Syrian kings. They forsook the language and customs of the Fathers. They adopted the Greek tongue, Greek culture and Greek vices, just as we are doing to-day, especially here in the North, where you hardly know the Jew from the Greek, except as you see him worship in the synagogue. So power of rule

brought the Asmonean dynasty to weakness and sin. Less than one hundred years after the death of Judas, the Hammer of God, the rival Asmonean brothers fell an easy prey to Pompey and his Roman legions. Would God that our Jewish Messiah-King may soon arise to conquer those cursed legions and set us free. Our bondage to Rome has already endured as long as the Great Captivity in Babylon."

"But," said The Boy sagely to his companions, as they were walking back to Nazareth that afternoon, "the rabbi's words did not seem to show that we need another king to establish another reigning house. If we won freedom from Rome, we would give the power to the reigning family of Messiah-King. Then, if the rabbi's words are true, the power would do what power always does. The family would be debased by luxury, wealth and ambition until vice made it weak. Then the reigning family would be destroyed and the power taken over by other heathen hands unspoiled by rule. He says it has always been so. It was so with Solomon's sons. It was so with the Maccabees. It was so with Herod. Abba-Yusuf says the Roman rule is the best that Asia has ever had, in spite of the high taxes, and that the Pax Romana is the salvation of the world. It seems we need some other kind of kingdom among us Jews, without a reigning family to be spoiled by wealth and power. Why not the Kingdom of God?"

LOOKING TOWARD MANHOOD

It was a sunlit day in early March. The Boy was twelve years old. With Abba-Yusuf he was walking up the slope of the great hill back of the bazaars. Their destination was a new house just building near the summit of the hill. The Boy carried the simple tools, the hammer, saw and chisel. Abba-Yusuf bore the burden of the heavy frames, already partially fitted that were to form the doorway of the house.

Little was said during the hard climb up the three hundred feet of steep ascent. Full hands and a heavy load do not make for easy conversation. And there was little chance to talk during the progress of the work. Abba-Yusuf was a quiet man by habit, and deliberate in speech. He used gesture of hand or head more frequently than words, when he wished for a special tool or needed other help as the work went on. The quick understanding of The Boy, more than often, anticipated even such slight directions.

Toward the close of the afternoon the frames were fitted and set in place, ready for the masons to proceed with the stone work.

"Gather the tools, Naar-Jeshuah," said Abba-Yusuf, when all was done, "and let us go to the top of the hill. There will be a cool breeze from the Great Sea (Mediterranean)." So they went, both together, and sat down just beyond the highest point of the hill. The fresh west wind came sweeping up from the Mediterranean with salty refreshment that was good after the hot day's work. They sat sixteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. Below them was spread out a panoramic picture with the most marvelous historical setting in all the world.

The blue waters of the Mediterranean were sparkling under the brilliance of the sinking sun, which hung an hour's height above the sea. It was called the "Great Sea" by all the ancient world. The shores of the Great Sea were meant when men spoke of "all the civilized world." Indeed, all that could be called "civilized" at that period, and for centuries before, lay upon the shores of the Great Sea. And it carried all the water-borne commerce of the then-known world.

The Bay of Acco lay before them, eighteen miles away, a sheet of glistening blue shaped like a giant arch, now well-nigh dazzling under the oblique rays of the westering sun. At the north end of the bay was the city of Ptolemais, called Acco by the Romans. It was the strong



CACTUS-BORDERED PATH UP THE HILL OF NAZARETH

fortress, as well as the port of entry by which Rome brought rule to her vast territories of Asia, by which also she controlled and taxed the world's commerce from Asia and the East. Ptolemais, or Acco, was connected with Haifa by a flashing ribbon of sand dunes which, from this distance, look like the ocean surf. In the great harbor, with its twelve-mile shore of curving dunes, were ships of Egypt and Africa, Thrace and Macedonia; ships from Little Asia (Asia Minor), from the far Ionian Sea and from the further Euxine (Black Sea) past the straits now called the Dardanelles. Outnumbering them all were the galleys from still more distant Rome, mistress and tyrant of the world, and from her still more distant Provinces of Spain and Gaul (France), possibly from barbarous Britain. In the distance the boats looked like chips floating in a glassy pool.

Beside Haifa rose Mount Carmel at the south end of the Bay. Its west end was a steep bluff that nosed bluntly down into the sea. The only well sheltered part of the harbor is formed by this headland of Mount Carmel. The long length of the mountain stretched out in the extended Carmel Range, like a mighty dike to form the frontier of Samaria.

Sixty miles toward the North glistened the eternal snows of Mount Hermon, like a diamond in the sun. Nearer, where the eye falls from the white crown of Hermon, stood the high ranges of Northern Galilee. The old city of Safed is picturesquely set high up on the middle range, twenty-five miles away. Like Mount Hermon, Safed is easily seen from almost every part of Galilee. It was at Safed that the Master was looking when he said, "A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid." Lower Galilee ends and Upper Galilee begins at the last point where grows the sycamen, or carob tree, whose woody figs are the "husks that the swine did eat," food only for the very poor, which can be had for the picking.

To the east, directly behind them as they sat facing the sea, were the summits that form the hilly bowl encircling Nazareth. Above these hills peeped the rounded dome of Mount Tabor, shaped like the top of an Edam cheese. The ultimate Eastern background is the same for every part of Palestine. Behind the hills that lie on this side of Jordan extends a flat line of hazy gray, the misty "Mountains-of-the-other-side," that rise beyond the Ghor, or Jordan Valley.

At the south is the Plain of Esdrelon. Beyond the Plain rise the hills and mountains of Samaria. Only one of the two giant peaks can be seen from this point. Mt. Ebal stands before and hides his slightly lower twin, Mt. Gerizim, which is the sacred mountain of the Samaritans. The Plain of Esdrelon lay spread out before them, like a monster carpet of verdant green. It is triangular in shape, roughly twenty miles on each of its three sides. It looked variegated in the sunlight, like a patchwork quilt. Each patch was outlined in a contrasting shade of green, for so

each field stood out from its neighbor, when planted with a different crop. Each one, among the many shades, might well stand for some different nation's blood, so many races and peoples have fought and killed each other there. Almost the whole world has shed its blood at ancient Armageddon, slant-eyed Mongols, Hittites, Phenicians, Israelites of all the Twelve Tribes, Canaanites, Babylonians, Medes, Assyrians, Midianites, or the Children of the East, Arabs, Persians, Chaldeans, Egyptians, Greeks of Macedonia, Greeks of Syria, Greeks of Egypt, Romans and Roman mercenaries from every ancient Greek city, from Gaul, Germany, Switzerland, the Balkans, from the Rhine, the Rhone and the Danube, from Africa and Spain. Christian Greeks from Constantinople died here among Mohammedans. Crusaders from every city and hamlet in Europe bled and died on Esdrelon. Richard Cœur de Lion tilted in the tournament at Acco. Napoleon reached Esdrelon by the old battle-field of Megiddo (Armageddon) only to begin his first Great Retreat. Finally the British cavalry thundered over the Plain of Esdrelon to the staccato of airplanes above and machine guns below, at last to expel the Turk.

Towards the sea, seeming close below from where they sat, they could look right down into the great city of Sepphoris. It was separated from them by two miles of thickly planted olive groves that filled all the hill slopes. The city was built upon a round hill that rose almost four hundred feet above the circular valley twelve hundred feet below them. The whole city was surrounded by a strong stone wall. Within the wall were huddled hundreds of little houses, which served as dwellings for the poor and for the floating population that is always to be found about the capital of a nation or of a province. On the top of the hill was built a still greater and much stronger wall. Within it was a mighty fortress or citadel, the arsenal of all the North. It was the citadel of Herod Antipas, the Tetrarch and ruler of all Galilee, as well as of Perea whose vast stretches contained the whole Ghor, or Jordan Valley. About the citadel were clustered the few great houses of the rich and powerful. The smaller houses and bazaars of artisans and merchants were built in terraces all down the slopes of the city's hill.

Marching from the northward, as they looked, they saw a cohort (600) of Roman soldiers. They were coming down the hill that leads from Cana and the Lake. At their head shone the armor of the leader who rode beneath the double eagles that proclaimed the rule of Rome.

"Abba-Yusuf," said The Boy, "see yonder the banner of Herod and the ordered marching of his cohort."

Abba-Yusuf started, as if roused from a deep reverie. His answer seemed to come from within, for it referred only to the word "father" in The Boy's remark,

"Yes, Naar-Jeshuah," he said, "I have tried to be a real father to you. I have tried to do and be all that a father can. It was of fatherhood that I was thinking when you spoke."

"What do you mean, Abba-Yusuf?" asked The Boy.

"You have always been docile and obedient," said Abba-Yusuf, "eager to learn, and always ready to serve. That you know, but you may not know that you have always had the largest place in our hearts, larger than anything else in life. You have meant more to your mother and to me than all the rest of the children of our flesh and blood, more than anything else in all the world."

"I know the love that has been given me," said The Boy, "and that nothing like it has come to any other boy."

"We have thought of great things for you, Naar-Jeshuah," said Abba-Yusuf, "because of portents and occurrences which have come since the very beginning. In addition to our love and sense of duty towards you, they have given us the feeling of the importance of teaching you all that we know and can discover of the depth of God's love and nearness. Greatness is a strange thing. The world most often thinks men great who are really but common men after all."

"The Macedonian Alexander was great, was he not?" asked The Boy.

"Alexander the Great was a mighty man of war," answered Abba-Yusuf. "He had a genius, purely military, for war and conquest. The whole Greek world is full of stories about the prodigies which surrounded him. They relate his father's dream which was interpreted as foretelling the conception and birth of a son as bold and unconquerable as a lion. His mother is said to have claimed Zeus as his father. The oracle-mongers prophesied his invincible greatness to his father when Philip received in one day three messengers. One brought the news that his general Parmenio had gained a great victory against the Illyrians, the second that his horse had won the prize at the Olympic games, the third that his wife, Olympias, had given birth to his son, Alexander. The Temple of Artemis burned at Ephesus on the day of Alexander's birth. It is said that the Ephesians ran about the city beating their faces and crying that 'the day had brought forth the great scourge and destroyer of Asia.' I was told by a philosopher of Alexandria that, when Hegesias the Magnesians heard the tale, he remarked, 'No wonder that Temple of Artemis was burned, when the goddess was so far distant, engaged in bringing Alexander into the world.' So much more do the Greeks think of their epigrams than of their gods. It is true that Alexander was the greatest military genius the world has ever seen. It is true that he had great learning and love of letters and philosophy from his master, Aristotle, who divides with Plato the reputation of having been the greatest philosopher who ever lived. It is true that he had the

highest ambition and made the most comprehensive plans for giving to all the world the Greek language and learning. Indeed, we reap the benefit of those plans to this day. But he died the death of a drunken sot, after a day and a night of debauchery and continual drinking. That might be called greatness by the world but not by a worshipper of the Lord God of Hosts."

"You have told me of Cato, the one Roman who always told the truth," said The Boy.

"Cato was called the only Roman who would not accept a gift to swerve his judgment, and it became a proverb in Rome to say, 'I would not believe that, if it were affirmed by Cato.' Yet he would not humble his pride to live for the sake of others. He thought of his dignity rather than the chance to keep his example of integrity and his teaching of morality alive in the hearts of his countrymen. He killed himself with his own sword when Septimus, who was called Julius Cæsar, was making his victorious approach to Utica. He would not flee with his friends but made them sail away without him. He might have lived and preserved his great eloquence for the liberties of his country, if he had cared more for truth than the pride of a free death. In the face of his crime against his life and his desertion of the truth, it does not enhance his greatness in my estimation that he spent his last night in reading Plato's book on the Immortality of the Soul."

"What of Cicero, the Roman orator?" asked The Boy.

"You may have heard the many fables about Cicero, how he came into the world, like Moses, in a painless birth and how a spectre appeared to his nurse and prophesied his future greatness. These stories you will hear of any great man of any nation. But Cicero was a defender of justice. He refused bribes, an unusual thing for a Roman in public life. He stood for the liberties of the people and is called until this time, the greatest orator and patriot of Rome. He had every advantage. He studied under the greatest philosophers, rhetoricians and legal masters, Scævola in Rome, Clitomachus and Antiochus the Ascalonite, of Athens. In Asia his masters were Xenocles, Dionysius of Magnesia and Menippus of Caria, who was a native of Gadara, the Greek city of the Decapolis beside the Sea of Galilee. In Rhodes he was under Posidonius, the philosopher; also in the school of Apollonius of Molo who did not understand Latin. To him he recited in Greek for the correction of his faults. Apollonius did not show the same pleasure as the other hearers, but seemed long sad and pensive. When his great pupil anxiously questioned him, he said at last, 'As for you, Cicero, I praise and admire you, but I am concerned for the fate of Greece. She had nothing left but the glory of eloquence and erudition, and you are carrying that too to Rome.' He owed most of his reputation to selfish self-develop-

ment. More than all, he owed it to his full, sweet and sonorous voice. He had trained it to the expression of every emotion, also to great power, in spite of his 'lean and slender habit' and a stomach so weak that he was compelled to forego eating until the evening meal. But such was his vanity, his love of praise and such his lust for the use of his bitter wit, that Rome was full of his personal enemies. Yet he could retrieve all by his marvelous eloquence, whose power the Romans could not resist. He used that power to his own downfall and death, since it procured the election, as consul with him, of the nephew and adopted son of Julius Cæsar, after the Dictator had been killed by Brutus and his fellow patriots of the Republic. The young Cæsar was then Octavian. He is now the Emperor and is called Augustus or, in Greek, Sebastos, which means August, high or noble. Octavian soon deserted the orator who had gained him the power of consul and permitted Cicero to be killed by the proscription of Mark Antony who joined with him and Lepidus to divide the world among them."

"Our Emperor, as a private man, was Octavian. He has become the master of the world. Is he not great?" asked The Boy.

"Augustus has all the worldly power that can be given to a man," said Abba-Yusuf. "He needs but nod, and nations fall. Men fear and tremble before him. They call him divine, demi-god or god. He has power to kill, but not to make alive. He can destroy but cannot instil kindness and peace and love in hearts and lives. He betrayed Cicero, the friend who gave him the place of power. If there is truth in friendship, he was false to truth when he betrayed his friend. Which would you call real greatness, to gain power or to be true to truth, and thus true to God?"

"To be true to Truth and to God is Greatness," said The Boy.

"That is the right answer," said Abba-Yusuf, "and it is the answer that all the world must make to God. The world is ready enough to learn, but it is only the few who can learn from books, as I found at the Great Museum in Alexandria where six hundred thousand books do not give, even to the few, the answer that is all Truth. The vast majority must learn from life. They learn easily and willingly, the great and simple truths of God. It is they, the common people, to whom the Greatest Man can communicate his greatness, to make the common life sacred and to perfect the soul in the sight of God. But it is a greatness that will not be known to the world. It will be known as true greatness to God alone in sanctity of life and unselfish service to our fellow men, doing for each other what God does for all the world. Think, Naar-Jeshuah, what it would mean to give the real greatness of God to every man, woman and child in the world, that there might be this real greatness in every human soul, hungering and thirsting after God."

"But our Nation . . ." began The Boy.

"It can not be given by a nation," interrupted the man. "It can only

be imparted by a PERSON, by the man who lives the life of God among men completely. Our nation lacks it, as must every nation, as must any organization of men which has given form to its worship, however high and noble. Our nation is the only one in all the world that worships God as Spirit and as Truth, without images or idols. But we have lost the worship of the heart. We sacrifice a multitude of animals. We spill an ocean of blood. The Holy Temple reeks with it. We sprinkle it on the corners of the Great Altar. Then we eat the sacrifices, or we burn them. That is well and good, if God comes closer, if we take God into our hearts, to make us true to Truth."

"The Law of Moses," said The Boy, "the truths of the Prophets, the righteousness of the Law?"

"We have the Law to do for us, in part, what must be done for all the world," said Abba-Yusuf. "We have the purest law for man that has ever been given to any people or any race. But our teachers multiply the Law's commands into ten thousand little, unimportant rules. We lose God in the very littleness. The scribes are so busy with what they call the religion of the Law that they have no time to think about God and the great truths that are simple enough for every human heart."

"Is there truth in the Wisdom of the Greeks?" asked The Boy.

"There is so much truth in their Wisdom that I did not wish you to become a student of the Greek philosophy," said Abba-Yusuf, "although that is quite apart from their religion. The Greek religion is really no religion at all. It consists most largely of customs, habits and forms which have come down from the fables and traditions of their ancestors. As faith, or a real religion, it means little more to them than habits of politeness or forms of greeting mean to us. You can see how little it means, by their indifference to what other people believe. Other religions mean little more to them than differences in dressing or bathing. For that reason, neither the Greeks or Romans can understand why a conquered nation should not, without protest, take over the worship of the conquerors, just as they submit to the control of the taxes and coinage."

"Is it the same with their philosophy as with their religion?" asked The Boy.

"The philosophy is entirely separate from their worship," answered Abba-Yusuf. "It is really their moral guide. Their cloaked philosophers have taken the same place in the Greek life of to-day that the prophets took when they preached righteousness to the Jews, apart from the Law and from the worship of the Temple. The Greek philosophy has so much truth that it would deceive one who is looking only for the truths of God. I am glad that Greek is our mother-tongue, but I would not have you a student of Greek Wisdom ('Sophia' was the word he used). It is only of the intellection

It is not of God. The Greek philosophers have a wisdom of the intellect, greater than that to be found in the schools of our greatest Rabbis and Doctors of the Law. This I found in our three years of life in Alexandria. I found also that the Jewish scholars of Alexandria are greater than either the Greek philosophers or the Rabbis of Jerusalem. They know the Greek philosophy. They have the knowledge of God that is taught in our Holy Scriptures, in the Law and the Prophets. They teach that the Law of Moses and the worship of One God are the foundation of the profoundest thought of the Greek philosophers. The Jewish students of Plato and Aristotle say that both these masters base their deepest teaching on what they learned, through Phenician sources, about the Supreme God from our Sacred books, the Law and the Prophets.

"But there is something lacking to the scholars and their so-called Wisdom. They lack the simplest, as well as the deepest thing in the world, the truth of God which is in every soul and in every-day life. The scholars make the truth complicated and very hard to comprehend. The really great truths of God are alive and active in the depths of every human heart. They are a part of the daily common life. The philosophers say the same thing in long treatises and with words involved and erudite. Every heart knows the language of Love, even if the mind has not learned to cover the truth with mystery and so make it hard for simple minds, as do the Greek Sophists and Jewish Rabbis. Mother-Mary has taught me that the way to learn the deepest truth of God is by loving and by serving. Now I know that the final word of God is Love."

"I know what love is, for I have had it all my life," said The Boy, "and I know it is like God's, because it is so high."

"Such love as Mother-Mary's is a very part of God," said Abba-Yusuf solemnly. "As her first-born son, you were dedicated to God in the Holy Temple at Jerusalem. You have often heard what happened at that time, how the aged Simeon took you in his arms, gave praise to God and said that he was now ready to depart in peace, since he had seen the coming of the Great Salvation; how Anna, the prophetess, spoke words of promise to all who looked for redemption in Jerusalem. These things followed the visit of the shepherds who told of their vision of angels who sang the heavenly song, 'Glory be to God on high, and on earth, Peace to men of good will.' You know, too, of the Wise Men, how they came to Bethlehem and brought rich gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh. They hoped great things for your future and saluted you as the promised Prince of Peace. All these things have given us the thought of greatness for you. We have pondered it deeply. It is our conclusion that it cannot rest upon material power, like the greatness of the rule of men. Nor can it be the intellectual greatness of the philosopher, which is artificial, is far removed from the common life,

and touches but the few. Nor can it even be the greatness of a Jewish Doctor of the Law."

"Then it does not mean that I should try to be a teacher of the Law like Hillel, the Rabbi-Prince of Jerusalem," said The Boy.

"It is for you to follow the Will of God in the love of God, as your life unfolds in His service. No man can show God to another. He can only give the hint that points the way to an honest search for God. Each one must find God for himself. Each must know God in his own way. It is evident to your mother and to me that you have a call from God. We are equally sure that the call is not to eminence as a monarch, as a philosopher or as a student of the Law. We believe that the Greatness of God is God's likeness. It is not to do what men do, who attain what men call greatness. It is to do what God does for men."

"To do what God does," said The Boy. "I have thought of that."

"To do what God does," said Abba-Yusuf, "not in creating outward worlds with infinite force; only with the power of weak humanity, to create an inner world animated by love and aspiration for God's perfection. We shall not say that it is equally as infinite as the outward infinity of power which puts its control of force on worlds and ages. That is what forms men's ideals of greatness in rule and conquest and world-control. The force of the inner life is also infinite. It is like mother-love, infinite in its power to produce life and to keep alive. It is not like that of the conqueror, to destroy and bind and make laws to take away our freedom. It is the kind of power that men will not readily understand. They will be apt to call it weakness. It would probably, by the philosophers, be called dynamic passivity or something else equally hard to understand. But it is what God does for the soul and what mothers do always, to make alive and to keep alive what is worth while. God does it for the flowers and the crops, for the flocks and herds, for the race of men, for justice and love and for the holy aspirations of the soul. Mothers do it, since all men are born of women, for education, for the human contacts which we call society, and for religion. Otherwise civilization would lapse and die. One of our great rabbis has said, 'God could not be everywhere and so he made Mothers.'"

"That is always what everybody thinks about Mother-Mary," said The Boy.

"Now, you are to go alone with God into the world," said Abba-Yusuf. "The signs and portents of which you have heard were signs to Mother-Mary and to me. Henceforth you must forget them. You may have dreamed the rosy dreams of childhood, of power and royalty and rule. Such visions will fail you in the world of manhood. Next month, if it be God's Will, your mother and I go with you to Jerusalem. There you will enter the

Temple of God and take your place as a Man of Israel, one man among the many thousands of our nation."

"It is for that the Hazzan has always told us we must learn the lessons he taught us from the Law and the Prophets," said The Boy.

"To that end," said Abba-Yusuf, "you have been taught as all the boys of the Hebrew race are taught, from the Sacred Writings of the Fathers (the Old Testament). You have learned about God and His Creation of the world and what He has done for our nation. From the day when you stand for worship in the Men's Court of the Holy Temple, you are no longer a boy, owing obedience to your parents, but a man, owing obedience to God alone."

"All the boys of Nazareth have been looking forward to that day as the greatest day of their lives," said The Boy.

"Boys think of manhood as a holiday," said Abba-Yusuf. "Most of them enter manhood as they would go on a day's outing, careless and care-free, with none to command, none to deny them anything they may think to do. Most men, too, have grown up in nothing else but the body. The average man has a boy's mind, with a boy's outlook on life. Like boys, men will learn nothing except by suffering punishment for their mistakes. It has always been so with our own nation. I fear that it will always be so. Suffering there must always be in the world. But it usually blunts us and dwarfs our growth to suffer for our own mistakes and sins. To suffer for others—that makes us great, if taken in God's way, and gives us knowledge of the deepest truths of God."

"But it is not easy," suggested The Boy.

"What matters the mental agony and the pains of the tortured body," said Abba-Yusuf, "when the free spirit glows and shines with ecstasy and Peace, in the full consciousness of God's love and approval? Isaac passed almost from life to death, making no denial, uttering no protest, as he lay upon the altar he had helped to build with his father Abraham. His face was toward the East, his mind was tortured, but his soul serene, for God had so commanded. Who can measure the agony of mind for both Abraham and Isaac, loving father and beloved son? But they did the duty which they understood to be God's Will. How much more, the serenity of soul and the ecstasy of duty, however great the stress of mind and agony of suffering, for him who knows God as his loving Father?"

"Will you tell me, Abba-Yusuf," said The Boy, "why it is that others speak the name of God with fear and distance? Even the rabbis when they speak of God, use the word 'makom' (place). Only Mother-Mary and you and our family speak intimately of God as 'our Father.'"

"That, too, comes straight out of Mother-Mary's heart," said Abba-Yusuf. "It was your mother who taught me to know that God's life, His love and

Truth, all the deeper things of God, are close to us and very personal. I do not know why other people do not discover this. Yet I ought not to be astonished. It took me long enough to learn it. It came to me from that night in the desert, when she held the lions at bay, when she saved us both a dozen times, when she infused my torn body with God's strength to rise and to walk with her to safety and to life. In the days that followed, my life hung by a thread. Nay, many times, I am sure that it hung by nothing else but Mother-Mary's touch upon God, her faith, her love and her prayers. She was a very part of what I came to know and love as God. And this is not blasphemy, Naar-Jeshuah. Nor is it exaggeration. For His Holy Spirit came upon her. The power of the Highest overshadowed her. I have been ever so, with her. Her life and love have revealed God to me in a way more great and wonderful than I had ever thought possible to mortal man. Since her life has been joined to mine, God is not less great, but He is very near and very personal. I feel Him and know Him, instead of knowing about Him. Therefore I have said to you that no mere man can really know God, except as he knows the other half of God through the intimate life of pure womanhood. Because of this, we of her family all have a feeling toward God that is tender and loving. Others feel it too and welcome it gladly. Wherever we have touched the life of others deeply there is a joyful, quick response to the way of God we teach and to the life of God we strive to live. You will find it so among all people, especially the simple-hearted and right-minded, who form the vast majority of human kind. Love begets Love.

"Does evil beget evil?" asked The Boy.

"There is no agreement in a lie," said Abba-Yusuf. "There is agreement only in the truth. The evil things of life kill each other, like the soldiers who fight and slay, for the gain of land and power, to benefit some ruling family. Out of the myriads of our race, it is only the few who are stirring up prejudice and hatred against Rome. It is true that they are gaining power year by year since Herod's death. The school of Shammei sends out scribes to every town and village. They persuade and almost force the people to accept the Law according to the strictest teaching of the most rigid Pharisees. They add rule after rule that make the Law a burden, instead of a joy and privilege. They seek to plant their teaching in every synagogue school. Before your manhood, I fear that the mind of the nation will be so poisoned that a prophet of true religion may well fear, both for his teaching and his life, if he dares preach Love, Mercy and Holiness, the truth of the Spirit which gives the Law, but which is so much above the Law, yet which will be held contrary to the Law by the narrow and fanatical rabbis whose growing power is so manifest.

"The rule of Rome is a matter of indifference, as I have heard the great

Hillel say, if only we have freedom to obey the Law in truth and righteousness. In fact, Roman domination is the greatest blessing that has come to us for many centuries. It has put an end to the family quarrels of the Asmonians, who were descended from the hardy and patriotic Maccabees only to become a family of degenerate Greek princes. Rome has freed us from the terrors and destruction of Arab invasion. Roman legions hold back that flood of barbarism which has overwhelmed us often and which, unchecked by Rome, would at last destroy both our religion and our race. Only Rome could stop the fighting across our Land of the jealous kings of Syria and Egypt, Arabia and Babylonia. Rome has made one world of all nations and keeps open the great trade roads by which all the commerce of the world flows past our doors to bring the wealth and prosperity to Galilee that is only to be had by lasting peace. We pay for protection by taxes. What are taxes compared to life, families safe in their homes, freedom to come and to go and the right to keep the goods our hands have earned? It is the saying of a wise rabbi that the real needs of humanity are 'Life, liberty and private property.' Those rights Rome has given us.

"The most real thing in life is not Rome, but God, not the scribes and Pharisees, but God; not even the Law, but God who gave the Law: not God as he is taught by the scribes, limited to Jews alone; or by the Greeks, even in their purest philosophy; or as seen by the male half of the human race; but God, as he enters whole, into every human heart and lives in all human life, male and female, age and childhood, bond and free.

"All this is what I mean when I say that God must be known, not as I know Him, but as Mother-Mary knows Him, as unnumbered human souls with simple minds, but with ever-open hearts, will gladly receive Him, the All-Father and Holy Comforter of the inner life. He needs only be revealed by the highest and holiest life of man. Waiting millions are looking for that revelation, greater than the teaching of the ancient prophets. Others speak of God as the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, but Mother-Mary has taught us to know God as our father, kind and loving, who is known and loved as our Father, who is very near and dear and close to every one of us."

THE LAST GIFT OF THE MAGI

"AND now," said Abba-Yusuf, "I bid you to your manhood and commit your life to your eternal father, God. But first, I must discharge a sacred trust. It was laid upon me when you were a Yeled (new-born babe) lying in your mother's arms at Bethlehem.

"We have told you of the Wise Men from far-off lands. One of them was a native of that broad land of mystery which lies beside the Indus beyond the highest mountains of furthest Persia. He was the only one who spoke in Aramaic, though all three talked the purest Greek with fluency. But he spoke the old Aramaic of Babylon and Syria, and it was with such singular purity, and of such deep-toned and musical resonance, as I have never heard from mortal man. How he learned it, I do not know. He seemed to be the master of all knowledge known to man. His great dark eyes were limpid deeps of mystery and power, which yet combined with all kindness and an infinite understanding. Those eyes were full of patience too, as of one who has looked into eternity. His forehead was high and noble. It had level brows that held the calm of one who has known pain and suffering only to surmount them. His firm mouth would have seemed implacable but for the full lips which, curving in repose, reflected the sweetness of a sleeping babe.

"It was he, the great sage of Furthest Persia (India), who took me by the hand and led me to the dark quiet of the house. That was after he had offered his gift and made obeisance to you as you lay within the circle of your mother's arms. He had then saluted you as the 'Promised Prince of Peace.' When we were alone, he bade me give you a message from him. It was to be given as you were about to enter manhood. He wished me to give you the message in the words, as nearly as might be, that came from his own lips. Those lips would then be dust, he said, and his soul would have then returned to its home, as a part of God. That was his strange belief. He knew many things and he knew that his span of life was well-nigh spent.

"This message comes to you from one of the master minds of all the ages. For such his was, or so it seemed to me. All others whom I have heard were but as children beside him. I have listened to the greatest rabbis of Jerusalem. I have heard the teaching of the first Greek scholars and philos-

MT. TABOR PEEPING OVER NAZARETH



ophers of Alexandria. In that city, I have also sat among the pupils of the greatest Jewish scholars in the world. They are more learned than the most learned of our Great Sanhedrin. They combine the deepest learning in the Law with that of modern science, and a knowledge of the secret mysteries of ancient Egypt. They are also profound students of the Greek philosophers, who were the greatest thinkers the world has ever seen. After the Greek fashion, our Jewish scholars call these men 'divine.' Beside this master-mind from Ind, these other scholars spoke from minds that seemed but those of children.

"His belief, as I understand it, is in One God, Spirit and Undivided, Maker of heaven and earth, the very God of our fathers. God is the Creator of all things, yet is not apart from anything which He has made. Everything still has something of God in it, which we can find if we but seek for it, the trees and stones, the birds and beasts, and every form of God's creation. But it is not God who is found in these things, as the heathen believe who worship them, only the marks and signs of God. The soul of man alone is made in God's own image. That is what we are taught in the first chapter of the first book of Moses (Genesis). But he believed that man is not so much created as begotten and that, some day, shall a man appear who is unigeneseos, the Only-begotten Son of God.

"Within a man, as he believes, one day shall God be found complete. In that man shall be found and seen all that we can know of God. That man shall perfectly, in his own person, live the very life of God among men. He shall be a man among men, as other men. Yet he shall be Very God, God in the flesh. So he shall become the Savior—not of a little town, nor of a little nation, nor of a little time, nor of the few years of some particular century, but—the Savior of all mankind for all the ages.

"There is a God-within and a God-without, so thinks the sage. Not two Gods, but the way in which men see Him as the God who creates the outside world, and as the God whose image dwells within each person's soul. In no man's life has harmony ever been achieved between the God-within and the God-without. Never yet has there been complete correspondence between the inner life and the outer world of God's creation. That lack of harmony is what men call evil. Yet the two are one, for God is One. If the God-within could be reconciled to the God-without, there would be no disharmony, no sin, no evil, no rotten fruit, no poison, no disease, no death. The harmony of the God-within and the God-without is Truth. For both are One. That is why we have the 'sense of truth.' For truth is one. Only lies, or half-truths, can disagree. With full harmony of the inner life with the outer world, there is no evil, no sin, only truth, only God.

"The Only-begotten Son of God shall be the Savior of all men, for all time, because he will live the life of God completely in his own human life,

within and without in harmony, and therefore without sin. He will allow the God-within, whom he finds and knows in his own soul, to grow and progress in perfect unity with the God-without, whose signs he sees in tree and stone, in bird and beast, as in all other things created. He will manifest to all mankind the God-within and the God-without as the One God whose life he will live so simply, so naturally, in a life so full of love and service, that all men, women and children, the downmost poor and ignorant, sick and slave, will be able to follow his example.

"This life of God, lived by the human Savior, will not be a life of conquest or of power, of leading armies and destroying peoples, or setting up a blood-stained throne to rule enslaved and captive races by force and might. Greater and more divine will be his mission. His life of God, lived as a man on earth, will offer a new freedom to all mankind. It will set the whole world free. But it will be freedom of a kind which humanity has never known. Every soul of man shall be free, in his highest form of freedom, to follow the example of the Savior and, so, to live the life of God. This is the new freedom for all mankind.

"Whatever the conditions that restrain them, all human kind shall be set free. Whether in the bondage of prison chains or slavery, under burdens of poverty, oppression or tyranny, whether rich in wealth and bound with deathly chains of gold, high in place and in bondage to the lust for power, chained to idol-worship or the false gods of ambition or of self, by lust of flesh or pride of life, whether man or woman, rich or poor, free or slave, high or low in station and in rank, all shall be set free to live the life of God by following the example of the Savior's holy life.

"The Wise Man had a belief which he received, I think, from Median Persia: that the controlling part of the soul of man, speaking with that inner voice which we obey, is God:—that the soul of man is a part of God:—that man's obedience to the controlling mind is worship:—that sin is blasphemy and idol-worship, for it puts Highest at the service of the lower, debasing the God-within till He becomes the servant of something less than Good, perhaps of positive Evil. You may tell, by what we think and do, what sort of god we worship, for so he phrased his thought, whether the God of Good, or the Spirit of Evil, or the Moloch of the Great Dead Level, by which he meant the average of people all about us, their manners, customs and worship, their unthinking ways and habit of imitation.

"The Sage was sure that he, who is to be the Savior, will find in his own soul the perfect image of the One God who is the All-Good, and will so live His life, God-in-the-flesh, that all the world may be saved from sickness, sin and death, and be redeemed to health, sanity and life by living the God-life after him.

"He made this plain to me and stated his belief that you, the babe

there in your mother's arms, would be the One-chosen-of-God-and-so-choosing to live the life of God among men.

"It would be a life, he pointed out, without power and public recognition;—not the rule of King-Messiah;—a life of service to the poor, sick, ignorant and sinful;—not to redress wrongs, but to bestow ever higher rights;—with God-like faithfulness to Truth, in spite of suffering, misunderstanding and deathly enmity;—with stern self-discipline and high obedience to the Will of God;—in human love, to give God's ministry to human need; to be named, in his own time, reformer, agitator, traitor to the Law but, for all the ages, to be hailed as 'The Prince of Peace.'

"He bade me warn you not to trust in oracles, nor mysteries, nor petty teachings of the letter of the laws of men;—beware the pride of power;—beware men's admiration for the mighty works of God, which will be so greatly done in such a life that all will gape, astonished, and, believing them to be your own rather than God's ministry of service, will seek to turn them to your personal popularity or to their own advantage;—beware of praise and, under praise of men, retire from the multitude and hold communion in the Great Alone, listening always to the voice of the God-within.

"Certain words he gave me, not as a rule of life for you, since no rules can compass God's infinite variety in the souls of men.

" 'Seek in your soul for God.'

In all things made, find God.

At One, be God-without and God-within.

Obey only the God-within.

Listen for that Spirit-Voice to do its bidding in God's work.

Do the works of God, for God, with God and in God.

"He said some other things well worthy of remembrance: 'If something does not fit in the common daily life, or if it does not make for the good of all men, that thing is not of God.' 'God's chiefest interest is in the common people. His power is not in men called "great," nor in reigning houses, nor in privileged classes. God's throne is in the heart of the multitude, be they free or slave, Greek, Barbarian or Jew.' 'Human societies are based on inferiors. In a Divine Society there will be no inferiors, no majority vote, but a common purpose, complete unity.' 'The religion of the Greek is social, that of the Roman borrowed and formal, that of the Jew National. The religion of the Savior will reach all the world, because it is personal.' Many other things he said in that memorable talk, but they must wait the telling to a time more fit.

"I was startled at the greatness of his expectation for you, but he had no fear. You should know, he was sure, of what he thought and of what,

we hoped, on the eve of your manhood. If you should choose the holy part, to live the life of God among men, and so become His own beloved Son, it would spur you to the highest life and to obedience, or rather fellowship in God's Holy Will. If you should not so choose, your life would not be injured by the knowledge. You would still live worthily. You might be great, according to the measure of human greatness. That is open to every man. This other and higher greatness is also open to every child who is born into the world. Each one lives the life of God, in part. If you should not be the One or by sin should prove unworthy, the Life of God would fail again, as it has failed through all the ages, to express itself completely in the life of mortal man.

"The Wise Man had one other gift for you. He gave it me in trust. It was to be handed you as you were in serious talk with me about your manhood on the eve of its approach. It had but one condition. You were to have shown, in boyhood, constant obedience to the rule of home and family. In particular, your love and consideration for your Mother must far have exceeded that which is usual among the boys of our race and time.

"Here is the Gift," said Abba-Yusuf, and handed to The Boy a small stone about the length of a large almond. It was brown in color, shot through with lights of a rich translucent red. It looked like the broken half of an oblong pebble made smooth by wear. A small hole had been drilled in the narrow end. Through it had been drawn a cord, finely braided of slender threads of catgut, flexible and very tough, interwoven with fine filaments of gold wire.

"It is a star," exclaimed The Boy.

The star was in the larger end, which had been ground flat and highly polished by a master of the lapidary's art. The color of the interior was of a rich red, deeper than that of a ruby. It was intersected by veins of purest white, which showed the outline of a star, five-pointed, perfect in form and startlingly clear against the background of rich, blood red.

"Yes, it is a star," said Abba-Yusuf. "It is a memory as well. It is given you to be a constant reminder of the star which three Wise Men saw, each in his own far-distant land, whose leading they followed and whose meaning they sought until they reached our house in Bethlehem, where they hailed you as the future 'Prince of Peace.'"

"It shall be my Star of Bethlehem," said The Boy. "I shall keep it as a treasure of the truth from him who gave it, to bid me hold in memory the gracious words of the message you have repeated to me to-day."

"It is well said," answered Abba-Yusuf, "and I shall speak of them again as occasion offers, for they are vital truths."

"They have found a strange echo in my heart," said The Boy. "The words sounded somehow familiar, as though they were a part of some-

thing I had heard before. Like those of Mother-Mary, they have the same power to make God seem very close and personal. But they stir in me a sense of great unworthiness. They point to a destiny too high for mortal man to reach, much less a boy like me, untried and not yet entered into manhood."

"It was so the Wise Man told me," said Abba-Yusuf. "Any boy or man would think, at first, that it pointed to greatness, to power and responsibility, to rule and royalty. You can see it is not so. The One who lives the life of God may never go beyond his home, or shop, or town. He need neither fear greatness nor expect it. Nor will power be his, except the power that comes to one who lives the holy life of God. Then power will come, but only power to do the works of God. To live with God and God with you, that is the simplest thing in the world and the hardest. It can be done by the most ignorant. Too much wealth or worldly wisdom makes it difficult, almost impossible. You need fear nothing outside yourself. The only thing to fear is from within. It is to think of self, and not of God, what you can do for God."

"Now I am thinking of the words the Wise Man spoke, and of the white, five-pointed star in the field of blood," said The Boy.

"That is not thinking of yourself," said Abba-Yusuf. "It is what a healthy Naar (boy) would think, with such a message and such a gift. It is, as you have said, your Star of Bethlehem. Now you shall tell me, in your own way, of its form and outline, that I may complete my trust and recite the message it is to help you keep in memory."

"It is a pure white star in a field as red as blood," said The Boy. "It has five points. Four of the points are regular and equal. The fifth is extended upwards in a straight line. Across it, there is a short line. There is a crescent that looks like a ring above it. The circle seems to go around the line that forms the cross."

"Each one of the four points is to stand in your memory as one of the four great works of God," said Abba-Yusuf. "Each points to one of the chief works of God, which men must do for Him among men. Particularly, the One who chooses to live the life of God, as the Son of God on earth, must give his whole mind and heart and life to the healing of the world's chief ills. They are four: *Ignorance, Poverty, Disease and Crime.*"

"Those four ills are all about us everywhere," said The Boy.

"They are and always will be," answered Abba-Yusuf, "but in diminishing proportion, as the world shall live more and more by the love of God. The four ills are to be remembered by the four points of the star. They also point to the four great works of healing for all mankind. Inside the points of the star are indicated the divine qualities of the God-within, by which the four ills of the world are to be healed.

"Ignorance can only be done away by Knowledge.

"Poverty will not abide where there is Brotherhood.

"Disease is darkness. It needs only light, God's Light, for Health.

"Crime is a craze. It can only be made sane by Virtue."

"Did the Wise Man tell you of the upper point of the star?" asked The Boy, "and the meaning of the cross and the circle?"

"He gave me only a hint that he knew the meaning of the cross and circle at the top," said Abba-Yusuf. He did tell me what the fifth point contains of the God-within. That quality is Love, the supreme and highest quality of God. Love may not win the praise of men, nor riches, nor ease nor the pleasures of life. But it will raise Pleasure to Happiness, well being to Blessedness, Health to Salvation (sanity) and Virtue to the Righteousness of God. Of that to which it points, which shall be won by Love I have but this one hint. It is yet so much greater and so full of mystery that it is humanly divine. The mystery seemed to be a combination of glory and of suffering. It is such that a mortal man would fear and turn away, even from his God, if he but knew. But the Chosen One, who chooses God, and to live his life as the Son of God, will think of naught but Love. By love he will win life and conquer death forever. Though not in this world yet he will attain the crown for his fellow-men in all the ages."

"Then the circle above must be a crown," said The Boy.

"So I have thought," said Abba-Yusuf, "but the Wise Man said it would not be attained by the Chosen One in this world, only for his fellow-men throughout the ages."

So they sat silent for a while, looking by turn upon the Star of Bethlehem in the polished stone, then out upon the glory of the sunlit sea.

"Stand up now, Naar-Jeshuah," said Abba-Yusuf presently, "for I will call you 'son' once more, son of my heart, and then I will give up your manhood life to the Love of God, your Father."

They stood up, both together, eyes looking into eyes. About them stood the landmarks of Israel's ancient history. Behind the Roman eagles marched the cohort in serried ranks below them, symbol of the "Pax Romana," that armed peace which was to hold the warring nations as one united world for full three hundred years. The glory of the sinking sun above the Great Sea illuminated all. Abba-Yusuf stretched out his hand in a gesture of benediction.

"Son of God," he said impressively, "enter now into your larger life, not new, but greater far than you have dreamed. Take God to be your Guide, your Leader, your Father, your best Beloved and your Heart's Desire. Live with God as your Father and as your Other Self. Seek only to know His Will and do His Work."

With bowed head, The Boy stood in reverent understanding. The man's voice deepened as for the climax of a sacrament.

"Son of Man," he said, "enter into your manhood. Not privilege, but service, be its aim. It shall bring you into a true and lasting brotherhood with all humanity. The least, as the greatest, are fellow heirs with you in all the treasures and blessings of your Father. Love and Joy, with health and holiness, are theirs of right. These things you will impart to them, together with the knowledge how to live, according to the measure of God's life in you."

Again Abba-Yusuf paused. His words seemed to echo and re-echo with the call to manhood service. Now he spoke again to the soul of manhood that should be.

"Son of Man and Son of God," he said, "enter now into your true Sonship of Service to your Father, ever to live the life of God, ever to serve your fellow-men. Your brethren's needs are very great. But your Father waits above to hear their call, if you can but learn to teach them how to speak to Him. His Love be always in your heart. His Life be always in your life. Then will all His power be yours to use, but only in the service of mankind. Son of Man and Son of God, do you comprehend?"

"With my heart, I comprehend," said The Boy, "but for my mind, it is too great."

"The heart is master. It is but for the mind to serve," said Abba-Yusuf. "Now, your hand in mine, Naar-Jeshua, and you will repeat the words which I must speak, as I call you 'son,' once more. And you shall call me 'Father,' as never again, since here I dedicate your life and service to your Father, God."

Hand in hand they stood, with the close clasp of long companionship and deepest understanding, while Abba-Yusuf spoke words of renunciation to the earthly, and of fealty to the heavenly Fatherhood.

"Abba-Yusuf, as a boy, I have obeyed and served you without question," recited the mellow voice of Abba-Yusuf.

"Abba-Yusuf, as a boy, I have obeyed and served you without question," came the words in the clear tones of The Boy.

"As a man," said Abba-Yusuf, "I will serve and obey only God, my Father."

"As a man," said The Boy, "I will serve and obey only God, my Father."

"As a boy," said Abba-Yusuf, "I have thought your thoughts after you. Your words have been my words. As a man, I will think the thoughts of God after Him alone. My words shall be only the words of that Father who is in heaven and in my heart."

"As a boy," said The Boy, "I have thought your thoughts after you. Your words have been my words. As a man, I will think the thoughts of God after Him alone. My words shall be only the words of that Father who is in heaven and in my heart."

"As a boy," said Abba-Yusuf, "I have done your will. Your will has been my will. As a man, I shall do the Will of my Heavenly Father, and His Will alone. The Will of God shall be sole master in my heart and mind."

"As a boy," repeated The Boy, "I have done your will. Your will has been my will. As a man, I shall do the Will of my Heavenly Father, and His Will alone. The Will of God shall be sole master in my heart and mind."

"As a boy, Abba-Yusuf," said the man, his mellow voice now deep with feeling, "I have given you the love of son for father. As a man, I will give the love of son to father, only to my Father, God."

"As a boy, Abba-Yusuf," repeated the boy's clear voice, yet with the tremor of repressed emotion, "I have given you the love of son for father. As a man, I shall give the love of son for father"—here his voice faltered and broke, but rose again to a strong, triumphant note, as he picked up the words and went on with a rush—"as a man, I will give the love of son for father—to you, Abba-Yusuf, in yet fuller measure, as Mother-Mary has ever taught me. But, because you both have showed its greatness I will give the love of son for father, ever more fully and more greatly to my Heavenly Father, God."

Now, as they parted hands, Abba-Yusuf lifted up his eyes to heaven. Tears were on his cheeks and his rugged face was shining with a glory beyond that of the setting sun, as he raised his hands for the prayer of dedication.

"O God of Israel, Creator of the world, the Father of all men, accept now, this Thy Son, Thy well-beloved and Only-begotten. Be now, and to the end of time, true Father to him, loving and indwelling in his soul.

"Reveal to him, thy son, Thine inner thoughts and eternal purposes. His be Thy Holy Spirit. Invest him with Thy mighty power for service to his brethren in the world. Dwell ever in his heart. Live always in his soul. In his life and deeds, show forth the Life of God, complete in frail humanity.

"Inspire his mind. Open wide his understanding to Thy work on earth, to help and heal the weakness and disease, the poverty and crime, more especially, to enlighten the ignorance from which these, and all other ills, do come.

"Thy son, O Father-God, he was, and is, and is to be, forever. I thank Thee for Thy trust in me that Thou didst give him to my care for these

ew years. And now, O Blessed One, whose name is Love, I give him back to Thee, to Live Thy Life, and Thou his life, forever."

Abba-Yusuf finished his prayer. He opened his arms. The Boy sprang to their warm embrace. His eyes were shining with unshed tears. "Abba" —he murmured, "it is too high for man to comprehend. But I would wish to show the world God's love and yours, so lofty and so great they are, and both, it seems to me, are one."

Abba-Yusuf was himself much moved. As they sat down again, he soothing The Boy with caressing words, as when he was a little lad. He made him remember that, while God came first, there still remained the home, and gentle Mother-Mary and the little ones, and star-eyed Salome. All the love of all the past was there, which must be greater still in days to come, as befits the one who lives his life in God.

Again, he told him of the uncounted multitudes of earnest souls, who were thinking these same high thoughts. They were Israelites, Greeks and Barbarians. Both Jew and Gentiles were groping, many blindly, but all were reaching out for God. The whole world is seeking for the great and simple truths which he, The Boy, must strive to learn in the common life of every day. These truths, in work and play, and in all the life of God, are to be learned, not all at once, but by growth to sinless manhood, which is the Life of God that all the world can comprehend.

While they were talking, the Roman cohort had wound its way down the long valley. It was now climbing the round hill to Herod's citadel in Ptolemais. In the clear air, they could hear the trumpet call from the marching column. The blast was answered at once from the grim citadel. The huge gates swung slowly open. The long line marched into the blackness, like a giant serpent that glides into its hole.

Abba-Yusuf and The Boy picked up their tools. They looked once more upon the glory of the setting sun and watched it sink from sight in the shimmering waters of the Great Sea. Then they took their way down the steep and winding path, cactus-hedged from the gardens on either side.

So they came to the fast-emptying bazaars. There they turned beside the wheat-market. The street to the left was little more than a bridle path. It was just wide enough for men or beasts to pass each other, if not too heavily laden. They followed this, the only level crossing of the hill, and came quickly to the house of the carpenter.

There, The Boy received a noisy welcome from "James and Joseph and Simon and Judas, and his sisters" all. Mother-Mary was not too busy to stop for the greeting to her beloved eldest son and stalwart husband, and to tell them that the evening meal was ready to be served as soon as they had washed.

In the warm darkness The Boy lay in a sweet, new peace. Kindly sleep waited on the heels of drowsy content. Then he heard a new voice amid the noises of the night. It spoke within his soul, like the soft whisper of the evening breeze, and said, "My Beloved Son." And The Boy murmured, "My Father," hardly knowing whether he spoke to the Abba-Yusu of his boyhood love or to the God-Father of his new Manhood.

PART TWO
THE PILGRIMAGE



THE SMITHY—NAZARETH

“GOING TO JERUSALEM”

“To-morrow we go, to-morrow we go,
To-morrow we go to Jerusalem.”

THESE words came floating faintly up from the deserted cattle market of Nazareth. They were being chanted in the high, clear tones of boy-voices, lusty and joyous. The chant was in that minor key which is peculiar to the races of the Orient.

Again came the chanted refrain, rising like bell tones on the evening air:

“To-morrow we go, to-morrow we go,
To-morrow we go to Jerusalem.”

Half an hour before, a number of boys might have been seen going down the hill from their homes in Nazareth. Some went alone, others in little groups. They all wore their new Passover chalouks and an air of subdued excitement.

It was the eighth day of the month Nisan, also called Abib (green ears). It was the first month of the Jews' religious year and covered part of March and part of April. The civil year began six months later. New Year's Day was the day of the new moon that opened the month Tisri, about the middle of October. Each month began with the new moon. Twelve lunar months gave too short a year. Therefore an intercalary month, called Veadar, was intercalated, or inserted in the calendar, seven times in nineteen years. The extra month was inserted by authority of the Great Sanhedrin when barley failed to ripen in the Valley of Ashes, near Jerusalem, early enough for the Feast of the First Fruits.

By Roman reckoning, the year was 762 A. U. C. (Anno Urbe Condita). By our Christian calendar it should have been 12 A. D., but a monk, Dionysius Exiguus, made a mistake in calculating the year of our Lord's birth. Because of that mistake, made five hundred years later, the year was 9 A.D.

The Boy was twelve years old. He was to go to-morrow, like all Jewish boys of twelve, on his first Passover Pilgrimage to Jerusalem. There they would enter the Temple for the first time as men. They would worship God in the Court of Israel, reserved exclusively to the men of Israel.

Now they were gathered, fourteen in number, in the cattle market at the

foot of the hill. It had been deserted since mid-afternoon by the dealers, with their herds and flocks. Here the boys were engaged in practising a chant and march which they would later perform before their elders in the town.

Their natural leader was The Boy, graceful, athletic and vigorous. In his clear young voice, he was calling words of direction and encouragement. Full of animation were his wide, brown eyes. Flushed was the olive of his cheek. In orderly disorder over brow and ears, his waving hair gleamed with bronze lights in the slanting rays of the declining sun.

"Now, Thad, turn more quickly at the word. That's good, 'Liab." Such were his comments. "Keep time, Simon. Well done, James. Remember now, three steps and a hand-clap. Then all bow together. At the end, bow deeply and clap three times. Halkeit, sowa, sowa. (Now, together.) Halkeit, sowa, sowa."

So again, the march began. The chant arose in unison:

"To-morrow we go, to-morrow we go,
To-morrow we go to Jerusalem."

After he had got it to his satisfaction, the young leader spoke again.

"Now Naarim (boys), repeat the chant three times. After the third repetition, change the words and say:

"The Temple of God, the Temple of God,
The Temple of God at Jerusalem."

You are to chant the old words three times and the new words once, like a chorus in the Greek plays. The sign for the new words will be when I turn around and walk backward. Now, once more. Halkeit, sowa, sowa."

The addition was soon made, and the new words practised, so that the variation went without a hitch.

"One thing more," said The Boy. "You all know the plan. When we come to the court at the top, next to the wheat market, we are to march around it once. Then we form into a straight line, across the center, facing Jerusalem."

"We know," said Jude. "Then we repeat the whole chant once more and that is all."

"Wait," said The Boy. "Let's do one thing more and give them a surprise." By "them" he meant the residents of Nazareth.

"What is the surprise?" chorused the boys.

"Just this," said the leader. "Instead of simply disbanding like the young men, when they finish a procession, I want you each to pick out a

place in the crowd and to disappear so quickly that they will not know where we have gone, just like foxes. The signal for that will be the end of the new words that I am going to tell you now.”

“Tove!” (Good!) shouted the boys. And some of them asked, “What are the new words?”

“These are the words,” said The Boy:

“My Father’s House, My Father’s House,
My Father’s House, at Jerusalem.”

“But it is not my father’s house at Jerusalem,” said the matter-of-fact Thomas. “My father’s house is in Nazareth, just behind the cloth bazaar.”

“Thomas, will you never be anything more than a Taph?” (child, clinging to its mother), said the Boy. “You ought to know by this time that each one of us goes to Jerusalem as a Naar (boy), and comes back a Bachur (ripened one). Our fathers give us to the service of God in the Holy Temple. They do it so that God will be our Father for the rest of our lives, just as they were fathers to us when we were boys.”

“But God can’t be our father,” said Simon. “God is too big and too far away. Besides, we talk to our fathers. They tell us things. God can’t, or at least He doesn’t.”

“Did you ever listen for God?” asked The Boy. “You ought to try it. Try it at night, when everything is still. You can hear God, if you really listen for Him. If you have been trying to do good things for people, maybe you will hear Him that same night. It is like your own father when he says, ‘Well said,’ or ‘Well done, Naar-Simon.’ That is what we must do if we are to be men, I mean the right kind of men.”

“But God does not say words to us,” said Thomas. “You could not understand what He said, anyhow, for God talks Hebrew, and nobody knows Hebrew any more except the rabbis in Jerusalem.”

“You may not hear the words at first,” said The Boy. “You must learn to hear the words, just as you learn to hear His voice. You cannot do it unless you try.”

“Is it a real voice?” asked Thomas.

“At first, it is like a whisper,” said The Boy. “It is not as loud as the other sounds in the house, at first. It is easier to hear the breathing of people, the noise of the animals, and the calling of the night-birds, and the shrilling of the crickets. You must pick out His voice from all the other sounds and learn to listen for it.”

“How did it sound, when you first heard it?” asked Thomas.

“It was something like a soft whisper at first,” said The Boy. “It was like a breeze that rose and fell faintly. But it was repeated again and again. I think that is one of the things that God does. He repeats His words to

us over and over until we are bound to hear, unless we close our ears or hearts. Presently, there were words. I do not know whether they were the words in my mind that I fitted to the voice, or if they were in the voice at first. But I think I had never heard them before."

"What were the words?" asked half a dozen boys at once.

"The words were 'Bands of Love,'" said The Boy, "and I heard them the next week in the synagogue. They were read from the eleventh chapter of the Prophet Hosea. When I heard those words in the voice, I went right to sleep, and I never felt so strong and glad in my life as when I waked up at sunrise. Now, I can sometimes hear the words more plainly, but it is only after a day when I have tried to do something good for somebody."

"What does He tell you?" asked Simon.

"Sometimes there are no words in the voice at all," said The Boy. "But always, in the darkness, the sound is there, or at least the feeling. It is as if your father were walking behind you when you go past the black tents of an Arab tribe. You know that shivery feeling, with the dogs snarling and spears being handled so carelessly. And, perhaps, a buffalo will run at you, if he never saw you before. But, if your father is walking behind you, then you know everything is all right. That is the way you feel in the dark, if you listen to the good voice. Sometimes there are words in it, words that are easy to understand. There are never any but good words in His voice. There is no other feeling or sound that is like it. It is rich and full of peace. I think it is the thing that makes me so strong and healthy. There is a voice that tries to speak sometimes. It sounds mocking and hollow and has bad words in it. I suppose everybody can hear them both if he listens for them."

"Does He talk in Aramaic?" asked the practical Thomas.

"Sometimes in Aramaic and sometimes in Greek," said The Boy. "But it is the voice that makes you glad when you are good. And it makes you want to try harder next time, if you have not done your best. It does not make any difference if there are no words to tell next morning. You must learn to listen. Then you will learn to hear. When you have learned to hear and you are glad and strong and healthy, then you will keep on doing the good things. Then you will begin to be a man and to know God as the Father to us when we are men, just as our fathers were when we were boys, only more so."

With this cryptic answer, which the boys seemed perfectly to understand, the new words were accepted. The chant, thus completed, was practised again. Soon the boys were on their way up the hill, marching in open single column.

As they marched they shouted their chant, rejoicing in its wailing minor cadence:

"To-morrow we go, to-morrow we go,
To-morrow we go to Jerusalem."

The high boy-tones rose, melodious, on the evening air. The voices were more and more clearly heard in the town above, as the boys climbed higher and higher and came nearer. Everybody came out to see and hear these young candidates for citizenship, who thus announced their approach to Jewish manhood.

The fourteen boys, marching in single file, formed a line sufficiently imposing, even if not very long. They kept their time extremely well. Being young and very agile, they marched and acted even better than the young men who were usually to be found in the wedding procession, which formed the basis of the boys' march and chant.

They had adapted the chant to their own words, but took both the posture and action which had been, for unnumbered years, characteristic of the young men in the wedding march.

The marcher sat back on the sharply bent left leg, as though sitting in a chair, holding his back as straight as possible. Then he hitched forward a full, long step with the right foot, gave the loud hand-clap at the end of each couplet, and so returned to the half-sitting position on the bent left leg.

It was an arduous bit of pageantry, especially during the ascent of the steep hill, going up through the bazaars. It was equally hard on the voice, on the well-nigh blistered hands and on the overworked left leg of the marcher. But it was a praiseworthy performance, if one might judge by the comments of the spectators, especially those who happened to have a boy in the procession.

It was highly enjoyable to the young performers. They felt that their procession had a very real and religious significance. They were proud of doing something in the manner of their seniors. Each one felt that they were doing it better than the elder brothers with downy beards on chins. They were still more proud of having invented and introduced a novelty, especially of having turned it to the glory of God, as a part of their preparation for their first Passover Pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

So they marched noisily up the steep street through the bazaars, shouting their chant, bending, clapping and bowing in unison and, withal, getting much praise from families and friends. The whole town crowded out of doors and almost filled the narrow streets to see and approve this novelty in social usage, so fittingly adapted to the praise of God, by the boys who would start on the morrow to make their first Passover Pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

The Greek and Arab neighbors joined in the indulgent smile at the rosy-faced young enthusiasts, when they heard the thrice repeated couplet of the chant:

"To-morrow we go, to-morrow we go,
To-morrow we go to Jerusalem."

A chord of sympathy was touched and those who were Jews thrilled to pride in the national religion, when they heard the refrain that followed the couplet:

"The Temple of God, the Temple of God,
The Temple of God at Jerusalem."

So the boys reached the upper court beside the wheat market. There they were in the midst of a throng of young and old, who had gone forward with them, or gathered here to see them as they came. The column marched once around the court, as the plan had been. Then they turned sharply across the center. They halted in a straight line, facing southward, toward Jerusalem. They sang once more the thrice-repeated couplet with its last refrain and dropped to silence.

At this point, The Boy stepped forward. His face was aglow. He stretched forth his arms toward Jerusalem, the city of their youthful dreams. All his companions did the same. All their strong young voices rose as one, in the vibrating chant of the new couplet:

"My Father's House, My Father's House,
My Father's House at Jerusalem."

As the chant ended, every arm was dropped. Every form bent low in the final bow, like an obeisance. The next instant, the court seemed deserted. Every boy, like a rabbit to its warren, had run to hiding and disappeared in the shadowy crowd.

There followed a dramatic moment of silence. An instant before, the court had seemed as full of light as now of evening shadows. It had been dominated by bright and rosy faces and by graceful forms in active, rhythmic motion. It had been vibrant with the full-chanted melody of strong young voices and with the unison staccato of hands, clapped to punctuate the chant. Now all was still.

On the massed gathering fell the silence which all drama seeks as the measure of its climax. It was that momentary, mute applause, which is so genuine, because it marks the interest of the audience left hanging breathless in mid-air by the action of the pageant or the play. Then arose the buzzing comment of the crowd. Not all of it was friendly.

To most of the men and women and to all the younger ones the march had been an unmixed pleasure. It had seemed to those who sympathized the fitting climax to a new and beautiful expression of the life of their religion

boys who were on the eve of their solemn dedication to God in the Holy Temple at Jerusalem.

But certain of the elders wagged solemn beards and said, "Where will this modern generation end?" "Such is not the tradition of the fathers." "Those boys have departed from the customs that were of old." "It is not commanded in the Law." "Nor has it been sanctioned by the Sanhedrin." "It ought not have been done."

In particular, one of the elders took it upon himself to call the young innovators to account. He was a little, fat man, notorious as a bad neighbor, a harsh father and a miserly husband. He was fond of quoting the Prophet Malachi after whom, to the sorrow of all Nazareth, he had been named. This Malachi, the elder, was that anachronism of creation, an ill-fatured fat man. Out to the center of the court he waddled, though he thought he stalked. His little pig's eyes were blazing with wrath. He clutched his scraggly whiskers with one pudgy hand. The other he raised three quarters of the way upward towards high heaven. That was as high as he could reach, for he was very fat. It was an attitude that he supposed to be majestic. It was wholly ludicrous. For his chalouk curved broadly over his round stomach and his neck was so short that his round head projected from the folds of his sadin like the head of a turtle from its shell.

"Those last words were nothing else but blasphemy." Thus he delivered himself of his indignant condemnation. "Who would think of calling the Temple of God 'My Father's House'? The next step will be even more blasphemous. They will call God, who is the Eternal King and Supreme Ruler of the Universe, they will call the Judge of All, 'My Father.' What saith the Prophet, Malachi? 'But cursed is the deceiver which hath in his stocks a male, and voweth and sacrificeth to the Lord a corrupt thing; for I am a great King, saith the Lord of hosts, and my name is dreadful among the heathen.' 'My Father's House,' indeed. Who was the leader? Was it not the carpenter's son? Blasphemous blasphemy. Let the young blasphemer live long enough to learn the anger and fury of the Lord. Then he will not be so familiar with his God. Let us take the carpenter and punish him for the boy's impudent irreverence."

The situation might have become serious. The little man might have secured a dangerous following. Murmurs of approval were heard among those who were followers of Shammei.

But it happened otherwise. A young matron was standing near. A Yonek (suckling baby boy) lay upon her breast. She turned to her nearest neighbor and spoke in one of those audible "asides," that could be heard over all the court.

"The greedy little miser does not know what it is to be a father," she

said in a stage whisper. "Yusuf, the Carpenter, has five boys. This mis-named Malachi has only daughters."

"Nobody likes a fat man, anyhow," replied her neighbor in an equally audible "aside."

Whereat, a great laugh arose, for everybody knew the fat man's character and pitied the unloved wife who had given him three daughters, but no son.

If conceit, as we sometimes think, is measured by self-importance, who knows what may happen under withering ridicule? The protruding fatness of the self-appointed censor seemed to collapse with his complacency. Malachi shrank visibly. His chalouk seemed suddenly to be too large for him and to hang in loose folds on his plump form. He waddled hastily out of sight. The onlookers scattered to their homes with much laughter and a buzz of talk.

Meantime, fourteen happy hoys returned to fourteen happy homes, all filled with rosy visions of the Holy City, dreaming and talking of the riches and beauty of God's Temple. They repeated, now and again, the refrain of their chant and, in spite of some leg-weariness, did an occasional step or two of their march.

On the night before leaving their homes, every pilgrim slept out of doors. This was an ancient custom. It arose from fear of defilement by contact with a building in which a death might occur. Such contact would cause them to be Levitically unclean and prevent their attendance at worship in any court of the Temple or their participation in the supper of the Passover Feast.

On the flat roof of the house of the Carpenter, The Boy lay out under the stars. In the soft darkness he heard, singing in his soul, the words of sacred meaning which he had added to the boys' chant, as the last refrain for the ending of the pageant:

"My Father's House, My Father's House,
My Father's House at Jerusalem."

Pausing at the threshold of slumber, his heart full of high content, he plainly heard the words, "My Beloved Son," and fell at once into the deepest depths of healthful sleep.

THE PILGRIMAGE

THE next morning for the beginning of the Pilgrimage every member of every Jewish family was awake and every household stirring long before the sun was up.

In each home the day was begun in the early dark. The little lamp illumined the darkness just enough to show the larger outlines to the members of the family, moving ghostlike among the shadows. The lamp was of earthenware. It was shaped like an oval saucer, with one end covered. In that narrow, covered front was a round hole to receive the wick of shredded flax or tow. The fuel was olive oil, perhaps a quarter of a pint. In it was immersed the small piece of tow, twisted to form the wick, which was drawn through the hole at the front of the lamp.

The wick was kindled with flint and steel. Our ancestors used the same method one hundred years ago. They had a dish which held a bunch of finely shredded hemp or flax. Over this, they held a piece of flint rock with one hand. With the other they struck a piece of steel sharply against the flint. Hot sparks fell from the flint upon the tinder. Soon, or perhaps not very soon, a spark would catch and glow. A small red spot would begin to smoulder. Vigorous blowing would increase the smouldering red spot in size and brightness. Presently the tinder would burst into flame.

There was something wrong with the lamp in the house of the Carpenter this morning. Abba-Yusuf brought the tinder to a blaze with the flint and steel. The flame would not kindle the wick of the lamp. Somewhat puzzled, he drew out the wick and found that it was wet. The difficulty was quickly overcome by twisting a wick from the other end of the tow. Then it lighted without trouble.

Of course the whole family crowded close to see, to offer comment and advice. In the discussion that followed eight-and-a-half-year-old Esther pointed the finger of accusation at little Joseph, who was not yet six. She said that he had put the wick in his mouth last night, "to see how it would taste after it was burned." She proudly pointed to a smudge on his chin to prove her case. James, a year and a half older, rallied to the defense of his particular chum and nearest brother. "Words" might have been said. But trouble was averted by The Boy, who began to tell them the story of what he was to see when he reached Jerusalem, of the Temple and its "great doors sixty feet high, all covered with gold," and the many wonders which it contained.

Mother-Mary, wise with the sure instinct of motherhood, said no unnecessary word. She well knew that such incidents are always, and in every family. Unimportant in themselves, they are the real lessons of life. They have a teaching value for the young, to give them a sense of proportion, to adjust their wills to the wills of their fellows, and to teach them to get on with others. For when they go out into life, they must get on with all the world.

The smudge was quickly removed by the deft hands of Anna, and quite gently enough to suit everybody but Joses, who feared that the skin was going with it. Anna was the eldest daughter, a prim, slim, straight-backed girl of ten. She was very capable, much to the discomfort of certain younger members of the family. She had snapping black eyes that matched the glossy, dusky hair which, to her secret sorrow, did not curl, nor even "wave." With her grandmother-Anna, after whom she was named, she would be in charge of the six younger children for the two weeks of the Passover Pilgrimage. Or, as Esther put it, "We must obey them because they are the two oldest of the family," which pleased the younger Anna and did not disturb the older.

As for the lamp, it was now shining with all its dim power. All the family washed, as required by the Law of Moses, before each meal. Abba-Yusuf rose and repeated the "Shema," or First Benediction of Moses, which was said daily in every Jewish home. It begins with the word "Shema" (*Hear*), and is taken from Deut. 6: 4-9, and 11: 13-21 and Numbers 16: 37-41.

Then Abba-Yusuf raised his hands in supplication and prayed:

"O Lord of Hosts, our God and our Father, give Thy mighty protection to this house and all who dwell within its walls. Abide with those who stay. Keep them in health and safety through the coming days. As for those who go, speed us in safety on our way, as we go up to Jerusalem to worship Thee in Thy Holy Temple.

And in that holy place, accept our gift most precious. For there, as by ancient duty bound, before the face of all thy People Israel, we shall offer and give back to Thee, Jesus, Thy son, to be Thy son forever, to consecrate his manhood to Thy service. Be Thou to him, O God, the divinely loving Father, as he shall be to Thee, the obedient and loving son. Teach him to understand Thee as he loves Thee. Let him know Thee, God of Love, as the son must ever know his father, Thy business to be his business, Thy Will to become his will, Thy thoughts to be evermore his thoughts through life and death."

The prayer being ended, Abba-Yusuf turned to the family and said, "Peace be upon Israel." In one voice they replied, "And upon all the people of God, Amen."

So they sat down to a very cheerful breakfast, full of animated talk about the four-days' journey, now to be begun, and of the great city at its end.

James and Joses hoped, and loudly, for the possible lion or band of robbers on the road.

Little Anna was quite willing to stay at home and modestly promised "such good care as Grandma and I will take of the children while you are gone," that the "children" squirmed and made faces that were not at all polite.

The aged Anna, out of the depths of a great and beautiful experience, smiled her tender smile and accepted her responsibility as a part of God's Providence, which had always guided and guarded her loved ones. She wished only "God's blessing on my boy, when he becomes a man, in the worship of God with all the men of Israel, in the Holy Temple at Jerusalem."

Esther was the family fountain of fun and jokes. Her sunny hair went well with her insistent good humor. She was so loving that she always insisted on leaning upon somebody, preferably her elders, even her older sister, Anna, if Anna was not too busy. She was all cheer and rounded curves, dimples and twinkling smiles. Her one consuming passion was The Boy. To him she had clung and after him followed, always and everywhere, since she could walk. From where she now sat, without lifting her sunny head from the beloved shoulder, she reached up a dimpled hand to stroke his cheek, and said, "I would like to go, so that I could be with Jesus all the time."

Aggressive Rachel could almost beat Joseph, who was a year and a half her senior. Rachel had always "wanted to be a boy." She had snapping black eyes to match her hair, which was naturally curly. It was the secret envy of her sister Anna. She shook back her ringlets and, mildly for her, remarked, "If maybe I could go, then I would ride my beautiful Aznoth all the way." She meant the family donkey which from early youth had patiently borne one of the twenty-eight names which in Aramaic refer to the features of a mountain, Aznoth meaning "ears."

Simon and Judas, the twins of two and a half, were busy eating. Their mouths were too full to permit them to talk or even to think of mischief. Happy little Salome, her dewy eyes fresh-opened, lay in Mother-Mary's arms, smiling and dimpling on each one in turn.

Abba-Yusuf looked around and upon them with beaming eyes, especially upon the mother of them all. She was the gentle queen of the loved ones and the home. He thought her worthy to be the queen of all the world, and heaven besides. He said, somewhat irrelevantly, "Rabbi Ben-Somebody said he never called his wife anything but 'Home.'"

Soon, at her word, they all stood up, their simple breakfast finished.

"Grace after meat" was said by Abba-Yusuf. Then everybody lent a hand to get the pilgrims ready for the road. The loading was quickly accomplished. The three beds were rolled compactly. They were tied behind the saddle of the donkey, a flat saddle, like a pillion. The bread was packed, with other edibles, inside the bedding-roll. It was fresh baked for the journey. The loaves were not like Persian bread, "a foot wide and a yard long." They were round sheets, as large as a dinner plate and twice as thick. From the circular form of the loaf, the bread was called *kiccar-lehem* (circle bread).

The small water-bottles, each made of the entire skin of a kid of the goats, looked very wholesome, with the glossy black hair on the outside. The two were slung across the saddle-bow, one on either side. A gourd of *lubin*, or melted goat's milk butter, was balanced by a woven wicker basket, shaped like an inverted pear, which was filled with salted olives of last year's crop.

Bread would be baked on the journey. Not enough bread could be carried for the four-days' trip. It would become "dry and mouldy," like that of the Gileadites, who thus deceived Joshua and the Princes of Israel (Joshua 9: 5). Besides, the Passover would begin in four days, after which no leavened bread, or bread made with yeast, could be eaten for seven days. When all was ready for the last "Goodbyes," Mother-Mary gave her instructions to the household, how to prepare for the coming of the Passover.

"Be sure," she said, "to remove from the house every bit of leaven (yeast) before noon on the eve of the Passover. Then you will be ready for the beginning of the Great Day (the Passover) at sunset. But you must hold back one large piece of leavened bread. Place it on the bushel measure, upturned inside the door. Immediately after noon, prepare to search the house for leaven. Grandmother-Anna will say the prayer, 'Blessed art Thou, the Eternal, our God, King of the Universe, who hast sanctified us by Thy commandments, and commanded us to remove the leaven.'

"Then search the house carefully with a lighted lamp, according to the Law of Moses, for any crumb of leaven (yeast) or leavened bread that can be found. Let James, as the oldest male member of the family at home, be the one to find the piece of leavened bread on the bushel measure, that the search be not in vain, and thus the customs of our fathers be observed. He must carry out the piece of leavened bread and cast it away. Then he must say, 'All the leaven that is in my house, which I have not seen and have not removed, I declare annulled, and to be of no more worth to me than the dust of the earth.' Then you will be ready for the beginning of the Day at sunset."

With the last "God keep you," "The Lord preserve you," and the usual farewells, "Good-bye" was said. With a last kiss all around for sweet baby

Salome, the Holy Family started for Jerusalem. They were the same three who had fled in the darkness at Bethlehem from the menace of Herod's madness. Then, as now, Mother-Mary rode the donkey which Abba-Yusuf led. This journey was to be of four days. That journey took four months, which lengthened into four years. Then Mother-Mary carried the Infant in her arms. Now The Boy walked beside her, or took his turn at leading the donkey.

He was now a lithe, active and well-grown boy, twelve years of age. He had waving hair, quite dark, yet that glistened in the sunlight with a bronze or golden sheen. His eyes were of the darkest brown. They opened wide with a loveable, fearless, honest look, like that of his mother. They were sparkling now with animation as he talked to her of many things, but mostly of this wonderful journey, the first long trip away from home, fulfilling the expectations of forward-dreaming years.

The first stop was made at the Great Fountain, the only unfailing spring of Nazareth. Water skins were emptied, well rinsed and refilled with the pure water of the spring. Each one drank, thinking of the long hours ahead on the dusty road. The donkey was allowed to bury his nose in the horse-trough below the spring and to drink his fill.

Full daylight began to come as they took their way down the mile-long declivity, which then changes to an upward slope over the hill that is now called the Mountain of Precipitation. Its top was reached before the sun arose, and they could look down the steep descent into the Plain of Esdrelon. It is a drop of nine hundred feet in less than a mile, or twice as steep as the hill of Eagle Rock.

Then came the explosive sunrise, over the hills of Gilead, beyond the Ghor (Jordan Valley). It is a sunrise peculiar to Palestine and the lands where cloudless mornings follow many rainless days. Day does not break as it does with us who live in lands of river-moisture and damp sea mist. We think of sunrise as a slow-creeping of yellow brilliance upon the rosy glow which, in its turn, has emerged yet more slowly from a purplish, hazy gray.

There the sunrise is sudden, almost explosive in its up-coming. In every high place in Palestine you see the sun come up over the Ghor. The further sides of the hills of Moab and Gilead slope down by slow degrees into the dry sands of the Desert of Arabia. Since the sands are dry, the air is moistureless for many miles. In that dry air the sun bursts forth in dazzling, undimmed radiance, after the first few moments of creeping past the bisecting, sharp horizon line.

"Not so much beauty," you will say, "as power, might." So said the writers of the sacred books of Israel, who spent their days under the power

of the Syrian sun. "Let them that love him (Israel) be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might" (Judges 5: 31). "As a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, he rejoiceth as a giant to run a race" (Ps. 19: 5).

So, with full day blazing white upon their world, they started their steep climb down the half-marked bridle paths.

It was a sure-footed little beast that Mother-Mary rode. He bore his burden easily, putting down each trim hoof with that deliberate precision which looks so slow, but carries him so far in his tireless day. Here and there on the ribs of the hill, they could see other pilgrims, mostly neighbors of Nazareth. All were going to Jerusalem. They shouted greetings across the gullies, or as they came around the shoulders of the hill. To them shouted greetings were returned with joy and laughter by those whom they had seen but yesterday, for the holiday spirit was in their mood.

Of some families there were but three or four. Others had five or six sons beyond the age of twelve. These presented the appearance of a squad of soldiers, for each one carried the stout staff of the traveler. It was an aid in walking where the footing was rough and insecure. It was equally useful for defence against the dangers of the road, whether from man or beast.

They came down the steep to the Plain of Esdrelon. They had seen the road to Samaria during all the long descent. It stretched out like a yellow ribbon across the green patchwork of flat fields, until it lost itself in the low hills of Samaria, below Jenin, then called Ginea, seventeen miles away. From below the fields looked green, without noticeable difference in the shading. From above, the different crops were seen as different shades. The fields were outlined so sharply with contrasting tones of coloring that the whole wide Plain looked to be a great carpet, put together like a crazy-quilt, in various shades of green velour.

On the long level road, they became a part of a procession of pilgrims, which grew greater with every mile they passed. The Jews of Nazareth alone stretched out a good half mile on the road. As the morning went on pilgrims joined their line from other towns and villages of Lower Galilee. Sepphoris, Cana, Gath-Hepher, Chessulloth, Japhia, all were neighbors, within an hour's walk of Nazareth. Every town was represented.

Thus came into their group old friends with whom they fell into cheerful talk, as they went slowly on their way. Temalyon and his wife, Naomi, had come from Cana and joined them between the Great Fountain and the Plain. With them was their son, Bar Temalyon or Bartholomew, who was to have the surname Nathaniel. He would, later, die of torture, the skin being torn piece by piece from the quivering flesh. Thus he would suffer for preaching the faith of that boy-friend with whom, as active boys must always be in motion, he was now playing leap-frog along the road.



WATER CARRIERS—NAZARETH

In the company from Nazareth was Cleopas, or Cleopatras, the brother of Abba-Yusuf, with his wife Mary and his two sons, James and Jude. This James was called 'The Less' among the Apostles. He was crucified in Egypt for preaching the Resurrection and the Life. Jude, the other son of Cleopas and Mary, was also called Thaddeus, which is sometimes wrongly written "Lebbæus." His fate was martyrdom in Persia, where he was the first missionary.

Mary, the wife of Cleopas, and Mother-Mary were like sisters. Their husbands were brothers of the same calling and the families were in such constant and intimate association that many authorities have tried to prove that the two Marys were really sisters. To the end of his ministry Our Lord had no more faithful follower than Mary of Cleopas. She and Mother-Mary's own sister, Salome, were at the tomb on the morning of the Resurrection.

The grain dealer of Nazareth, Diophanes, was there with his wife, Rhoea, and their twin boys, Thomas and Eliezer. The twins looked just alike and talked just alike. They were apt to say the same thing in the same way, either together or in sequence, and to finish each other's sentences with the same tone and inflection and such unity of thought and completeness of understanding, that a blind man would have supposed he was listening to but one. Such twins they were, so identical in looks and action, that everybody in Nazareth, to avoid inevitable mistake, addressed whichever one he met as Didymus, the Greek word for "Twin." This was true even of the boys who were their playmates, and the habit was continued among the intimate boyhood friends who became Apostles. Thomas was always called Didymus, even by the writers of the Gospels. In their boyhood one was very often punished in mistake for the other and took it without protest. It was a joke among the boys that Rhoea had allowed the sick Thomas to go out to play and had confined the well Eliezer to his bed. They were utterly practical, but faithful to the death. Thomas is claimed by the Syrian Christians as the founder of their Church, which tells how he suffered martyrdom in the North, continuing in prayer under a shower of arrows till death brought reunion with his Risen Lord.

Out of the lower road from Sepphoris, the great city and capital of Galilee, came the family of Eliezer, the Zealot. He had been the intimate and comrade in arms of that Judas of the Galilean rebellion, who had been crucified as leader of the revolt against Rome, three years before. The Zealot's wife, Rizpah, rode the donkey which he led. She was as sweet and tranquil as he was fiery and quick. Their son Simon was hot-headed, like his father. The boy was surnamed "Simon the Zealot," by the ready tongue of Jude, before he had walked and talked with the other boys for five minutes along the road. Simon's fate was to suffer death by crucifixion and the

punishment was not for rebellion against Rome, like that of his father's friend, but for preaching the faith of the Risen Christ.

Before nine o'clock, or the "third hour," the pilgrims came to Shunem, where Elijah brought back life to the little son of the Shunammite woman, as it is told in the fourth chapter of the second book of the Kings. At Shunem they rested and watered their beasts. As they always are, the boys were hungry. So each one had a round flat loaf (*kiccar-lehem*) for a second breakfast. By a branch road from the Plain, northeastward, many families joined the pilgrim bands. They were of Nain, Endor, Deburieh and the villages about Mount Tabor.

Pushing on, they descended into the valley, Nahr Jalud, which dips sharply toward the Ghor. Crossing Nahr Jalud almost below the level of the sea, they came up on the other side, near the great spring called Ain Jalud, or Will of Harod. This was the spot made famous by Gideon, one of the ancient Judges. With only three hundred men, he put to flight the mighty host of Midian, as it is told in the seventh chapter of the book of Judges.

The youths of Galilee crowded close and listened with excitement as Eliezer told the story, showing its action with the pride of a fighter in the Zealot rebellion. As soon as the telling was finished, the boys made an eager dash for the muddy bank of the little brook formed by the great spring, Ain Jalud. There they practised dipping up water in one hand while they held the staff in the other. So they drank out of one hand, "lapping the water as the dog lappeth, putting their hand to their mouth," and not like the rest of the ten thousand, "who bowed down upon their knees to drink water." Thus they emulated the brave three hundred, who were so chosen to win the battle against the unnumbered multitude of the "children of the East." Though consumed with thirst after their long day's march through waterless ways, the wary three hundred would not stoop down to drink, thus taking their eyes off the enemy beyond the brook. The rest of the ten thousand, picked men of Israel though they were, threw down their weapons. Regardless of the foe, they sprawled flat and quenched their burning thirst, with their mouths deep in the cooling water.

The valley was torrid in the growing heat of the cloudless day. It was relief to ascend the final spur of rock which forms the western end of the range of Gilboa. There nests the ancient city of Jezreel (now Zerin), the city of Ahab, king of the Ten Tribes, which were called the Kingdom of Israel after they revolted from Rehoboam, the son of Solomon. After King Ahab was killed, his heathen wife Jezebel came to live in Jezreel. She had been a Princess of Phenicia. As a worshipper of the Sun-god, Baal, she tried to plant her heathen worship in Israel. It was she who had "slain the Prophets of Jehovah with the sword" in the days of Elijah.

The boys were told the story by Mary, wife of Cleopas, using the words of the Scripture, but with her own caustic comment added (II Kings 9: 30-36). "‘And when Jehu was come to Jezreel, Jezebel heard of it; and she painted her face and tired her hair and looked out of her window.’ But she made no conquest by her heathen beauty," said Mary of Cleopas. "Jehu looked up at her, but he was not seduced by her painted face and her carefully tired hair, not he. Jehu was the hard-driving son of Nimshi, a prince of Israel and a mighty man of valor. Within the hour, he had drawn his great war-bow back till the string was on his cheek. He loosed the arrow that struck between the shoulders and came out through the heart of his enemy. That enemy was no less than Jezebel’s own son, King Joram, who fled from the battle in his chariot. Jehu had commanded to cast Joram’s body there on that barren slope. It is Naboth’s vineyard. Jezebel had plotted for it. She had finally murdered Naboth to obtain it for Ahab’s pleasure garden (I Kings 21). Jehu was not the man to be enticed by Jezebel’s beauty, nor by her idolatry. Hear the words of the Scripture: ‘And he lifted up his face to the window and said, Who is on my side? Who? And there looked out on him two or three eunuchs. And he said, Throw her down. So they threw her down; and some of her blood was spilled on the wall and the horses. And he trod her under foot. And when he was come in, he did eat and drink, and said, Go, see now this accursed woman, and bury her; for she was a king’s daughter. And they went to bury her: but they found no more of her than the skull, and the feet and the palms of her hands. Wherefore, they came and told him. And he said, This is the word of the Lord, which he spoke by his servant Elijah, the Tishbite, saying, In the portion of Jezreel shall dogs eat the flesh of Jezebel.’ That was the end of idolatry in Jezreel."

As they came up the rocky headland, they could see down the Valley of Jezreel into the depths of the Ghor, which is the great depression beneath the level of the sea, through which by winding channels the River Jordan flows. The Ghor was once an arm of the ancient sea. Then came a huge convulsion of nature. It bent the crust of the earth downward as you would bend a piece of cardboard. The great basin of the Ghor was pushed below the level of the sea. The mountains were pushed up high, all about it, and thus held back the waters of the ocean. In the course of thousands of years, the water was evaporated by the heat of the sun. Now there remains but the Dead Sea at the bottom of the deep depression, into which the waters of the Jordan flow down, only to evaporate under the blazing Syrian sun.

Looking down the flat shelf that extends between two ravines, they could plainly see the great city-fortress, Scythopolis, the chief city of the Greek federation called the Decapolis (Ten Cities).

Eliezer the Zealot hated the Greek culture almost as much as he hated

the Roman rule. His hands upraised in execration, he addressed the cultured Greek city with a bitterness and gave its supposed pedigree with a coarseness of opprobrium which must be politely paraphrased for the modern reader.

"Accursed Scythopolis," he said, "you are well named for the Scythian barbarians who settled here to bring pollution to our Land. You are the head of the Decapolis (Ten Cities) who are bound by their league to fight for each other and for the gods of Greece. They do it well, with their Greek culture and Greek vices. They boast that they are more Greek than Achaia, the home of Athens itself. They have sought Roman alliance under Roman rule. They call themselves the Free Greek cities of the world. Gerasa claims the honor of producing three Greek philosophers. They boast of Ariston, Kerikos and Plato, mouthing the name as though he was the wrestler or boxer of five hundred years ago, who was proud of his broad back and fastened the heathen philosophy of Socrates on all the world. Our own scholars are ashamed if they do not know of his Ideas and his Supreme God, which he stole from our own books of Moses. Woe unto you, Scythopolis. Woe unto you, Philadelphia and Hippos. Woe unto you, Gadara, at the outlet of our beautiful Lake, which claims among the Gadarenes, the heathen great names of Philodemus, the Epicurean, Meleager, the epigrammatist, Menippus, the satirist, and the much-admired Rhetorician of Rome, Theodorus, who has been chosen by the Emperor Augustus to be the master-teacher of his heir, Tiberius.

"Yonder strong fortress, under its barbarian name, Scythopolis, is a worthy successor to the same city under its ancient name. When it was old Bethshan, they hung upon its walls the headless bodies of our first king Saul, with those of his three sons, who were killed on the same day by the Philistines on the heights of Gilboa above us here. Accursed old Bethshan, now Scythopolis, strong and arrogant, which was never under Jewish rule but for those glorious thirty years of John Hyrcanus. Its people claim that their city was the ancient Nysa, where the nymphs nursed the Greek god, Bacchus, when he was a Yonek. The Greek historian, Herodotus, wrote, six hundred years ago, that it was Bacchus himself who settled the Scythians there. Woe unto you, Scythopolis, head of the Decapolis (Ten Cities). In all those Ten Cities the Ten Commandments are broken every day."

It is to be doubted whether the boys of Galilee learned much history from the frenzied denunciations of Eliezer. He expressed one view, at least, as to the Greek culture. Doubtless, too, like other boys, they had a certain admiration for his vigorous and coarse invective.

THE ROAD TO DOTHAN

HALF an hour later, their road was joined by another branch of the caravan route. It led from Samaria to the great trade road, called Via Maris, beside the Lake. As the hour was now nearing noon, the heat of the sun was very trying for man and beast. So the pilgrims stopped on a grassy knoll to rest and to eat their midday meal. The donkeys were turned loose to graze. Srips were opened. Water-skins were unslung. Bedding rolls were undone for such delicacies as might be needed. "Grace before meat" was said. A cheerful hum of talk arose as they began to eat.

They sat thus in great content of rest and food, much interested in the passers-by, who were mostly pilgrims, like themselves bound for Jerusalem. Acquaintances were recognised from time to time. Cheerful, shouted greetings were exchanged with such, and occasional inquiries made as to whether missing friends were behind or ahead of those who passed.

Presently a much larger company than usual appeared. In it were fifty or sixty people, with more than a dozen led animals. This party was hailed with loud acclaim of welcome. They recognised the friends above and, instead of passing by, turned up the hill and joined them. The women dismounted from their animals, which were let loose to graze with the others. All the newcomers mingled with the old in friendly and happy confusion. Salutations were exchanged. Kisses were frequent. Inquiries were made about Capernaum, Bethsaida, Dalmanutha, Magdala and Safed. One question was most frequently heard, "How is the fishing?"

Then all sat down again, group with selected group. Their srips too were opened. Soon the enlarged picnic party, fully a hundred people, were eating their common meal together, all busily exchanging news of families and friends who had not met since the last great feast at Jerusalem.

With the pleasure of a great family once more united, they ate and, after eating, rested through the heat of the day. The capable housekeepers of Nazareth did not forget to share their good things with the friends from the Lake. The boys served as willing, if interested, messengers in passing the dainties. They did not often, I suspect, refuse to take another taste "if urged." Among the delicacies were "auggoah," flat cakes made with honey and olive oil; also the more picturesque "halloth," which were thin, long cakes, crisp and delicious, also baked with honey, full of round holes and very toothsome. The housekeepers from the Lake returned the compliment by pressing upon their friends from the hill towns, among other things, the

choicest dried fish of the Lake, without which the richest banquet of the Roman Empire would not have been regarded as complete.

It was a gathering characteristically Galilean. Families from the Lake mingled with those from Lower Galilee, Nazareth, Cana and the great city of Sepphoris. Families came from the mountains of Upper Galilee, the city of Safed, Zebulon, Meiron and Birim, which last was the burial place of the Prophet Obadiah and of Barak, the conqueror of Sisera, where pilgrimages were made between the harvests, much as to Safed in the later centuries.

The towns about the Sea of Galilee were as prosperous as they were numerous, and the region was the richest and most productive in the Holy Land if not in all Asia. Common sayings were, "Go North for wealth. Go South for wisdom" (in the Law). "It is easier to raise ten thousand olive trees in Galilee than one child in Judea." The Lake district was the richest of all. From Bethsaida came three prosperous owners of fishing fleets, Zebedee, Jonas and Alpheus. Zebedee's wife, Salome, was the sister of Mother-Mary. With them was James, the older of their two sons who were to be known among the Apostles as "Boanerges," the "sons of thunder." It was the fate of this cousin of our Lord to be beheaded by Agrippa, the last Herod and last King of the Jews, because of James' vigorous leadership of the Church in Jerusalem.

Alpheus and Hulda were there, with their son, Philip, spoken of in the Gospel as "of the city of Andrew and Peter." Philip was to die a martyr in Phrygia for his preaching of the Gospel.

Jonas' family was the third from Bethsaida, which means "house of fishing." Jonas was in partnership with Zebedee in the ownership of a well-manned fishing fleet. With him and his wife, Johanna, were their two sons, Andrew and Simon, or Peter. It was Andrew, the younger, who brought the message to his brother that the Master had entered upon his ministry. The St. Andrew's cross is our memorial of the one request he made when condemned to be crucified, which was that he should not die on a cross of the same shape as his Master's. His cross is shaped like the letter X. Simon was the eldest son of Jonas and so was called Bar Jonas (the son of Jonas). He was to be surnamed Peter, which is the Greek word for "rock" as was "Cephas" (rock) in Aramaic. Peter also made but one request, which was granted, when he was crucified in Rome. It was that he should be nailed head downward on the cross, because he felt himself unworthy to die in the same position as his boyhood friend, the Master, whom he had denied in the hope that he might save his life.

The greatest trading city on the Lake was Capernaum. It was on the "Via Maris" (road of the sea), which led from the Great Sea to Damascus, Babylon, Persia and the farthest East. From Capernaum came the merchant, Rufus, and his wife Chirothea, with their son Matthew, the studious

His father's great warehouse was at the point where the Via Maris, the world's trade-road, touches the Lake. In the huge caravansary, mingled with the odors of spices, the sights of rich silks and carpets from Persia, could be heard all the strange tongues of the East. Thus Matthew had become a remarkable linguist, able to preach the Gospel in many tongues. He was to meet a martyr's death in far Ethiopia.

Hunger satisfied, the pilgrims had drifted into groups. The like-minded soon found themselves in congenial company. Thus the heads of families, surrounded by the boys, were a little apart. They were talking of "affairs," principally politics, crown taxes, impost duties and the minor injustices and oppression of Rome. The small tyrants must give strict account to their superiors and they, in turn, to the members of the Equestrian Order in Rome, who were directors of the imperial machinery that levied taxes and controlled the destinies of the scattered nations from the world capital. They did it with ironclad and Roman exactitude.

Zebedee, husband of The Boy's aunt Salome and father of James and John, was a successful, massive, rugged man whose heavy beard was beginning to be streaked with gray. He was sitting beside his substantial partner, Jonas, the father of Peter and Andrew, whose coal-black brows gave him a youthful look of power that sat strangely with the gray in hair and beard. Next to him sat Alpheus, the father of Philip, also interested in Bethsaida's chief industry, which gave the town its name, "house of fishing." The Lake group was completed by Matthew's father, Rufus, the merchant of Capernaum, who was a man of wide commercial interests and still wider information. He had constant contact with traders and travelers from all parts of the world, who came with news and gossip to his great khan and warehouse beside the Lake. There Roman-tax-gatherers "sat at the receipt of custom," to take toll from every bale of goods that passed on the great road Via Maris. Rufus knew them all as daily intimates. He could have told, if he had been so minded, the names and numbers of cohorts soon to be sent from Rome, the names of their commanders, possibly their centurions; how the greater rulers, legates and procurators stood with their imperial master, Cæsar Augustus; which one was likely to be recalled and which to be appointed; with rumors and gossip of dynastic plots and ambitions in Europe, Africa and Asia, but mostly of Asia, since all the trade of Asia passed his doors.

With them sat the friends of the hill towns of Lower Galilee. Abba-Yusuf was of a type which was so characteristic of his time that it cannot be disregarded, if we are to get a true picture of this period, so important in the history of the world. Reared in the half-Greek culture of Galilee, he was like multitudes of other Jews of his time. He was easily tolerant of heathen forms and customs in neighborhood life, but had all the dour unchangeable-

ness of the Jew in his religion. The stay of almost four years in Alexandria had brought him into deepest sympathy with multitudes of Jews whose thought tended to become speculative and philosophical. He often astonished, even alarmed, his intimates by a daring modernism of expression which seemed to combine the esoteric mysteries of Ancient Egypt with the independent Greek philosophy of the Jews of Alexandria. A third of that city were Jews, who were completely Greek in thought and yet wholly devoted to Jewish worship. More in number than all the dwellers in Jerusalem, their philosophic liberalism gave tone to the thought of the Jews scattered throughout the world. It left untouched the uneducated masses, while it came into constant conflict with the narrow teaching of the scribes and Pharisees of Jerusalem who, through the Great Sanhedrin, made official pronouncement for the masses of the rules and laws which were accepted, whether with loyalty or protest, as Jewish rules of life.

Among the scholars of the famous schools of Alexandria were the most learned and enlightened Jews of all the world. Philo, in particular (born 20 B.C.), was already becoming famous for his mastery of the profoundest Greek philosophy. He combined the reasoning of the greatest Greek thinkers with the teaching of the Hebrew Scriptures. He made Moses the teacher of Plato. He claimed the Ten Commandments as the basis of the Stoic philosophy. In the sympathetic community of these Jews Abba-Yusuf had lived. Its liberal thought had dominated him as it dominated the educated Jews through all the world. It had bred the philosophy of Philo, which was to translate an Oriental religion into Greek thought and so to make possible its comprehension and reception by the Western world. It was Philo's philosophy, or rather that of the great body of Greek-thinking Jews who produced Philo, which bridged the chasm between Greek logic and Oriental imagery, based on Jewish origins through a long line of Hebrew monotheism. It was to be the part of The Boy, instinct with the conflicting spirit of both these opposing religious tendencies, to live the life of God on earth so simply and naturally that all human relationships are seen to be sacred in the individual and in direct and personal relationship to God, the Spirit and the Truth and, if you will, the Supreme Idea of Plato.

Nazareth was represented by two others. Cleopas was the brother of Abba-Yusuf and the father of James the Less and Jude. He was a typical Galilean, half Greek in sympathies and culture, wholly Jew in prejudice and loyalty.

Diophanes, the Greek Jew of Antioch, sat beside them. On each side of him sat one of the twins. Diophanes' father had been a Jewish proselyte, or convert, in Antioch. A Jew of the second generation, he was treated with scant respect and his Greek sympathies regarded as Gentile disloyalty by the Jews of narrow national and religious prejudice. The stigma of Gen-

tile ancestry would be imposed, like "the sins of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation." Temalyon, of Cana, sat with Bar-Temalyon (Bartholomew), his son, who was to be called Nathaniel. They had a Greek name, but were typical Galilean Jews.

Eliezer, of Sepphoris, the father of that Simon who was called the Zealot, was a Jew of entirely different type. He was an ardent patriot of the fiercer sort. He had fought beside Judas in the Galilean rebellion of three years before, until Judas and his fellow leader Sadok, the Pharisee, had been captured by the Roman soldiers and crucified on the charge of treason. Eliezer still belonged to the secret order of the Zealots or Kanayim, sometimes mistakenly called Canaanites, and so confused with Canaanites. The Kanayim were all of Jewish blood. Hot-headed Eliezer, of Sepphoris, was a good example of the order. They were nationalists, pure and simple. They longed for nothing but to set their beloved nation free from bondage to any government but their own. Their ruling passion was a fierce hatred of Rome and all things Roman.

Among these men of Galilee on the way to the Passover on that day might have been seen the Founder of our Christian Civilization; also ten other boys, who were to be Apostles of the Great Teacher. The ten boys divided naturally into two groups. Five were of the hill towns of Lower Galilee, all within an hour of Nazareth, and three from Nazareth, beside their leader. The other five were from the shores of the Sea of Galilee. There would have been six, but the youngest of all, John, The Beloved Disciple, was not old enough to worship in the Temple. Five of the six from the Lake group came from the same town, Bethsaida. The other one lived in Capernaum, two miles distant, where Peter lived after his marriage, as did Jesus from early in his ministry. Of the Twelve Apostles, eleven came from Galilee. Only the false Judas came from Judea, outside the circle of boyhood friendship. Four of them called the Master "cousin." They were the two sons of Salome, the sister of Mother-Mary, and the two sons of Cleopas, the brother of Abba-Yusuf. The two aunts were his most faithful followers.

The hardest thing in all history, you will say; to choose Apostles from among the friends of youth and childhood; to find loyalty and reverence in the group most intimate and naturally the most critical, whose first thought would be, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

The strange thing is that it was done once before and once afterward. It was done by the Semitic founders of the other two great Monotheistic religions of the world, both Semitic in origin. Moses, the Hebrew, chose his brother Aaron to be his mouthpiece and High Priest. His sister Miriam sang one of the great hymns of Jehovah's early worship. Mohammed, the Arab, found his first disciples in his uncle and his cousins.

The women of the families were seated a little apart, talking of things more intimate and personal. Salome was slim and showed a tendency to angularity. She had snapping black eyes and was somewhat imperious in manner. Her vivacity was in striking contrast to the reposeful calm of Mother-Mary and the sweet placidity of Rizpah, the wife of Eliezer. In aggressiveness and energy she was only equaled by Chirothea, the ambitious wife of Rufus, the wealthy merchant. Salome had one consuming passion, her two sons. They had been born far apart, after childless years. James, the elder, was sturdy and dependable, much like his father Zebedee, against whose knee he now leaned, listening gravely to the talk of the men. John, "The Beloved," was a happy and loving little lad, who had been left at home in the care of the trusted slaves. "The little one," Salome called him, "with sunshine in his hair and in his heart." He would be known down all the ages as the "Beloved Disciple" and his name be attached to the Gospel which, of all the four, is most full of love.

Chirothea, the wife of Rufus, could talk of little or nothing else but her son Matthew, a black-haired, studious boy of twelve. Already, under private tutors, he was far advanced in the study of the Law of Moses and the Scriptures of the Jews. A born linguist, he was familiar with the strange tongues of the traders and merchants of the Via Maris. He could read Hebrew, the dead language in which the Scripture rolls were written, and translate it into Aramaic, the native tongue of Babylon and Syria. He talked with the camel drivers of Mesopotamia and Persia in their local dialects. He read freely and spoke correctly the Greek, which was the language of scholarship as well as the medium of all the commerce of the world, with which a merchant could transact business from Gaul to furthest Persia (India). He also spoke the stately Latin of the Roman officers and tax officials, one of whom, with his subordinates, was always stationed at Rufus' warehouse and khan, beside the rocky pass on the hill of Capernaum "at the receipt of custom" on the Via Maris. It was by these stations for the receipt of custom that the Romans collected the road taxes and impost duties from the commerce of the world by which was gathered the enormous revenue needed to support the huge Roman armies and to keep a population of a million people in amusement and idleness at home.

Chirothea hesitated between two courses by which her son should achieve his destiny of greatness. One was to have him study in the sacred college at Jerusalem to become a great rabbi like Hillel, the Rabbi-Prince, head of the Great Sanhedrin. He might even become High Priest, if only she could gain power enough, and wealth. The High Priesthood had become a political prize. The appointment to that office had, for many years, fallen to only five families. They were called the "High-priestly families." They had great wealth and wielded enormous political power.

The Legate of Syria, Cæsar's ruler of Asia at Antioch, had the appointment, both of the High Priest and of the Procurator of Judea who was the civil governor of Palestine. The Emperor's Legate at Antioch might even be a Cæsar. To secure the office of High Priest, great "gifts" must be made and political influence extended, reaching even to Rome and to the intimate circle of the Emperor himself.

The other course was to have Matthew learn the two arts needed for worldly place and power, arms and civil government. They could be mastered in that age only from one teacher, Rome. The career demanded both wealth and influence. The result was that Chirothea had become something of a miser for her son's future greatness.

She little dreamed that all the world would know his name as "Matthew, the author of the first Gospel," for all the long centuries after men had forgotten the name of Marcus Ambivius, the newly appointed Procurator of Judea, who had almost unlimited power over the welfare and the lives of the people.

It was of that same Procurator, Marcus Ambivius, the men were now speaking. They sat in a crosslegged circle, after the manner of the Orient. The boys lay between and among them and listened wide-eyed to this man's-talk, in which they would soon be included, as of right. The men had been speculating as to the policy of the new Procurator, hoping that Judea would not suffer under him as it had under Coponius, who had just been deposed and recalled to Rome after only three years of rule. His injustices had been deeply resented by all the Land.

Eliezer had just finished a vehement tirade against the deposed ruler. "And I praise God," he concluded, "that Coponius, who crucified Judas, my noble friend, has at last come under the vengeance of the Lord of Hosts. When he comes to Rome, I pray God that he may suffer as he caused our brave patriots to suffer, three years ago."

"It was at that time that the new Legate of Syria, Quirinius, gave the post of Procurator to Coponius," said Zebedee. "He came to take the place of Herod's son, the ethnarch Archelaus. It was at the same time that Quirinius named Annas to be High Priest. Coponius would never deviate a Roman foot at the request of Annas, who has opposed him with all the political power of the Sanhedrin, united to that of the five High-priestly families, to whom he is so closely related by many intermarriages. They have all plotted at Antioch and Rome until they got Coponius deposed and a Procurator appointed who will heed their demands in the conduct of the government."

"The High Priest has plotted," said Rufus, the merchant, "but Marcus Ambivius will not be his tool nor his subordinate. He is just a part of the Roman machine of government, which is the best the world could have

in these troublous times. The new governor will do his duty to Rome, as he sees it, with as much profit as he can get for himself and complete indifference to Annas' plots and to the people, except as they interfere with the smooth running of the machine."

"It is always so with the Roman machine," said Eliezer bitterly. "It rolls on ruthlessly like the wheels of a Roman chariot with its heartless driver leaving broken bodies and ruined lives behind. Will God never awake to the wrongs and sufferings of His people and raise up Messiah-King, as he has promised, to destroy the Roman Power and set us free?"

"Messiah-King may wait," said Abba-Yusuf. "God gives us not only justice, but love, as a father should. We who are fathers do not, as Moses commanded, bring our sons before the elders and have them killed by stoning (Deut. 21:18). We have the right to do so, under the Law, if they are rebellious and refuse to obey us. Instead of killing them, we put them under masters, if we are able to do so. We give the masters more power to teach them, even at the cost of pain. With a Father's love, God put us under Roman masters, even as he made us slaves to every great nation before them. Messiah-King will never come to drive them out until we have learned to do God's Will."

"It is well said," spoke Jonas gravely. Rufus added, "It is well said."

"But it is not well said," Eliezer vehemently replied. "That would make it a sin to fight against the Roman tyrants. God means them to be destroyed. The blood of Judas and our Galilean patriots has not been dry three years upon the Roman crosses where they died. That blood is sacred to the freedom of the Land. It cries for vengeance against accursed Rome. 'An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life, blood for blood.' That is the Law."

"Nay, it is not a sin to fight against Rome, if God wills, and when God wills," said Abba-Yusuf. "But it is a sin not to do God's Will. It does not make our words God's words to say that they were spoken by the mouth of God. The Savior who comes may be a man of war and blood. He may be King-Messiah. He may be a gentler teacher, of love and mercy, and all that is of God. He will not gain our freedom by speaking his own words as if they were the words of God. He will save our nation and, I hope, also the world by speaking God's words as his own."

"But who can be the Savior of our nation, if not the King-Messiah?" asked Zebedee. "I mean the man, chosen of God, the Anointed One, crowned with the crown of David, raised up to be our military leader, who will command our armies, drive out the Romans and become the King of Israel and ruler of the world?"

"Just as Judas and Sadok, we hoped, would drive them out," said Eliezer sadly. "But we were easily beaten and scattered to our mountain

hiding places. Then our brave leaders were caught by the Romans. They were condemned and died upon the cross."

"We did not succeed, because we have not learned to do the Will of God as yet," said Abba-Yusuf. "As to him who comes, he may be King-Messiah. He may be a prophet of righteousness and a teacher of holiness and love. Most of the people and many of the Sanhedrin think he will be King-Messiah, warlike and victorious, that he will destroy the Roman Empire and put our kingdom in its place. He may, or may not, spill the blood of the Romans. Of one thing I am sure. He will know God's will. He will speak the words of God. He will give us the freedom that comes alone from God."

"How can we have freedom," asked Zebedee, "if our bondage to Rome is not destroyed?"

"He may become the Savior to the Greeks and Romans also," said Abba-Yusuf. "He may give them freedom, as he gives it to us. Why should he not speak God's words and teach God's will to them, that he may give freedom to all the world, Jew, Greek and Roman?"

"Freedom from what?" cried Eliezer, "when the Roman dogs are masters of the world?"

"Freedom from lust and vice and crime," said Abba-Yusuf firmly. "Freedom from sin, injustice and oppression. Freedom from their evil thoughts and evil lives, idols and false gods. Freedom from all the sins forbidden by the Law of Moses and the laws of God. Our bondage is light, compared with theirs. It consists of taxes and impost duties, which we pay for the best government the world has ever had. Mere oppression in our national liberty does not affect our souls. We are free with a higher freedom which we ought to desire for all mankind. We are free to worship God. We are free to obey his law of righteousness. We can obey God's Will and so reveal His life to men, even though we are not free to choose a king."

Here the talk was interrupted. One of the boys had been sent to look after the grazing animals. He gave a shrill cry that could be heard all down the hill.

"Come quickly," he shouted. "Eliezer's donkey has fallen into the pit."

The Galilean groups quickly dispersed. Most of the women stayed behind to gather up the fragments of the noon-day meal, to re-pack and prepare rolls and scrips for the rest of the day's journey. All the men and boys hastened across to the scene of the accident. Fortunately it was not serious. The little beast had been grazing close to one of the dry pits which were so common among these hills. It had stepped out on an overhanging hummock of grass, whose outer edge showed lush and green. The grass roots gave way on the inner side. The hummock made a safe and

somewhat dusty slide to the bottom of the pit. The donkey went along, still unhurt, upon its top. There they found him, apparently content, nibbling the grass of the very hummock on which he had made his quick descent.

Rufus, of Capernaum, was, perhaps, not averse to publishing the fact that his riding animals were camels, rather than donkeys.

"Onias, go and get one of my camel ropes," he commanded his servant. When the man had gone a little way, he called after him, "Bring the rope of the other camel too. We may need them both."

The ropes were soon brought to the edge of the pit. Simon, the sturdy son of Jonas, stepped forward. He was the natural leader among the boys of the Lake district. Impetuous as always, he took one end of the joined ropes and leaped over the edge. He descended in a swift slide, dizzily, to the bottom of the pit. But he came with such a cloud of dust and rattle of gravel that the donkey was terrified. The frightened animal made a mad run half way up the steep slope on the other side, only to slip back again and to come down with a rush, amid a small avalanche of dirt and gravel. The ready Simon escaped only by a sudden jump to one side. This raised a laugh among the boys and men at the top of the pit. They showered him with joking praise and advice.

It was but a matter of moments, afterwards, to tie the rope around the body of the now discouraged and tractable little beast. Peter did it quickly and dextrously with a non-slip noose. It was very easy for the son of a Lake fisherman, who had been familiar with the rigging and tackle of his father's boats since he was a Taph (child clinging to its mother).

"All ready?" called Peter.

"No," said his father, Jonas. "Slip that kedje rope between his fore legs. That will keep him 'head on' while we haul him up." Which bit of nautical slang of course raised a great laugh among the men at the top. They were like boys in their holiday spirits.

The new adjustment was quickly made. Then Jonas spoke the words in Aramaic that were equivalent to "A long pull and a strong pull. Ready. Go." The men and boys, all who could get hold of the rope, gave a mighty heave. The little animal, vigorously helping with fast moving hoofs, came up the steep slope with a rush. So quickly did he ascend, indeed, that Peter had to use his wits again, and quickly. He had begun by pushing strongly against the donkey's buttocks from behind, but could not keep the rapid pace of the ascent. He was soon forced to the alternative of scrambling up on all fours, his eyes and mouth filled with dust and gravel from the lively hoofs, or of keeping himself upright by clinging to the donkey's tail. This choice he took and, with it, a firm grasp on the drooping tail. So he came to the top in triumph, amidst a great roar of laughter



NOONDAY REST

from the men and boys, who gave him much jocular applause for his quickness of thought.

So, with high good humor and in a short time, as time is reckoned in the easy manner of the Orient, the women were mounted on the riding animals. The men took the leading ropes and, in small groups of those most intimate, the procession took its way in the perceptibly lengthening shadows toward Jerusalem.

Two hours or more they traveled at the normal rate, for both donkeys and camels, of two and a half miles an hour. This brought them to the old town of En Gannim, then called Ginea (now Jenin). Its old Hebrew name meant "the Fountain of Gardens." The pilgrims stopped to drink of the crystal waters of the brook, which flows through, and almost around, the town. Eliezer, the Zealot, prided himself on his knowledge of things military. He gathered a number of the boys around him to tell them of the tragedies of their nation, so largely caused by this natural gateway into the very heart of the Holy Land.

"Up that broad and fertile valley," he said, pointing back to the easy road they had just ascended, "every conqueror has come in to oppress our people. It was the pathway of the Midianites, who oppressed Israel in the time of the Judges. It was the road of the Phenicians and Canaanites who warred with our first king, Saul, a thousand years ago. On that high headland to the north Saul fought his last battle and met his death. Ben Hadad, the king of Syria, led a great army from his capital, Damascus, nine hundred years ago and marched up this valley to victory. Seven hundred years ago (721), the Assyrians came up to conquer and destroy Samaria, the capital of the Northern Kingdom of Israel, and later to carry away captive the whole Kingdom of Israel, all the Ten Tribes, to such far counties that nobody knows where, but God alone, who will bring them back in joy in the day when King-Messiah comes to restore Israel's glory and to rule the whole world from Jerusalem. Six hundred years ago, Nebuchadnezzar defeated our ally, the Egyptian King, Necho, at Charchemesh and then marched up this open road to capture and destroy Jerusalem. He carried away the rest of our nation as captives into Babylon. Alexander the Great came this way after the battle of Issus (333 B.C.), for his conquest of Egypt. He conquered our nation but became our friend. He gave rich gifts to the Holy Temple and made our merchants citizens of his new city, with the right to be called Macedonians. Seventy years ago (64 B.C.), at the call of those false Jews and fighting brothers, last of the Asmonean Kings, Pompey led his Roman legions by this road to make us slaves to Rome. But," concluded the fiery Zealot, "we shall not always be slaves. God will give his power to King-Messiah, to cast off the yoke and bring proud Rome itself under bondage to his world-wide rule."

The pilgrim line had gone before. The boys followed them up the verdant valley. Like Galilee it was a sea of flowers at Eastertide. The boys waded in flowers here, as about Nazareth and the Lake. Through a forest of flowers they played leap-frog and follow-the-leader, their energy undiminished by the long day's walk. On a carpet of flowers they walked beside the bridle paths as the afternoon wore on. The shadows grew still longer as the pilgrims went upon their way until at last they breasted the final slope and came out on the broad fields of Dothan, where they were to make camp for the night.

As they looked out across the wide flats and the gently rolling plains, they could the more easily understand how it was possible for the envious elder brothers to see the approach of Joseph in his "coat of many colors" for such a long time. For, "when they saw him afar off, even before he came near unto them, they conspired against him," as it is told in the thirty-eighth chapter of Genesis.

Here over the fields of Dothan the sun was casting his beams across the raised table-land with a level look, as if to say, "It is time to seek your lodgment for the night." In Judea or Galilee they would have found lodging in the homes of Jewish families. But this was Samaria, hating and hated of Jews.

"Are we so many that we may not lodge in the houses of the land?" James asked the question of his father Zebedee.

"It is unlawful for us to enter the houses and to hold fellowship with the people of Samaria," answered Zebedee. "They are Levitically unclean. The book of Leviticus forbids us to take part in the worship at our great feasts if we have become unclean by contact with unclean people or unclean things. The elders of Israel have declared that both the houses and the people of Samaria are unclean."

"Then why not the roads?" asked The Boy.

"It has been pronounced by the fathers," said Abba-Yusuf, "and confirmed by the Great Sanhedrin that the roads and the water and the soil of Samaria are clean. They do not make a Jew unclean, even on a journey to the Passover."

The pilgrims found a good spot to make their camp on the higher levels. They settled themselves by a low ledge of limestone rock to cut off the wind that blows inland from the Great Sea as the sun goes down.

The boys scattered to look for firewood. They scoured the wide flats and traversed the high places, where a glimpse might be had of the red sun, sinking into the Great Sea beyond the western slopes of Samaria. Matthew, the scholarly, shed a flood of light by his remark, "I never thought before why the same word, 'hayam,' is used in Hebrew as the name for

'Sea' and for 'West.' There is the reason, right out there. To our fathers, the 'Sea' has always been the 'West.'"

Peter was older than the rest. He had been on pilgrimage before. So he led the boys to the dry pit which was pointed out "as the very one in which Joseph had been cast by his brothers," before they sold him to the Arabs to be carried down to Egypt as a slave.

Before darkness had fallen the boys returned, well laden with their gatherings for the evening fires. They had dry stalks of last year's thistles, twigs of thorn, branches broken from the thickets and dry camel-dung, so good for holding glowing embers through the night.

A quick mixing of dough was made by Mother-Mary and her sister Salome. It was patted into sheets, very thin, and spread on the "saagh," or concave sheet of iron, also used for boiling. The saagh was greased with a little olive oil so that the dough would not stick and set on stones above the fire. The cheerful sound of "the crackling of thorns under the pot" (saagh) was soon followed by the appetizing odor of fresh-baked bread. They liked it hot, and usually had it so for the two principal meals of the day, at noon and at sunset.

Then the families of the two sisters and of Abba-Yusuf's brother, Cleopas, reverently stood for the "giving of thanks before meat." So they sat down in the warm dusk to eat of the fresh hot bread, delicious pickled fish from the Lake, produced by Salome from her store, and the other good things made by the two Marys, in Nazareth. It was the cheerful meal of tired travelers, with much intimate talk of things personal to the three families.

Off a little way to the southeast rose a hill of no great size, but standing out with a kind of spectral dignity in the gloom of the early night. Cleopas pointed it out to the boys as they rose from the evening meal, saying, "There is the Mount of Dothan, 'which was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha' (II Kings 6:17)."

There was a little visiting from fire to fire after darkness fell. Also some "larking" in the shadows by the boys of high spirits, for the youth of Galilee were not easily tired, even by the long day's march. Mostly the pilgrims sat talking quietly about the family fires.

Beds were early spread in the lee of the rocks, out of reach of the chill wind from the sea. Talk became intermittent. Fires died down, one by one, to ember glow. Sweet sleep, like a mantle of blessing, descended on the weary pilgrims. They rested in companies under the starry sky. The firmament was studded with a million twinkling lights, never so bright as in the sky of Palestine. The stars seemed to hang like shining lamps from a heavenly ceiling, a ceiling of blue-black velvet with a purple under-

tone, translucent and shining of itself, as though it were the veil of God.

Over the eastern mountains came presently the glory of the Paschal moon to flood the sleeping world with a radiance as brilliant as the day but more restful and subdued.

The soul of The Boy was full of quiet joy and of a hovering peace. Never had men seemed more like brothers, nor God so much the Father.

IN SAMARIA

BEFORE the sun looked over the eastern mountains, the pilgrims over all the fields of Dothan were in animated motion.

Men and women, boys and animals, could be seen moving about in the gray light, making preparations for the day's journey. The boys were particularly in evidence, both of sight and of sound. The donkeys often strayed. They had to be sought, taken to the brook for water, and brought back to the family camp.

Then came morning ablutions. The most care-free Galilean would observe the tradition and custom as to washing, especially on such a holy pilgrimage. Those who followed the stricter Pharisaic practice were careful to "wash with the fist." That is, they let the poured water run off the wrist for the first washing and, for the second, allowed it to run off the fingers. Water that had touched the hands or feet the first time was called unclean. To wash by dipping, however, was allowed in running water.

Morning prayers were said, or rather chanted, with the Oriental minor cadence that just escapes being a monotone. Each family repeated the whole of the Shema and the prayers of pilgrimage. All joined in singing the morning psalm. Grace was said, as always, "before meat." The breakfast consisted of a round thin loaf of kiccar-lehem, circle-bread, for each. Dried figs and salted olives of last year's crop were added and, since it was a Passover camp, with a long day's march ahead, they enjoyed the luxury of dried fish from the Lake. The whole was washed down by water from the common cup, mixed with a third or fourth of wine. The cup was passed from hand to hand as the meal progressed.

The pilgrim column was already in its long, extended line when the sun came up in glaring yellow power.

Many of the travelers followed the easy longer slope of the winding valley. The Galileans took the road lying to the west of the usual way, with the town of Kubatieh on their left. They journeyed on and over many steep ascents, which alternated with olive groves and smiling valleys. The "passes" of Ephraim and Manasseh gaped, narrow and rock-bound, to the east. Down these ravines came sudden gusts of wind from the desert beyond the Ghor, often with sufficient power to carry away any head-gear but the tightly wound turbans of the Orientals.

The pilgrims breasted hill after hill until they reached an altitude of

more than fourteen hundred feet, then descended near the little town of Jeba, where they rejoined the direct road from Ginea to Sebaste. They wished to avoid the heathen city, for it was a great fortress, the headquarters of the Roman garrison and recruiting station for the tyrant legions. So they crossed the main road and climbed long and steeply to the top of the high ridge which stretches across Samaria, like a stone rampart.

This brought them to a height of more than two thousand feet. As they neared the top, they could look back and see the hills of Galilee. Far beyond sparkled the snows of Hermon. It dominated the landscape, as always, though the mountain of Anti-Lebanon was now seventy-five miles away. The battlements of the port of Cæsarea stood out upon the shore twenty-five miles distant. In the midst rose a huge pile of white marble, with a golden dome. It was the temple erected by Herod in honor of Cæsar when the mad king rebuilt the city and named it Cæsarea in honor of Augustus. Cæsar's golden statue, under the dome of the temple, received all the honor of a Roman god. The wide slopes that reached to the Great Sea were called the Plain of Sharon, which means "forest." They were still densely wooded twelve hundred years later, at the time of the Crusades.

Once over the summit of the range, the pilgrims sat down to eat their midday meal and to rest through the heat of the day.

They were looking down into the valley which had been the battle center of Israel from the earliest times. Below them stood the mighty fortress of Sebaste. It had been the "strong place" of Israel for a thousand years. It had once been named Samaria. It was then purely Jewish and capital of all the Ten Tribes. Now it was more than half heathen, like the Greek name it bore. Under its ancient name, the city had so long been the capital and strong fortress of the Northern kingdom of Israel, that it had given its name, Samaria, to the whole central country in which it stood.

They saw a steep round hill which rose sharply, three hundred feet from an elevated plain. The plain itself was the floor of a great basin formed by the surrounding mountains. The Hill of Samaria was wonderfully terraced. The terrace walls rose, step by step, tier on tier, up all the sides of the stronghold. From the height where the pilgrims rested, the tops of the terraces could be plainly seen. They stood like carefully planned flower gardens, with beds of all shapes and sizes, which seemed as though the sides of each had been cut down deep into the soil with a straight, sharp spade. Instead of being soil, the sides were high ledges of limestone rock, incapable of being scaled and easily defended by very few against very many. The huge fortress sat far below them and seemed lacking in dignity, as they looked down and beyond it to the bulking background

of Mount Ebal, which rises to a height of over three thousand feet. Beyond Ebal the long range of Mount Gerizim stretched out, almost as high.

"It looks something like Sepphoris from the hill above the bazaars at Nazareth," said James, "except that the buildings are whiter, and that it has the wide straight road with the columns on both sides, and the marble temple and golden statue at the end. But tell me, Abba-Zebedee, where is the Mountain of Ephraim?"

"This whole land of mountains and high valleys is called the 'Mount of Ephraim,' especially in the books of the Prophets and the Sacred Writings of our fathers," said Zebedee. "In the same way, when they speak of the mountains and high hill country from Hebron to Jerusalem, they call it the 'Mount of Judah.' You would understand it better if they called this mountain land the 'Mount of Joseph,' instead of the 'Mount of Ephraim,' for Ephraim was the son of Joseph and not of Jacob, or Israel."

"It is true," said Abba-Yusuf. "The Patriarch Jacob received his new name 'Israel' long before Joseph became a ruler of Egypt under the friendly Pharaoh. It was there in Egypt that Jacob, when he came to die, called his sons about him to receive his blessing, the blessing and the prophecy of the Twelve Tribes. It is told in the forty-eighth chapter of Genesis how Jacob blessed the two sons of Joseph, and how he put the younger before the elder by placing his right hand on the head of Ephraim and his left on the head of Manasseh. So the tribe of Ephraim became larger and stronger than that of Manasseh or Judah or any of the others. When the Twelve Tribes came back to the Land of Promise, they came directly to this place and Ephraim took this land, which was the best of all, while the tribe of Manasseh, the other descendants of Joseph, took the good land next it and extending across the Jordan. The rest of the tribes were weaker and had to be satisfied with what was left. All these broad and easy valleys are called the 'outgoings of Ephraim,' or the Mount of Ephraim."

"Why is the fortress called 'Sebaste,' when its name was Samaria?" asked Jude.

"The Emperor Augustus gave the city to Herod when it was in ruins. Herod rebuilt it in magnificence, as you see it now. He named it in honor of the Emperor, for Sebaste means 'Highly Honored' in Greek, just as 'Augustus' does in Latin. It was better named in the old days when it was called Samaria, or in Hebrew, 'Shomeron,' which means 'watch tower.' You can see how it stands as a watch tower in the rich wide Barley Vale and guards the only easy pass from the Jordan to the Great Sea.

"Shechem was the capital after the Ten Tribes revolted and formed the Northern Kingdom, which they called Israel. But Shechem was like old Jericho. It never could defend itself. It was always captured quickly

by every invader. Even Jereboam, the first king of Israel, gave up the old capital at Shechem for the mountain fastness of Tirzah. It was Omri who bought the hill there for two talents of silver. On the hill he built his city, Samaria. So it became the capital of all the kings of Israel. It has ever since remained the stronghold of depravity, of Samaritans, and now of heathen idolaters."

"But what a stronghold," said Temalyon. "See how it stands high and invincible, looking down the broad Barley Vale, eight miles to the foothills below, descending by easy slopes through Sharon (forest) to the coast of the Great Sea."

"It was well placed for heathen alliance and for injury to God's worship," said Eliezer. "Open to the sea, it has welcomed every foreign evil and false god from the time of Omri, its founder, to that of Ahab and Herod. Ahab married the Phenician princess, Jezebel, and brought her to his palace on the summit yonder. Floating past, she could see the galleys of her father, Eth-Baal, the Phenician king. She could see the glory of the Sun, her father's god, as it set in the shining waters. No wonder that Jezebel called in the prophets of Baal to corrupt the people with their idol worship and that she killed the prophets of Jehovah with the sword.

"Bloodthirsty Herod was even worse than Ahab. He was half foreign by race and birth. He welcomed the tyrants of Rome. They strengthened his hands and set him on the throne. Augustus gave him the city. There he built that mighty citadel, only to make it a family shambles. It was there he married the beautiful Mariamne, granddaughter of the High Priest. Afterward, in a fit of jealousy, he had her killed. In that palace he commanded to strangle the two sons whom she had borne him, and gave their wives to others. There too, the ghost of murdered Mariamne taunted, as it lured him, till his crazed mind saw her alive again. He would call and call to her and weep because she did not come. Then he would rise and, with a fury of curses, command his servants to bring her to his arms, to be subject once more to his passion and to his jealousy."

"But God's vengeance was not lacking on that hill," said Jonas. "It was there that Elijah pronounced the sentence of death upon false Ahab after he had killed Naboth for his vineyard and followed the abominations of his wife Jezebel's Phenician sun-worship. 'And they washed his chariot by the pool of Samaria, and the dogs licked up his blood' (I Kings 22:38). As to the heathen queen, Elijah's words came true years later, in the time of Elisha. For other dogs tore the flesh from the bones of Jezebel in the streets of the city of Jezreel, till there was left only 'the skull and the feet and the palms of her hands' (II Kings 9:35.)"

"It was there, in old Samaria, that God took vengeance on the Sun-worshippers," said Reuben. "Jehu called the worshippers of Baal out of

all Israel, saying, 'I have a great sacrifice to Baal.' But the sun-worshippers became the sacrifice (II Kings 10:19), for Jehu shut them in the Temple of Baal on the hill 'and they smote them with the edge of the word.'"

"It is an accursed stronghold," said Eliezer, "but it has been accursedly strong from its very foundation. In the time of Elisha, eight hundred years ago, Ben-Hadad gathered the hosts of Damascus and 'they besieged it, until an ass's head was sold for eighty shekels of silver.' The Syrians fled in a panic of fear on the very night that Elisha prophesied and said, 'Thus saith the Lord: To-morrow about this time, shall a measure of fine flour be sold for a shekel and two measures of barley for a shekel in the gates of Samaria' (II Kings, 7:1).

"Later, it took three years of siege before the stronghold was captured by the Assyrians under Shalmanezer. Twenty years afterward, his son Sargon demolished the stronghold and carried all the Ten Tribes away as slaves. He placed them in far cities of Media and Persia. They are still the Lost Tribes and will be until King-Messiah comes. He will call them back. The Twelve Tribes will be reunited under King-Messiah to rule the world."

"It was that king of Assyria who replaced the Ten Tribes with wild heathen colonists of his own cities, from Cuth to Sepharvayim," said Cleopas. "They brought their own idols to worship. But they were attacked by lions. Then they sent to Media for a Hebrew priest of the Ten Tribes. He was half idolater and gave them a debased worship of God, which they combined with their worship of idols. It was such a religion as Samaria deserved."

"The soldiers of the Great Alexander took the city without resistance, when the Macedonian came this way to conquer Egypt," said Diophanes, the Greek Jew of Antioch. "Alexander himself did not enter the city until his return from Egypt. Then he came in anger. He came to destroy the murderers of Andromachus, whom he had left as Governor. The treacherous Samaritans had seized him and burnt him alive. Alexander took a terrible toll of blood and settled many of his harsh Macedonians here, further to pollute the blood of the race, already half-Jew and half-heathen."

"The city-fort of Samaria has always been so strong that it has been destroyed whenever it was captured," said Eliezer. "Sargon, the Assyrian King, destroyed it. His son Sennacherib refortified it in his vain attempt to capture Jerusalem. Nebuchadnezzar made it the strong base for his attack on Jerusalem, when he destroyed the Holy City, six hundred years ago. When Alexander's generals, Ptolemy and Seleucus, became kings of Egypt and Syria, they alternately destroyed and rebuilt the fortress to fight against each other across our helpless Land. The brave Maccabees

were never able to conquer it. Their descendant, John Hyrcanus, besieged it for a year before he could starve it into submission (120 B.C.). He determined to destroy it forever as a menace to the kingdom. He piled the stones of all its buildings in scattered heaps. He changed the course of every spring and stream, even the waters of the ravine, there at its base, so that they would wash away the very soil. But Pompey, the Roman, occupied it. His successor, Gabinius, rebuilt it. Thirty years later, the Romans drove out the Arabs who had overrun the Land. They set Herod on the throne. He rebuilt it as you see it now, with its great stone citadel and the wide streets whose colonnades are formed by pillars, each of a single stone more than twenty feet in height."

"Herod's architecture is all pure Greek," said Rufus. "I have seen the duplicates of those colonnades in Athens and Corinth, in Antioch and Alexandria. In Corinth there is just such a building as that marble temple, the same rounded dome and fluted pillars, with carved acanthus leaves swelling at the top."

"What is the building?" asked Simon, the Zealot's son.

"It is the temple which Herod built in honor of Augustus," said Eliezer. "The golden statue of the Emperor, like the one you saw in Cæsarea, receives the worship of a heathen god, not only from the Romans, but even from many of the false Jews who fall so easily into Greek ways."

"The high west gateway of the city is an arch of triumph. Herod built it to celebrate his victory over the Arabs, though it was really the victory of the Roman Legions." Such was Jonas' further contribution.

So the talk went on during the heat of the day. Each pilgrim contributed something. The history of the cities and their lands was familiar to them all. Thus the boys on their first pilgrimage gained the information which was so familiar to their elders, but which would seldom be vouchsafed except as the sight of the city or the landmark brought it to mind. Then history, geography and religion became the gossip of the resting group. Things which are matters of history or of ancient geography to us were matters of gossip and common knowledge to the boys of Galilee. This knowledge was the background of their thought, very easily acquired, because it was so familiar to the minds of all the people of that age and land.

As the heat of the day began to pass, the pilgrim cavalcade was again in motion. They descended the steep hill to the basin-plain, a hill neither so high nor steep as that which leads from Nazareth to the Plain of Esdrelon.

When they reached the basin out of which rose the fortress hill of Sebaste, they did not follow the valley that winds easily upward to the



ANCIENT SHECHEM—NABLUS

city of Shechem. They took the shorter but rougher way to the left, near the base of Mount Ebal. The road up the valley was much used by inhabitants, half-Greek or wholly Samaritan. These might be friendly enough on the open road if met by Jews, singly, or in small parties. Now they were both sensitive and defiant, for the Jews on pilgrimage aroused the hatred that always seems to spring up for a great procession of a rival religion. The Jews, on their part, were quite ready to fight any detractor of their faith, but feared to be made unclean by a dead body. They also wished to avoid the camp of the Roman legions beside the brook. This camp was the great recruiting center for Palestine. It was full of mercenary soldiers, sent here for training from all parts of the world, who respected no religion but Roman Might.

The rough road led across the rugged foothills of Mount Ebal, which were covered with stones like paving blocks. The loose stones make deadly missiles and readily suggest the national custom of death by stoning. After skirting the stony base of Ebal, the pilgrims entered a perfect paradise of well-kept gardens, orange groves and olive orchards. Clumps of palm trees stood here and there. Through a land of rills and springs and flowing brooks, they came again to the easy valley road where it enters the vale and the city of Shechem.

It was a long, almost unending line of pilgrims who marched up the valley. They received scowling looks and defiant glances from those who met them and from the loiterers in the streets. They were often cursed by the growing boys and young men of the city. In one case a man who wore the turban of authority spoke insultingly and in a needlessly loud voice, so that all might hear.

"They call themselves the only true followers of Moses and the Law," said the Samaritan. "They ought to know that, in our Great Temple, we have a copy of the Law which has been handed down to us from the thirteenth year after the Twelve Tribes entered the Land of Promise at this very place."

The pilgrims avoided the bazaars and kept to the eastward on the opposite side of the brook, as far as the steep side of Mount Ebal would permit. Thus they escaped the crowds and did away with many chances of possible violence. For bloody quarrels might easily occur by too close contact with the Samaritans. The animosity of each race for the other was great, especially at the time of religious pilgrimage. It needed only a touch to cause hatred to blaze into wrathful and murderous activity. They were fortunate enough to escape bloodshed and blows. And they looked down with much interest upon the life and busy bazaars of their hereditary enemies.

For Shechem was the ancient capital of their nation. It was the home

of their first forefathers. Abram came to Shechem at the end of his long journeying from "Ur of the Chaldees" in Mesopotamia. Here Abraham, while he was yet Abram, made his first camp under the terebinths of Moreh. "And the Lord appeared unto Abram and said, Unto thy seed will I give this land. And there builded he an altar to the Lord" (Gen. 12: 6-7). That was the first altar ever built to God in the Land of Promise.

Here too came Jacob, when he returned from serving Laban twenty years for his wives and for the increase of his flocks, to bring his many children and great possessions back to the land of his birth.

To Shechem, after four hundred years, came the children and children's children of Jacob, now grown into twelve great tribes, The Children of Israel. They came back from slavery in Egypt, as to the old home which God had promised centuries before to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, the Patriarchs of their race.

The Twelve Tribes, under the leadership of Joshua, had come directly to this valley. Here they had carried out the commands which Moses had given them before his death beyond the Jordan (Deut. 11:29 and 27:4-5). First, they built a great altar to God on the summit of Mount Ebal. It was an altar of stones, untouched by iron. On it they sacrificed a multitude of animals as offerings to the Lord. From the sacrificed animals they made a great feast for all the tribes.

Joshua separated the people into two parts. He set the six tribes of Simeon, Levi, Judah, Issacher, Joseph and Benjamin over against Mount Ebal. He set the other six tribes, Reuben, Gad, Asher, Zebulon, Dan and Naphtali over against Mount Gerizim. To the assembled tribes, the "blessings" were read from Gerizim, the Mount of Blessing. The "cursings" were read from Ebal, the Mount of Cursing. The tribes shouted a great "Amen," as the Levites read each "Blessing" promised to Israel if they obeyed the Lord and kept His laws. And they all shouted a great "Amen," as the Levites read each "Cursing" threatened against Israel if they did not obey the Law, but turned aside to serve other gods (Joshua 8:30-35).

As the long column of Galileans marched up the valley, the high sides of Mount Ebal sloped away more gently toward the north. The bold face of Mount Gerizim came more and more into prominence and its rough front stood out more steeply. Great holes showed in its high face, caves that might receive an army of robbers but now, through many years, had been the shelter for peaceful flocks and for the families of those who loved to dwell within their high and dry interiors.

On the face of Mount Gerizim was a high, projecting rock. It was called the "Rock of Jotham" and was pointed out to the boys as the rock upon which Jotham, the youngest son of Gideon, had stood after his seventy brothers had been killed on one stone. He rebuked the men of Shechem,

who had chosen his false brother as their king. Jotham told them the only fable that is written in all the Bible:

"The trees went forth on a time to anoint a king over them; and they said unto the olive tree, 'Reign thou over us.' But the olive tree said unto them, 'Should I leave my fatness, wherewith by me they honor God and man, and go to wave over the trees?' And the trees said to the fig-tree, 'Come thou and reign over us.' But the fig-tree said unto them, 'Should I forsake my sweetness and my good fruit and go to wave over the trees?' Then the trees said unto the vine, 'Come thou, and reign over us.' And the vine said unto them, 'Should I leave my wine, which cheereth God and man, and go to wave over the trees?' Then said all the trees to the bramble, 'Come thou, and reign over us.' And the bramble said unto the trees, 'If in truth, you anoint me to be over you, then come and put your trust in my shadow: and if not, let fire come out of the bramble and devour the cedars of Lebanon.'"

The young man only waited long enough to make the bitter personal application of the fable to the men who had killed all his brothers. "And Jotham ran away and fled and went to Beer, and dwelt there, for fear of Abimelech, his brother" (Judges 9: 7-21).

Beyond the Rock of Jotham, almost suddenly, the valley opened out into the plain of Shechem. A branch road could be seen leading eastward through the valley to the Ghor (Jordan valley). It was by this road that Jacob had come up after crossing the Jordan, with his wives and many children, his flocks and herds. He still "halted upon his thigh," from the all-night struggle with the man at the brook Jabbok, whom he would not let go, in spite of his dislocated thigh, until he had received his blessing. With that blessing, given in "the ascending of the morning," Jacob received his new name, "Israel," the Prince of God (Genesis 32:28).

Jacob had just met his angry brother Esau, whose blessing he had stolen from their blind father, Isaac. He had made his humble submission to the elder son. He had placated Esau's wrath by sending him enormous gifts, "two hundred she-goats, and twenty he-goats, two hundred ewes and twenty rams, thirty milch camels with their colts, forty kine (cows), and ten bulls, twenty she-asses, and ten foals" (Gen. 32:13). Esau had forgiven him and had asked him to go on with him to Seir. But Jacob had begged him to remember "that the children are tender, and the flocks and herds with young are with me: and if men should over-drive them one day, all the flock will die." And he ended the dreaded interview and gained his wish, *not* to be with his newly reconciled elder brother and his four hundred armed followers. He did it very diplomatically by combining, with the submissiveness of the younger brother, the irresistible plea of the astute sheep-herder, saying:

"Let my lord, I pray thee, pass on before his servant; and I will lead on softly, according as the cattle that goeth before me and the children be able to endure, until I come unto my lord, unto Seir" (Gen. 33:14).

So the Patriarch Jacob came up to the plain of Shechem, to the town or village of Shalem, just above the city. He pitched his tent and made his camp amid the rich pasturage, watered by running brooks. It was very different from the "field," or barren land, that is found in almost every other part of Palestine. "He bought a parcel of the cultivated field at the hands of the children of Hamor, Shechem's father, for one hundred lambs of money" (Gen. 33:19).

Half an hour they crossed the verdant plain, watered by its twenty-seven springs. So they came to a little brook, where a small mill was turning below the dam. Fifty yards away there was a great concourse of pilgrims. They were gathered about a central point. From where they stood the boys could not see the point of attraction or a reason for the crowds.

"Why should all those people be here upon the plain?" said Thomas. "Why should those people all be here?" echoed Eliezer, his twin.

"They are drawing water from Jacob's well," said Diophanes, his father.

Much as the boys wished it, they did not stop at once to see the historic well. They turned up the hill beyond. After a little way they found a place to camp. It was on a small plateau of one of the down-reaching spurs of Mount Gerizim. The camp was not far from Sychar, a little village near the site of the ancient Shalem, where Jacob had pitched his camp when he first came back to the homeland with his flocks and herds.

Above them, on the high corner of the mountain stood the Great Samaritan Temple. It had been established by Sanballat, a powerful noble of the Samaritans. They had first asked the privilege of worshipping in the Temple at Jerusalem. Because of the mixed blood of the Samaritans it had been refused by the Jews who had come back from the Exile in Babylon. Then Sanballat had established the Great Temple on Gerizim, with the same sacrifices and the same worship of Jehovah. Four hundred years later the Samaritan Temple had been destroyed by John Hyrcanus (129 B.C.), when all the Land was swept by the flood of Jewish victory. It had been partially rebuilt but, from the camp below, looked like a great heap of ruins. It was thus a daily reminder of Jewish harshness, which fed the hatred of the Samaritans toward the Jews.

Beyond the Samaritan Great Temple, on the high eminence overlooking both the valley and the plain, sat a grim, squat castle. Every stone in it reeked of Rome. It was all Roman in style and architecture, with low semi-circular arches and round towers. Filled as it was with a garrison

of harsh mercenaries, its very presence gave warning against disorder in the valley below. It stood as a sentinel to forbid battle between Jew and Samaritan and as a threat to wandering Arabs who might be tempted to make a foray up the easy passes from the Jordan, as of old.

It may be taken for granted that every boy in camp inquired anxiously of his mother whether she did not want water for the preparation of the evening meal. Nor, I am sure, was any mother sufficiently hard-hearted to say that she must first have wood for the fire under the saagh. Soon fifty boys were in a mad scramble. Each one wished to be first at Jacob's well. Each carried one or two of the clean-looking black goat-skin water bottles over arm or shoulder. If truth must be told, where boys and mothers are concerned, the fresh supply was not imperative. At any rate, many of the boys made a great splashing at the beginning of their run. They had untied the leather thongs from the necks of the water-skins and let them hang head downwards, to empty out the water, to lighten the load, and to increase their speed. I shall not say which of the Galilean boys was the first to cover the distance and reach the well. But you may guess who was fleetest of foot and had the best understanding with his mother among all the boys of Galilee.

The well of Jacob was not impressive from a distance. But it had sacred associations for every Jew. It was equally sacred to the Samaritans, who regarded themselves as true descendants of the Patriarchs, both by race and by religion. A heavy stone coping surrounded the well. The stones were dressed and fitted. They stood some two feet above the ground and the solid masonry extended thirty feet down to the solid rock below. The top course was composed of very thick and heavy stones full three feet in width. The inside edge must have been round and smooth when it was built. But it was now serrated with scores of grooves. Millions of ropes had worn these channels in the hard rock during a period of almost two thousand years, as they dragged up heavy buckets, filled from the water a hundred feet below. Both rock and grooves were worn smooth by the friction of countless hands. Many of the grooves were more than a foot in depth. The well was seven and a half feet across the top. Below the stone-work, where the shaft entered the rock, it had a diameter of nine feet.

The well aroused the same wonder at that day as occurs to us who see almost four thousand years in its gray depth. The wonder is, not that this is Jacob's well, but why Jacob should have dug a well at such a place. It cost more to sink such a well through the solid rock than to build a castle. The wonder comes because the Plain of Shechem is bountifully watered by no less than twenty-seven springs. Some of them are very large. A swift brook flows some forty yards away, with power enough to run a mill. Yet

there is the well close beside it. There is also a great spring, or fountain, at Sychar, a few hundred yards beyond the brook. The near-by ancient city of Shechem, now Nablus, is musical with the sound of water, running on the surface and beneath. Yet it is the habit of residents, as of pilgrims, to come for miles to draw their water from Jacob's Well.

Its water is cooler than other waters. It is also "lighter" than that from the Fountain of Sychar, or any other near at hand. These other waters spring from the limestone rock and the natives call them "heavy." The Syrians say that they can eat a full meal (which is something awful to contemplate) and get so much relief within half an hour after drinking the "light" water of Jacob's well, that they are soon able to eat another. So the well of the Patriarch has never lacked users among a people who, through all the centuries, have been connoisseurs of water, both for quality and flavor.

When the boys returned with water from the sacred well, the camp was already hidden from the declining sun in the deep shadow of the mountain above them. Although it is the lower of the twin mountains of Samaria, Gerizim is the sacred mountain of the Samaritans. Through all the ages, in spite of Ebal's superior height, Gerizim has been called "Jeb el Tor," or "The Mountain."

The boys went foraging up its steep sides and found abundance of fuel among the woody growths along its slopes. Soon "the crackling of thorns under the pot" (saagh) could be heard. It was not long before tired voices took on that cheerful tone that tells of talk, or maybe gossip, that is both disinterested and interesting, and which indicates that human groups are being fed. Without eating together, you can hardly be disinterested, and never interesting—for long.

The sun went down and the shadows deepened. A peculiar rattling sound had hardly come to their attention while they ate. It increased in volume as darkness fell apace. Curiosity was aroused. Some of the boys went to investigate. They found that the continuous rattling came from the snapping of the bills of multitudes of storks which had settled in the trees all about. Why they should snap their beaks at dusk is an open question to my mind, for they were not snapping at each other and they were not eating. Yet it is a well-recorded phenomenon, displayed by storks in their crowded thousands at roosting time in their northward flight.

Always plentiful at this time of year, the air had been full of storks throughout the day. Instead of their usual graceful, sailing flight, they had been doing steady wing-work northward. For more than an hour before dusk, the thousands and following thousands had been flying more slowly, ever more heavily and much nearer to the ground. Now they had roosted. Every tree was full of storks. The heavy birds loaded the branches until



AN ARAB BEAUTY

they bent. Some of them broke. Then there was a great fussing and fluttering of mighty wings and a rearrangement with other bedfellows. Olive trees, figs and terebinths were groaning under the weight of storks. For the great birds were in their full Spring flight. They had wintered in a southern, summer climate. Their many homes in the north of Europe held nests that were empty and desolate, waiting for the time when they might be homes again and help to rear the babies of the next stork generation.

With complete darkness, the clattering of beaks subsided. The Boy drifted near to slumber. The noise had stopped. But the air was vibrant with soft whispering sounds. A mighty and restless feathered life stirred all about him. And he felt that these too must somehow share in the universal Fatherhood of God.

THE HILLS OF BENJAMIN

THE third day found the pilgrims breaking camp on the spur of Mount Gerizim long before the sun was up.

Everybody was stirring at a very early hour. Twinkling fires illumined the late gloom of night. Prayers were said, breakfast eaten, the donkeys and camels were fed, watered, saddled and loaded as the gray light of dawn appeared.

They took the road after water-skins were filled with the sacred water from Jacob's Well. The purple shadows began to fade in the ever-brightening gray. Daylight flashed a message over the hills of Gilead as the pilgrim column stretched out its long length across the Plain of Shechem, from the slopes of Gerizim.

The sunrise which they saw across the well watered plain was very different from the usual sudden bursting-forth that is so characteristic of the dryer parts of the rest of Palestine. A glow of pink began to grow into the background of gray mist, a mist which had the bluish tone that proves the air to be well soaked with moisture. Bright streaks shot forth in rosy, pink-and-fanwise arrows, which soon deepened to a fiery red. Then yellow spikes appeared between diverging rays of red. The yellow slowly spread until it covered all the misty East with a broad and golden glow.

And the sun, very modestly for him, raised the bald top of a high round forehead and took, first a peep, then a look, over the nearer hills. A bright red look it was, a very solid red. It was a look full of mischief, as though he had made a mad and merry scramble up from his lair below the level of the earth and sea, in the deep depths of the Ghor. A very cheerful look it was, though he seemed quite redly out of breath.

With still more of mischief in his smile, he raised his great, red, beaming face entirely above the hill. So, resting his chin upon its summit, he flashed benignant rays on all the pilgrim world to say a glad "Good Morning."

Then, with an air quite businesslike, he entered briskly upon his work for the day by breaking into yellow light and dispensing radiant heat, for man and beast and bird, for land and sea, and all the world. From that moment, there was something different in the mood of the Passover pilgrims for the day.

On the first day, many of them were unknown to each other. The feel-

ing that they were strangers had brought a touch of restraint upon them all, something, as it were, of stiffness and company good manners.

On the second day, they were in Samaria and knew it all too well. They were drawing near to its heart and to its hostile, hated center. To be sure, there were only twenty-three miles of road to cover through this alien, enemy country. But they held most of the dangers of the pilgrimage. Danger was near and ever nearer as they approached the ancient city of Samaria, renamed Sebaste. For the great camp of Roman soldiers was on the road, mercenaries from all parts of the world, whose pay, the Jew did not forget, was collected from him in the form of taxes.

Even greater danger threatened as they approached the city of Shechem, now Nablus. The soldiers were indifferent to all religion. The Samaritans were not. They were actively hostile to the Jewish faith. They hated the Jews on principle. This was especially true of the townspeople and citizens who crowded the bazaars and streets of the old city. And they were not under military discipline.

Just a spark of anger at any moment, touched to the smouldering hatred of five centuries, would cause it to burst into flame. It would change the scowling crowds of hostile inhabitants into an infuriated mob, clamoring wildly for Jewish blood and often shedding it. Many killings, before and since that time, have taken place along that very road. A scowling look might be resented with an angry word. Insult might be given by some hot-headed Galilean youth, who took off his turban and walked haughtily past the surly Samaritan. The uncovered head was an insult so deadly that it could only be wiped out in blood. It would be the ready blow that followed. The peaceful staff in each pilgrim hand became the bludgeon of attack. Sharp knives were drawn.

Then it was bloody battle for both sides. Wounds were given and received. Often many lives were lost. Killings were common in The Boy's world. Furious Samaritans and angry Jews had to be separated by the ruthless swords of Roman soldiers, quickly called from the nearest garrison. They were glad to play the game they knew and loved. Moreover, the Roman was like all other soldiers, always short of funds. A little spending money might easily be picked up from the injured on both sides, especially from those still forms which lay about the scene of strife, when the fighters had been dispersed and driven off at the point of the short, sharp Roman swords. The soldiers were glad to come. It was good practice and remunerative.

Now the second day was over. It was the danger day and it had gone by without serious incident. Scowling looks and hard words are soon forgotten, if not resented. To-day all was different.

The difference found its symbol in the smiling sunrise. The pilgrims

were still in Samaria, to be sure, but they were past the danger points. The two Samaritan cities, Sebaste and Shechem, were now behind them. And the sun had laughed.

They thanked God and began to sing.

Now commenced the real pilgrimage, with real pilgrim joy. They were, and felt that they were, "Going up to Jerusalem." The sun continued to smile cheerfully. The pilgrims smiled back. They looked with cheer upon each other. It was now a long column of friends, who covered all the road from the Plain of Shechem even to the higher part of the plain, now called Maknah, which carried the road two-travel-hours forward to the high stone rampart at its end.

The sound of a fife was heard. The shrill piping carried piercingly over the whole countryside. It played the tune of one of the Pilgrim Psalms. These were called the Songs of Ascent, for they were sung during the "Going up" of the pilgrims toward Jerusalem. In our Bible they are the psalms numbered one hundred and twenty to one hundred and thirty-four.

From the valley, in a deep baritone, a man's voice chanted the opening words of the second of the Songs of Ascent (Psalm 121):

"I will lift up my eyes unto the hills."

From high up on the hill, in a rich tenor, came floating down the ringing question, which forms the next words of the Psalm:

"From whence cometh my help?"

The words of the answer were returned in chorus from all the sides of the ascent and from the valley below:

"My help cometh even from the Lord,
Who hath made heaven and earth."

The refrain rose in the swelling crescendo of the singing multitude. And on, through all the day after that sunrise chant, it was a day of song.

Up all the long hill they sang, from the Plain of Maknah where they passed in view of the long length of Mount Gerizim. Among the stony bridle paths, as they steeply climbed, they sang the ancient songs of Israel, the Pilgrim Psalms, the Songs of Ascent. They sang with a spirit and vigor that had been quite lacking in the scattered efforts of the first day. Still more on the second day, they had failed to get the united spirit of the singing multitude. The efforts had been feeble and confined to straggling groups, for they were aliens in enemy country. Their spirits were depressed

by the hostility about them and the uncertainty whether bloodshed and loss of life might come before the day was ended.

The last of the Songs of Ascent was among the favorites. It is our psalm one hundred and thirty-four. It well expressed the spirit and fervor of the pilgrim bands.

"Behold now, praise the Lord, all ye servants of the Lord."

This line would be thundered forth by a dozen deep voices from the top of a cliff beside the gorge. From the opposite side of the rocky cleft another company would lead with the answering refrain:

"Ye that by night stand in the house of the Lord,
Even in the courts of the house of our God."

Then the whole valley and the steep sides of the hills would echo with the voices of climbing thousands. The last two lines would swell out in reverberating chorus:

"Lift up your hands in the sanctuary and praise the Lord.
The Lord, who made heaven and earth, give thee blessing out of Zion."

On plodded the pilgrim column between olive-clad hills, separated by rich flats of wheat and by fertile garden-plots, up the narrowing valleys and into the deep ravines, climbing ever steeply toward Jerusalem.

They passed many husbandmen, tilling their small fields, who gave them scowling looks and turned unwilling ears from the Jewish songs of praise. They passed Samaritan villages whose squat dwellings looked like brown and broken heaps, perched on the high steepes so that they would be difficult of access to the horsemen of wandering Arab bands.

After four hours of steady travel, they had passed the plain and lower hills. They had now reached the top of the high range which looks back over the whole countryside. Here they stopped and rested their tired animals. They could look back over all the fertile plains and rich valleys of the Mount of Ephraim.

"Almost as rich as Galilee," some one remarked.

"But not as rich as Lower Galilee," spoke a voice of Nazareth.

"And certainly not as rich as the Lake country," added Bethsaida, Capernaum, Magdala and Dalmanutha in chorus. To which nobody made denial.

From this point Mount Ebal's high summit looked over the top of Gerizim, which was now seen as a long range that fell steadily westward toward the heavily wooded Shepalah (middle lowlands) and the Sharon

(forest) beside the sea. Still further to the north could be seen the high hills of Galilee. Beyond them all Mount Hermon raised his snowy head to dominate the Land.

They left the ancient village of Libonah to the right and took the steep descent which brought them down to the valley of Shiloh. Here they followed the stony course of the valley up and up, and so came in another two hours to the site of the old city of Shiloh.

Shiloh was the home of Eli while he was the Judge of Israel. It was also the place of the vision which came to the child, Samuel. Here beside the ark Samuel heard the voice of God and began the ministry which made him the last and greatest Judge of Israel.

The Ark of God, called the Ark of the Covenant, had been carried to Shiloh after forty years among the tents of the Twelve Tribes in the wild country beyond the Ghor. Here at Shiloh the ark was set down. The sacred box became the center of the early worship of Israel under the Judges. It rested under the great tent, which was called the Tabernacle. Then came the fatal day when the unworthy sons of Eli, the old High Priest and Judge, took the ark and carried it before the armies of Israel in their battle against the Philistines.

Always before the ark had brought them victory. At that time, it could not save them. The bearers were unworthy. The sons of Eli were killed. The armies of Israel fled before their enemies. The ark was captured. The story is told in the fourth chapter of the first Book of Samuel.

The pilgrims of Galilee found at Shiloh only a stony hill. Nothing now remained to show that it had been the meeting place of Israel for many years. It was at Shiloh that each tribe was allotted its portion of the Promised Land. For the four hundred years that followed it had been an authorised center of worship for all the tribes. To "inquire of God" at Shiloh, had been the custom for all the Children of Israel, in the time of Joshua, the First of the Judges, who led the tribes over the Jordan into the Land of Promise. It was still the custom when childless Hannah came to the Tabernacle, weeping and praying that God would send her a son.

Eli saw Hannah's weeping. He observed her tremulous and moving lips. Supposing her emotion was caused by drink, he rebuked her. Then he heard her answer, "No, my lord. I am a woman of sorrowful spirit. I have drunk neither wine nor strong drink, but have poured out my soul before the Lord." Then Eli answered and said, "Go in peace: and the God of Israel grant thee thy petition that thou hast asked of Him." When her prayers were answered and God had given her a son, she called his name Samuel, the "Asked of God." She did not come back to the Tabernacle until she brought the little lad after he was weaned. "Oh, my lord," she said to Eli, "as thy soul liveth, my lord, I am the woman who stood by thee

here, praying unto the Lord. For this child I prayed; and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of Him; therefore also I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth, he shall be lent to the Lord" (I Samuel 1: 26).

The Galilean pilgrims sat down amidst the scattered blocks of stone which marked the ruin of once-great buildings. Here they rested through the heat of the day after they had eaten. As they ate, they talked of the ancient holy place.

"Shiloh was the same place of desolation, even before the Exile," said Abba-Yusuf. "It was Jeremiah the Prophet who said, 'Go ye now to my place which was in Shiloh, where I set my name at the first. And see what I did to it for the wickedness of my people, Israel.' He prophesied the destruction of Jerusalem and continued to prophesy in spite of the fact that they put him in the stocks and finally into a prison-pit full of slime, the dungeon of Malchiah, the son of Hammelech. 'Therefore will I do unto this house which is called by my name, wherein ye trust, and unto the place which I gave to you and to your fathers, as I did unto Shiloh'" (Jer. 7: 14).

"Who were the 'daughters of Shiloh'?" asked James of his father.

"It is supposed that they were not Israelites of the Twelve Tribes," answered Zebedee. "But the tradition is very old. It is only found in the last three chapters of the Book of Judges. They were probably people of the Land who lived among the Israelites and who worshipped God according to our customs."

"Then how could the men of the Tribe of Benjamin take them in marriage, if they were not Jews?" asked The Boy.

Zebedee shot a glance of mingled amusement and of pride at Jonas, his partner in the ownership of the fishing fleet. He was puzzled how to reply to the searching question, yet proud of his son's knowledge of the Scriptures. But he was prompt and straightforward in his answer.

"The case was desperate," said Zebedee. "With the exception of those six hundred men who had escaped, the other eleven tribes had killed every soul of the tribe of Benjamin, every man, woman and child. The six hundred had been living in the fastnesses of the Rock Rimmon for the four months since the slaughter. They did not dare to return. Their houses had been burned and their cities destroyed, when the solemn oath was sworn by the other eleven tribes not to give a daughter in marriage to any man of the tribe of Benjamin.

"The men of the other tribes had called the tribe of Benjamin to strict account for one of the most dreadful crimes that stain the honor of our history. It was on account of a young Levite who was returning with his wife from Mount Ephraim. He was attacked while a guest in one of the cities of Benjamin. The evil men of the city had taken the wife of the Levite.

They had so maltreated and abused her that she died on the threshold of the house where he had taken shelter. Such an outrage against the laws of hospitality had never occurred in all Israel.

"The Levite took the body of his wife and cut it in twelve pieces and sent one piece to every tribe, demanding vengeance on the murderers. The eleven tribes met in a great conclave and joined in a united demand upon the tribe of Benjamin that they should give up the murderers to be killed for their breach of the tribal laws of hospitality.

"The men of the tribe of Benjamin refused to give up the murderers. They were vain of their power in war, in particular of their skill as slingers. One company of seven hundred were all left-handed. They boasted that every one could sling a stone to a hair's-breadth. The Benjamites thought that they could beat off the rest of the tribes from among their mountain strongholds. They did beat them off for three days, but were conquered by a stratagem. Twenty-five thousand men were killed of those who drew the sword, all the tribe of Benjamin, except the six hundred who fled to the Rock Rimmon. It was then that the other tribes began to bewail the loss of one of the twelve tribes, even though by necessity in an act of justice against the few evil men of Benjamin."

"But they had to do it, I suppose," said James, "for you have taught us that hospitality is almost as sacred as religion."

"Yes, it was necessary to defend the laws of hospitality, even at the cost of a whole tribe," answered Zebedee. "But they were very sorrowful and tried to think of a way to restore the tribe, yet keep their oath that they would not mix with Benjamin nor give them their daughters in marriage. The whole congregation of Israel went up before the Lord to Mizpeh and sat all day until the evening, as the custom was in those days. Then they made their prayer to God, sorely weeping that a tribe must be cut off. The answer came from God and they obtained wives for four hundred Benjamites by killing all but the virgins of Jabesh-Gilead which had not come up against Benjamin, nor taken the oath against mixing with them. They obtained wives for the other two hundred by permitting the men of Benjamin to gain wives by capture from among the 'daughters of Shiloh' here in this very place. The other tribes said to the men of Benjamin, 'Behold, there is a feast of the Lord yearly in Shiloh, which is on the north side of Bethel, on the east side of the highway that goeth from Bethel to Shechem and on the south side of Libonah. Therefore they commanded the children of Benjamin, saying, 'Go and lie in wait in the vineyards; and see, and behold, if the daughters of Shiloh came out to dance in the dances, then come ye out of the vineyards, and catch you every man his wife of the daughters of Shiloh, and go to the land of Benjamin.' " So the twelfth tribe was not cut off but got their wives here where you have heard the old story told again.

Now you boys may run off and play, but remember that we start for Bethel at the ninth hour (three o'clock)." Thus Zebedee ended his tale with a sigh of relief and the boys of Galilee ran off to begin a game of "hiding."

In the course of the game, some boys of Nazareth made one of those "finds" which are pure joy to boy life. One of them discovered a round hole, black and inconspicuous, much like any other hole, until he heard the sound of running water. With a shout to the other Nazarenes he squeezed his body down into it and climbed to the bottom to find, with delighted surprise, his foot in an underground stream of clear water, fifteen feet below the surface.

There was like to have been some trouble of mind among the parents because of this discovery. The six boys of the hill towns laid down a challenge to the six boys from the Lake. It stipulated that the six hill-town boys were to be found within two cubits (three feet) of a running stream, less than half a stadium (440 yards) distant from a rock, behind which the Lake boys were to remain concealed until they had recited the three sections of the Jewish genealogies; from Adam to Noah; from Noah to David; and from David to The Boy, or to his cousin James.

Their elders rested through the heat of the day. Then they started off, down the stony hill and along the way that followed the rough bed of a winter torrent, all unmindful of the boys at their game of "hiding." Meantime the boys, all unmindful of the departure of their parents, stayed, searching and sought, until Peter and the Lake boys felt the search to be hopeless. They then posted themselves as criers within the half stadium and heralded their failure by loud shouts of "Give up," or its Greek equivalent. Then another half hour passed its way unnoticed, while the Lake boys all climbed through the little hole and down the rough sides of the cavern to admire the mysterious find and to drink of the pure water of the subterranean stream.

It was a startled group of boys when they gave a casual glance at the slanting sunbeams. Then they became a wildly scurrying crowd. They hurried to follow their elders over the hill and down to a broad plain in whose deep, rich soil bare-foot men were ploughing; up and over the steep side of the valley and down through a wide vale planted with olive trees which studded the sloping hillside; across and up again, and finally down the valley to the point where the Robbers' Fountain sends out its gushing stream from the rocky cliff.

Very glad they were to stop and drink of the clear water. A great sigh of relief exhaled from the labored lungs of each of the boys of Galilee, for they saw and recognised friends about the great spring. These assured them that they were not far behind the ones they sought. It was with an air somewhat subdued that they rejoined their families, bearing every evi-

dence of exertion in cheek and brow. They walked beside their elders sedately enough, though many glances of merry mischief were exchanged as they settled down to the leisurely pace of the led animals.

For two hours they proceeded up the beautiful valley, or glen, which was wonderfully terraced to its very top. Fig and olive trees covered both sides and grew out of every cleft in the rocks. The flat tops of the terraces were rich with miniature fields of wheat and barley, some of which were hardly larger than a table cloth. Patches of vineyard showed here and there. It was all as carefully cultivated as a Belgian garden-plot to-day.

From the glen they passed up through a narrow, rocky gorge, between hills that were almost perpendicular. The gorge was pitted with caves. Some were small. Others were large enough to hold a *centuria* of soldiers (60 men). Out of the depth of one of the larger caves came the sound of chanting. Fifteen or twenty young men of Galilee had climbed down into the large hollow and were chanting one of the Songs of Ascent. It is our one hundred and thirtieth Psalm. The words came swelling up with a hollow, eery sound:

"Out of the depths have I called unto Thee, O Lord. Lord, hear my prayer."

The steep gorge led them ever upward until they reached the top of the high ridge, so often called the backbone of the Holy Land. It formed a northern rampart for the fastnesses which made the tribe of "little Benjamin" always so hard for every foe to conquer. Upon its crest, their bridle paths followed ever to the south and toward Jerusalem.

To their left, where the waters flow down toward the Jordan, the wilderness of Beth Aven stretched away in a tangled mass of mountains. The wilderness, like the town named for Jacob's first altar, had been called Bethel, "the House of God" but, because of the idolatry of later days, it had been renamed Beth Aven, "the house of idols." Dominating the wilderness was Baal Hazor, the highest peak of the Middle Range (Tel Azur 3316 ft.).

At the right, where the waters flow to the Great Sea, was the important town of Gophna, head of one of the eleven toparchies, or political divisions, by which Rome governed the Land. Gophna lay in a rich valley below the hill on which the village of Berzetha stood, dominating the countryside with its ugly fortress and Roman garrison. Beyond was Tibnah, where the tomb of Joshua, the first Judge of Israel, is still pointed out among the tombs on the hillside.

"Bethel, Bethel," the cry goes up from the front. All else is quickly forgotten, for this is the last stop before Jerusalem. Bethel might indeed seem like "the House of God" to their elders. To the boys, especially those

brought up far inland, it seemed like the approach to a toy ocean or miniature lake. The great reservoir was over two hundred by three hundred feet in extent. It seemed the largest and most important thing in the valley. Beside it, the spring which fed it seemed small indeed, though it was the one from which Jacob drank, when he fled to Mesopotamia, from the wrath of the brother whom he had cheated out of their father's blessing.

Camp was quickly made that night where Jacob had slept, above the wide reservoir, under the shadow of the rough stairway of rocks which climbs steeply to the heights above.

Fires were not as large as usual. The scant undergrowth did not go far among the thousands of pilgrims who needed firewood. But the boys of Galilee were skilful foragers. The evening meal was cooked. The camp settled down to quiet, but not before every boy of every family had heard again, the story of his forefather Jacob. I think the elders touched only lightly upon the conspiracy by which Jacob and his mother, with Jacob's fur gloves and lying words, had cheated old, blind Isaac into giving the elder son's blessing to the younger. But they told how Jacob had come to Bethel, a fugitive and alone, who fled in fear of his life from Esau's anger. Here he had slept. He had made the stones of the valley serve as his pillows. Here he had dreamed his dream. The steep, stony slope above him had become a giant staircase, or ladder, reaching up to heaven, with the angels of God ascending and descending upon it (Genesis 28: 12).

It is possible that some one of the boys may have taken the "stones of the place and put them for his pillows," after the example of his forefather, the Patriarch Jacob. For the hillside is strewn with stones, both great and small.

There was no "skylarking" in the shadows that night. The boys were "not tired, oh, no." But the long run up the valleys and over the hills had made them, shall we say, less ambitious. It is needless to say that they all slept well. And they slept almost at once, after they had spread down their beds among their families.

In the darkness, which is never quite darkness under the bright Syrian stars, there was at least one among them, who felt the story of Jacob as a lesson of the divine connection between God and man. One boy, The Boy, was capable of vision. As he looked at the great stone staircase, rising sharply above him toward the skies, he felt the impulse to people it with the myriad of angels that Jacob saw ascending and descending between God and man. In the waking dreams of Mother-Mary's son, God seemed very near.

JERUSALEM AT LAST

THE ghostly light of the gray dawn showed the great steep of limestone rock more than ever like a gigantic stairway reaching upward toward the skies, giving reality to Jacob's dream of the angels of God, ascending and descending between earth and heaven.

"To-day," thought The Boy, as he awakened; "to-day," thought every other boy on his first Passover Pilgrimage; "to-day," thought all the young men, all the women, all the older men, however many times they had made the journey to the Passover Feast, "to-day we shall see Jerusalem, the Holy City of our God."

So with cheerful haste, all the pilgrims took a hand in the camp duties. As they prepared for the day's march, all had a song on their lips and a sense of worship in their hearts.

The boys were full of history, "almost too full," said Jude, and expressed the sentiments of most of the boys of Galilee.

Abraham had come to Bethel when, as Abram, he first entered the Promised Land. He also pitched his tent and made his camp in Bethel, when he returned from his long journey to the south, which had carried him for the first time into Egypt.

Jacob came to Bethel on his way to Padan Aram, as he fled from the anger of Esau, whom he had cheated of his father's blessing. Here he dreamed his dream at the foot of the giant rock ladder, seeing the angels of God ascending and descending between earth and heaven. And he heard the gracious words of promise that he should become a great nation, "as the sands of the sea for multitude" (Gen. 28: 11). Here, also, he promised to give tithes, or one tenth, of all his increase to Almighty God.

Upon his return, as a prosperous owner of great flocks and herds, with many children and slaves, Jacob came again to Bethel and built an altar to God. But first, he commanded his wives and children and all his servants to put away the strange gods that were among them. These he hid from the sight of God, together with the earrings of idolatrous carving, "under the oak that was by Shechem." He found the place "again called Luz," as it had been called on his first visit. This time he built a great altar to God and renamed the place Bethel (the House of God).

Four hundred years later, the Twelve Tribes who were descended from Jacob's twelve sons, came to Bethel after their escape from their slavery in



AN ANCIENT WELL



Egypt, after they had lived the life of Bedouins in the wilderness for forty years. They found Bethel called Beth Aven, the House of Idols, for it had always remained a sacred place, even among the heathen whom they were driving out.

Bethel became the seat for the assembly of the tribes in the time of the Judges.

The Ten Tribes rebelled against Rehoboam, the son of Solomon, when he refused their plea to lighten the burdens they had been bearing. With the haughtiness of Youth, the young king had said to them, "My father whipped you with whips. I will whip you with scorpions" (I Kings 12: 11). The reply of the North was, "To your tents, O Israel." So the "Kingdom of Israel" had been set up. The Ten Tribes had been restless, sometimes rebellious, under the rule of David and Solomon, who were of the tribe of Judah. They were disdainful of Rehoboam and easily discarded his authority.

Jeroboam was the new King of Israel. He built a great temple in Bethel, as a rival to that in Jerusalem, for a rival worship was necessary in those days, if a kingdom was to keep its independence, since religion and government were one in the minds of all ancient people.

Jeroboam set up the "golden calf," or the sacred bull of Egypt, before the rival temple for Israel's worship in Bethel. He also set up another center for the worship of the sacred bull, or "golden calf," in the tribe of Dan, far to the North. And he said to the people, "Behold your gods, O Israel, which brought you up out of the land of Egypt."

The Twelve Tribes had carried the customs and worship of Egypt with them during all their wandering life as Bedouins in the wilderness. During those forty years of shepherd life, they were always complaining of their hardships. They asked to be led back to the life of the cities and towns, to the luxuries they had known and loved. They were always regretting the "fleshpots of Egypt."

Four hundred years of life in Egypt had made the tribes entirely Egyptian. In every respect of language, manners, customs and religion, they were like all the other inhabitants of Egypt. The great rebellion that took place, when Moses was absent in the "Mount of God," was religious. It was a declaration, supported by the vast majority among the tribes, that they preferred the religion of Egypt, to which they had been so long accustomed. It was rebellion against the laws of Moses, but equally against the new god, Jehovah, under whose worship Moses had united the tribes for the purpose of government. The setting up of the golden calves was simply the return to the worship of the sacred bull of Egypt, the bull of Osiris. I have always thought that Aaron was rather pleased to return to the old worship, for he made a very weak excuse to Moses for his compliance with the wish of the tribesmen.

Moses punished the rebellion with the harshness that was to be expected of a great military leader of those days, just as he punished later religious rebellions, like that of Korah, Dathan and Abiram. But even Moses, with his harshness, could not stamp out the traditions of Egypt, the longing for the old home religion, with loyalty to its worship and its carved images of animals, especially the bull of Osiris. These remained long with the people, particularly with the tribes which had descended from the powerful house of Joseph, who had married the daughter of the High Priest of On, the city of the Temple of the Sun.

It is hardly surprising that the people were loyal to their old religion and that they frequently rebelled against the religion of the Hebrew God, Jehovah. History tells us that they made two pilgrimages from Egypt. In each case, their most precious burden was an Egyptian mummy. The first was the body of Jacob, the Patriarch and ancestor of the Children of Israel. Joseph and his brothers had carried up Jacob's mummy, to bury it in Abraham's tomb in Mamre, just beyond the borders of Egypt, the tomb of his father, Isaac, as well. Even to-day, Arab tribes may be seen on a journey of many days, or even weeks, carrying the body of their sheik from the valley of the Euphrates, or Tigris, to his ancestral tomb in Nazareth or in Jericho.

The second journey was the Exodus. The mummy carried by the tribes was that of Joseph. He was the ancestor of the two most powerful clans, or tribes, Ephraim and Manasses, named for the two sons of Joseph by Asenath, the daughter of the High Priest of Heliopolis, the City of the Sun.

The Egyptian mummies, carried so far and faithfully, were not different from other mummies of Egypt. They had beautifully wrought cases, with lacquered coverings. "Joseph commanded his servants, the physicians, to embalm his father, and the physicians embalmed Israel," using for the embalming the balm of Gilead or of the Upper Nile, with antiseptic pungent spices. They wrapped the whole body in endless bindings. Within were hieroglyphic writings. These gave the name and station of the dead. They had symbolic pictures enclosed. On them were represented the Sun-god, Ra, and the lesser deities, men with heads of birds and beasts, under whose form the common people worshipped God.

The Great Exodus from Egypt was, at least in part, a religious duty to the dead ancestor of the two most powerful tribes. "Joseph took an oath of the children of Israel, saying, God will surely visit you, and you shall carry up my bones from hence. So Joseph died, being an hundred and ten years old; and they embalmed him and he was put in a coffin in Egypt" (Genesis 50: 25-26).

It was almost four hundred years afterward when they took the body

of Joseph from the magnificent tomb that he had built, befitting his station as Grand Vizier of Egypt. But they had never forgotten their promise, given under oath, when he "said unto his brethren, I die; and God will surely visit you, and bring you out of this land unto the land which he sware to Abraham, to Isaac and to Jacob."

It was just to the eastward of Bethel, beyond the valley which held the reservoir, that Joseph's great-grandfather, Abraham, made his second camp in the Promised Land which he had found. It was beside a high and stony hill, from whose top he could see both up and down the Jordan Valley. There he gave the first choice to his nephew Lot, the choice of taking his pasturage in the surrounding hills and rich valleys of Mount Ephraim, or of the whole "round of the Jordan" in plain sight below them.

At the other side of the grassy valley beyond Abraham's mount of vision, was the round hill of Ai, where Joshua and the tribes won the first victory needed to bring them within the Promised Land. We do not often remember that they had made an attack at the same place forty years before. That was when they made their first attempt under Moses to force their entrance into the Land of Promise. They were not strong enough. They had just come out of Egypt and had not become amalgamated into a nation. They were repulsed at Hormah, just beyond Ai. So they had gone back into the wilderness, which is "wilderness" only in parts. It is a very rich country in most of its extent.

It was this repulse near Ai that compelled Moses, as a wise pioneer, to lead them back into the unpopulated regions. There he kept them for forty years. There they led the wandering life of shepherd tribes in the so-called "wilderness" beyond the Jordan. They followed the seasons, as the Bedouin Arabs do to-day. They made their camp where the grass was good and water plentiful, in the oases of the desert and on the rich lands of the upper plains. In those forty years Moses gradually welded them into a nation. He gave them military skill and unity of national life. He compelled them to unity of purpose, unity of worship in the religion of Jehovah, and to a larger unity of life in obedience to his Law, without which they would never have been strong enough to make the final conquest of the Holy Land.

An Egyptian mummy had been their sacred burden for all those forty years of nation-making. It was the mummy of Joseph. In obedience to the oath which their forefathers had taken, they finally carried out their trust and buried Joseph in the very center of the Promised Land, at the foot of Mount Gerizim, within a few hundred feet of the well which his father and their ancestor, Jacob, had dug in the "cultivated field" that he purchased of Hamor, the father of Shechem. So Joseph was buried and his tomb has been held in high veneration by the three great world religions.

That little white-washed monument has been revered as Joseph's tomb, alike by Jew, Christian and Mohammedan.

From Bethel, "full of history," the boys took their way in the growing light. A huge rock was pointed out to them as the stone which had stood for all the centuries, since Jacob had set it up beside the altar he built on his return, with wives and children and great possessions, to his native land. Jude, the irrepressible, got himself into disgrace thus early in the day by remarking, "He must have been a giant, if he used that rock as a pillow. I wonder how they climbed to the top, to put the drink offering and the oil on it." (Gen. 35: 14).

An oak was pointed out in the valley below as the one under which Deborah was buried. But it was the Deborah who was Rachel's nurse who was buried there, not Deborah, the Judge of Israel, who called Barak to battle against Canaan.

In a little more than a half hour, they came to the spring at the edge of the valley, where the two ancient caverns had been hewn out of the solid rock. Jude climbed into one of them and called out to the boys, "Naarim, here is a cavern with a column in it, built of hewn stone to hold up the roof." But Jude was still under the cloud of parental disapproval for his irreverent remark about Jacob's pillar. After a questioning glance or two at each other and a look askance at the sober faces of their elders, the boys went sedately on, leaving Jude to do his exploring alone.

Another half hour brought them to the ancient Beeroth. But, as Thomas remarked, "I see no reason why this town should be named "cisterns" (Beeroth). Those two cisterns below the spring would not make a splash in the big one at Bethel."

"They would not make a splash in the big one at Bethel," echoed Eliezer, his twin. However, they were glad to stop and drink of the clear water, for it was the last they would get for the long ten miles that separated them from the Holy City, Jerusalem.

They soon came to the wonderful Roman road, built for chariot travel between Jerusalem and Cæsarea. It was there, in the palace beside the sea, not at Jerusalem, that the Procurator of Judea had his residence and kept the Roman garrison. Like all Roman roads, this chariot road was straight as an arrow for long distances. It was hewn in many places out of the solid rock. For the rest, it was paved with large square blocks of stone. Most of the pilgrims kept to the road in spite of the strenuous, sometimes harshly vocal, protests of their unshod donkeys, who disliked the road's hard surface. Nor did they leave the road until they heard a great shouting and outcry from the pilgrim column behind them. This warned them of approaching danger, even before they heard the clang and clamor of iron-shod hoofs, with the trumpet blasts of swift-riding heralds. Then they

withdrew to the side of the road, much to the relief of long-suffering, brittle, donkey-hoofs, and stood to watch the passing of the hard-driving Romans.

First came two well mounted heralds. One rode a great gray, the other a black horse, whose chests were flecked with foam from the mouths, held half open by hard Roman bits. Close behind them was a chariot. Its horses were stretched to the full gallop. The reins were hard held by a driver who stood, upright and composed, in the lurching chariot. His head was held high. The firm chin was well lifted. The strong brow and aquiline nose were shaded by a golden Roman helmet. Emblems of the same shape and size as the Roman eagles were the decorations of both the driver and his chariot. They were, however, guiltless of carving. The Romans found it easier to control such a wild and turbulent population by outward conformity to their prejudice against images and carvings. Therefore the emblems bore no carved eagles. Back of the driver crouched a man. He may have been the soldier-driver, or an under officer. He shifted his position now and then, to keep the balance of the swaying chariot.

Two other chariots followed, each driven by a man who seemed to be an officer in high authority, each with the crouching figure behind. After them rode a group of horsemen, excellently well mounted, a body guard of thirty men, all in the full armor of the Roman cavalry.

"Yes," said Rufus, the merchant of Capernaum, when asked. "It is no other than Marcus Ambivius himself. I knew and often saw him, when he held command under Quirinius. He was serving against the Parthian Arabs when they took advantage of the insurrection of Judas three years since. The Arabs came into Galilee to rob and kill, as their custom is. Some of them were among the forces of Judas, the Galilean, and Sadok, the Pharisee. Others came after them, marauding Arab bands."

"But I thought his palace was in Cæsarea," said James, as the boys were talking among themselves.

"His palace is in Cæsarea," said Matthew, "and that is the headquarters of the Roman forces in Judea. But I have heard Father-Rufus say that the Procurator always comes up for the three great feasts, at the Passover, the Pentecost and the Feast of the Tabernacles. Those are the times when there is likely to be an insurrection, because there are so many people in Jerusalem from all over the world."

The Great Road was now sensibly down hill, for the pilgrims had been at a great height, even higher than Gerizim. They pressed on eagerly, without the usual morning rest. In two hours more they came to a great hill on their left. There was a little village high at the top. Mother-Mary called The Boy to her side and told him the story of Ramah and its immortal citizen, Samuel, the Last of the Judges. She told how the childless Hannah had gone to the house of God in the great tent, or Tabernacle,

at Shiloh, weeping and praying for a child; how God answered her prayer and Samuel was born at Ramah; how Hannah took him, as a little lad, to serve God in the Tabernacle-tent where the Ark of God was kept, beside which he first heard God's voice and God's call to service: how Hannah went to see him once a year at the Feast of the Passover-and-First-Fruits and, on each visit, brought him a new chalouk, made from the yarn she had spun and the cloth she had woven with her own hands.

Samuel had returned to his birthplace at Ramah and lived there among his own people, after the Ark of God was captured by the Philistines. At Ramah he lived a long life of usefulness and honor, the greatest Judge of all Israel, as he was the last. From Ramah he sent out the call to Israel to assemble for battle when they were attacked by outside foes. Saul came to Samuel in Ramah after he had chosen the young man, standing head and shoulders above all his tribe, to be anointed as King of Israel. Here David came for conference, after Saul had been disobedient to God's commands. In Ramah Samuel died and was buried, an old, old man. All Israel mourned and wept for him, King-maker and the Last of the Judges.

The pilgrims now left the crowded Roman road and took their way over rough and stony bridle paths. So they came to the other great hill that stands as the twin knob of Mizpeh. It is visible for many miles and was known as the Gibeah (hill) of Saul. It was the home of the first king of Israel, whom Samuel had anointed in spite of his modest protest, "Am I not a Benjamite, of the smallest of the tribes of Israel? and my family the least of all the families of the tribe of Benjamin? Wherefore speakest thou so to me?" (I Samuel 9: 21).

But all these things had been the reading lessons in the synagogue school, the history and folk-lore and religion of the boys, since they had licked the honey from the writing board on the first day of their entrance. I fear that, like other boys, they did not pay as much attention as they might. For the air was now surcharged with expectation. Before them rose the great hill which the Romans called Scopus. Beyond Scopus lay Jerusalem.

The barren hillside was literally alive with pilgrims. Certain white spots appeared here and there among the crowds. The up-flowing currents of humanity swerved around them like the waters of a stream around the rocks in its bed. It did not take long to discover that these spots, so carefully avoided, were tombs. Within the last month, beginning with the fifteenth Adar, all the tombs near the Holy City had been fenced in. Their stones had been carefully whitewashed to prevent the defilement of pilgrims who would come by the hundreds of thousands to attend the Passover. If any pilgrim touched a tomb, he was defiled and considered "unclean" for seven days. During that time he was not permitted to enter, even the outer precincts of the Holy Temple at Jerusalem.



ROAD MAKERS

Up the hill, Scopus, went the pilgrim thousands, shouting their chants of old triumphant days, psalms of the victorious king, songs of faith in God, songs of praise for the worship in His Holy Temple.

At the top, every foot was halted. Every pilgrim stopped with a sense of sacred rapture. **THERE WAS JERUSALEM.**

No need to point and say, "There is the Temple." Its glistening golden roof soared skyward where all could see. And none saw aught but that gleam of gold or felt it to be other than the consummation of the race-dream and the soul-ideal.

Yet no shout, no clamor, rose to greet the sight. The silence was complete. A hard lump formed in every throat.

Soon came a sense of relaxation from the tension of emotion. Sobs were heard amid the multitude. They were not all the sobs of women. Strong men were there, who had longed for years to see the golden sight that now shone up below them. The boys were spellbound, ravished, by this first sight of the mansion of their dreams. They were conscious of nothing but of the gold gleaming from porch and cornice and from the high, spreading roof of the Sanctuary Porch. They gazed in raptured wonder. Then they looked about upon their elders. They heard sobbing gasps of joy. They saw tears upon hardened faces and felt in the multitude a sense of deepest awe.

Then the reaction came. The Boy heard Jude say in a voice much constricted, but true to the old irrepressible spirit, "I do not believe it is there at all." Then he was aware that the twins had set upon the little joker. They beat him on the back. They pummeled him in the stomach. They disported themselves otherwise at his expense. They did it all to unburden themselves of an excess of emotional fervor, which could not be restrained.

Then he was conscious of a pair of tender arms about him. The dearest face in all the world was pressed against his own. He felt the tears on Mother-Mary's cheek. He reached up to give her comfort with a swift embrace. As he stood thus within the circle of her arm, he looked upon a new world and made a new discovery. It was the larger world within men's hearts, the personal outreaching to God by the deeper emotions of every human soul.

The eyes of Abba-Yusuf were shining with unshed tears of holy joy. Above him on the back of the largest camel, Rufus, the merchant of Capernaum, was blowing his nose with altogether too much noise to deceive anybody. Beyond him was Malachi, the little fat man who had pronounced ponderous and impotent judgment against the boys' procession on that last night in Nazareth. He had let go the leading rope and moved back beside the little donkey upon whose saddle his neglected wife was seated. Wonder

of wonders. He was patting her hand, while unwiped tears ran down his pudgy cheeks.

"My Father's House." These were the words that sprang to the lips of The Boy. He looked up to receive the quick and understanding glance from Mother-Mary. Then he darted out to the open space in front. The other boys were mixed in a wild scramble of confusion. They were playing monkey tricks upon each other. They were behaving altogether puppy-like in a very intoxication of exuberant joy. The Boy must do something to express the exultation of his heart. The other boys must join, but not with foolishness.

"Bachurim" (young warriors), he shouted, "Bachurim, to me!" and his clear young voice sounded over all the plain.

The fourteen boys of Nazareth stepped to the front at once. They were followed by as many from the Lake. Many more joined them, friends from the hill-town neighbors of Nazareth.

"To-day we come to Jerusalem," chanted The Boy, stretching a dramatic hand toward the gold-shining Temple in the distance.

The words and hint were enough. Then, "Ready, Ouwa, Ouwa." Like an army at drill, the boys took position for the march. The chant swelled out from all the young voices in united chorus.

"To-day we come, to-day we come,
To-day we come to Jerusalem."

Three times in minor cadence they chanted the words, with marching step and clapping hands. Then came the refrain:

"The Temple of God, the Temple of God,
The Temple of God at Jerusalem."

Strangely enough, the boys from the Lake, as well as those from the hill towns near Nazareth, all joined in the march and seemed familiar with the words. After the second repetition of words and refrain, it seemed as though every boy in Syria knew them too.

More than a thousand boys were in the line. The younger of the Bachurim (bachelors) had also run to join it, once they caught its significance. It was a long line which curved in single file out and in among the multitude of pilgrims, like a huge and endless snake. Thus the boys of Galilee used their wild spirits and pent-up enthusiasm, crowning long years of expectation. They put all their emotion into voice and parade, chanting and marching to the glory of God and in earnest forward-looking to their manhood worship in His Holy Temple, shining up at them in golden beauty.

Nobody essayed a scowl, not even little fat Malachi, the temperamental

faultfinder, when at last The Boy joined the head of his long marching line to its rearmost end. He halted them in an enormous circle. Then with outstretched hands they joined in the last refrain:

"My Father's House, My Father's House,
My Father's House, in Jerusalem."

And strangely enough, almost all the boys knew these words too.

With the boys thus grouped, the multitude joined as never before in the eighty-fourth psalm, with which they always welcomed the first sight of Jerusalem:

"Oh, how amiable are Thy dwellings, Thou Lord of Hosts.

My soul hath a desire and longing to enter into the courts of the Lord;
My heart and my flesh rejoice in the living God.

"Yea, the sparrow hath found her a house,

And the swallow a nest, where she may lay her young,
Even Thy altars, O Lord of Hosts, My King and my God.

Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house;

They will be always praising Thee."

On across the plain with the gold roof of the Temple shining upon their sight, the pilgrims seemed to walk on air.

So, in ample time to purchase the Paschal Lamb, in time to worship, and time to prepare the Passover Supper, they came to the northern gate and entered Jerusalem, the Holy City of their God.

THE TEMPLE

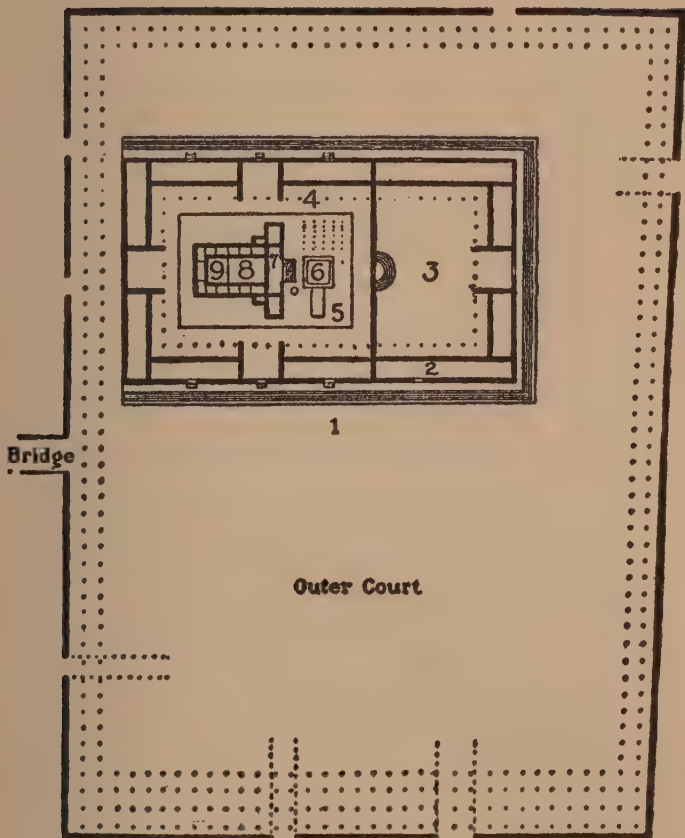
LONG before noon the Holy Family entered the new north suburb of Jerusalem. It was called Bezetha and, not yet enclosed in the strong outer city wall, straggled out upon the plain, as nondescript buildings and a large timber market. Soon they came to a neighborhood that seemed very rich and prosperous, containing many houses of the better sort. Glimpses were caught now and then of rich gardens and marble courts, when a gate was opened in the high walls that shut in the street. The road was very wide for such an ancient city. It was fully fifty feet in width from wall to wall.

So thick was the incoming throng of pilgrims that they could do nothing but slowly follow those who preceded them in the thick crowd. For fifteen minutes they marked time thus amid the slow moving multitude, continually blocked by those ahead, until they came to the north gate of the old city wall. It was called the Fish-gate. Beneath the frowning portal, flanked by massive buttresses, they entered and went down into the streets of the Holy City.

As they progressed the crowding life of the city became more and more apparent. The congestion of the streets increased. The more experienced of the pilgrims now began to cling to the left wall of the street. They knew that they might lose much time, if caught among the crowds, in getting across to the turning for the Temple. It would be very easy to become stranded on the wrong side of the street, for a heavy human current was coming from the city and the bazaars.

Presently came the turning. It led them into an open space to the left where many buildings had been destroyed in the riots three years before, after Archelaus had been deposed as Ethnarch and his rule taken over by the Romans, when Judas the Gaulonite and Sadok the Pharisee were leaders of the rebellion against the Roman system of direct taxation introduced by Quirinius, Cæsar's Legate of Syria.

In the open space were large numbers of well grown Arab boys, guarding thousands of led animals belonging to pilgrims on their way to the Courts of the Temple. The Galileans left their donkeys with a lean young Arab. His red, half-blinded eyes bore sad evidence of the power of the Syrian sun which, with the neglect of cleanliness, has always kept Palestine full of the blind. From the open space, the pilgrims went down into the valley on foot and so up the slope, where the great dark castle of Antonia loomed before them.



1. COURT OF THE GENTILES OR PROFANE PLACE
2. CHEL OR SACRED ENCLOSURE
3. COURT OF THE WOMEN OR TREASURY
4. COURT OF ISRAEL
5. COURT OF THE PRIESTS
6. THE GREAT ALTAR OF BURNT OFFERING
7. PORCH OF THE SANCTUARY
8. THE HOLY PLACE
9. THE MOST HOLY PLACE

This huge tower was now the fortress of the Roman garrison and the headquarters of Marcus Ambivius, the new Procurator of Judea. It stood, like a stern sentinel, frowning down upon the Temple. It had always been a menace to the Temple and to the worship of the Jews. It stood high on the hill to the north and looked down into the Temple Courts from far above their sacred walls. Almost from the day when Cyrus the Great had sent back the exiles from their captivity in Babylon, the tower had been in the hands of those who were active enemies of the Temple worship. The citadel had been in the hands of the Greeks, either of Egypt or of Syria, for one hundred and seventy years after Alexander the Great captured the Holy Land. It was then called Bira.

The fortress was taken at last by Simon, the High Priest of the family of the Maccabees. But it was so strong that he could not capture it until he was able to besiege it so closely that the Syrian Greeks could not go in and out for food and supplies, so were starved into surrender. Then Simon and the people of Jerusalem spent three full years in digging down the high hill on which it stood. Thus they partly filled the ravine between the fort and the Temple hill. The ravine was still further filled up by the Roman army which captured Jerusalem in 63 B.C. under Pompey. He kept his army fighting for six days of the week. On the Sabbath, the Jews would not fight unless they were attacked. So Pompey utilised the Sabbath for filling up the ravine and moving forward his great war engines, until they were close enough to batter down the great walls of the Temple enclosure. But the fort was still higher than the Temple.

Jerusalem was a city of ravines. The deep valley of the Kedron lay to the eastward, between the city and the Mount of Olives. Looking over the south walls, the eye followed down the sheer precipice four hundred feet to the smoky shadows of the seemingly bottomless gorge, where the offal of the Temple sacrifices was thrown down to be burned. The valley was called Ge-Hinnom, named after some forgotten man who was called Ge, the son of Hinnom. It is thus we get our name Gehenna, with our idea of a smoky, ill-smelling Hell. These two deep valleys, Kedron on the east and Ge-Hinnom on the south, were connected with each other and with a shallower valley which separated the Temple from the city and Mount Zion on the west. But the once-great ravine on the north was so nearly filled up that a broad platform extended across it from the Tower of Antonia to the outer walls of the Temple. From the platform a flight of steps led down to the level of the Great Court of the Gentiles. It was from these steps, thirty years later, that St. Paul begged permission to speak to the people in Hebrew (Aramaic) after he had been rescued from the Sicarii, the "dagger-men" of the Zealots, by the Roman soldiers.

The Kings of the Maccabean race had also been the High Priests.

For safety, in the time of their power, they kept the gorgeous vestments and sacred ornaments of the High Priest in the tower, instead of in the Temple. They were there when Herod rebuilt the Tower of Bira and re-named it the Tower of Antonia, to honor his friend and protector, Mark Antony. The sacred garments were still there after the death of Herod, when Archelaus was deposed and the Roman Procurator came to be the ruler over Jerusalem. So, by the irony of events, the High Priest's vestments and jewelled ornaments were kept under lock and key by the Roman commandant.

The High Priestly vestments must be worn at the three great Jewish Festivals. The week before, the treasurers of the Temple went solemnly up the great steps to the Tower of Antonia. They asked audience of the Roman captain of the Roman garrison. They identified themselves and gave surety of their errand by the Seal of the High Priest. They asked for and were permitted to remove, the sacred vestments. In the Temple the garments and ornaments went through a process of purifying, since they had been in the keeping of heathen and foreigners. So prepared, they were used by the High Priest in his ministration at the great Feasts.

The Galilean pilgrims passed the Tower of Antonia and down into the valley called Tyropean, which lies to the west of the Temple. Amid the multitudes, they ascended the long flight of steps which brought them up to the level of the Court of the Gentiles, the Great Court, also called the Profane Place. It was the least holy part of the Temple precincts. Anybody might enter. Buying and selling might be done. It was open to the world.

They entered the Court of the Gentiles by the Fish Gate of the Temple, corresponding to the Fish Gate of the City. The doors were of unbelievable size. The valves, as the doors were called, were each forty-five feet in height and half that in width. The valves stood wide open, revealing the enormous thickness of the Temple walls. The doors were built of timbers heavy enough to resist the blows of a battering-ram. Their timbers were covered completely with metal plates, some of brass, some of silver and of gold. They were flanked by massive towers, built of great stones, rising skyward on either side. In every tower at every one of the nine gates were watchmen selected from the Temple police, who never relaxed their guard upon the holy places.

Before them, as they entered the Court of the Gentiles, rose a fence of white marble, double the height of the tallest man. The upper third was built of shining stone, cut into a diamond shaped lattice. Through the openings in the lattice could be seen the moving figures of Jewish pilgrims on the wide platform, nine feet above. There lay the Chel, the wide promenade, which was also called the Sacred Enclosure. The Chel

extended all the way around the huge walls which enclosed the inner and more sacred courts of the Temple. The promenade was reached by nine flights of steps. On each side of each were two columns called "Pillars of Warning."

On the Pillars of Warning, as on the wall below the Chel, were signs, written in Greek, Latin and Aramaic, warning all who were uncircumcised that they must not, on pain of death, go up into the Sacred Enclosure. This rule was enforced and the death penalty imposed by the Romans themselves, who owed much of their success in world-government to respect for racial and religious prejudices among their subject peoples.

Twenty-four feet inside the marble lattice, across the full width of the Chel, rose the great walls of the Temple itself, also built of stone. The stones of this outer wall were of enormous length and thickness. In the wall, opposite the nine stairways that opened upon the Chel, were nine great doorways. In each doorway were hung two doors, or valves, built of thick and heavy oak, whose surfaces were covered with shining silver, brass and gold.

The high thick walls rose still higher at the northern end to form a great building, or group of buildings, which composed the Sanctuary itself. The Sanctuary consisted of the Holy Place, the Most Holy Place and an enormous building called the Porch of the Sanctuary, whose great golden roof towered high above them all. The floor of the Sanctuary was thirty-six feet above the Court of the Gentiles and its roof one hundred and twenty feet above.

The great Porch of the Sanctuary was a building as high as a cathedral of the Middle Ages, and larger than many. It was one of the wonders of Asia. Thirty feet in width, it extended one hundred and fifty feet in length across the Court of Israel and the Court of the Priests. In a day when most temples were open-air enclosures, uncovered except for the little space about the shrine, the Porch of the Sanctuary was entirely covered by a steep roof which rose one hundred and fifty feet above the lower level. To keep the birds from alighting and defiling the Sanctuary, the great roof of the Porch of the Sanctuary was thickly studded with sharp barbs of gold. From the distance, it looked like the huge plane of a myriad glistening, golden stars.

Many of the pilgrims turned in at one or other of the nine stairs that went up to the Chel, or Sacred Enclosure. The Holy Family walked along the side of the high marble fence for the long five minutes that it took them to reach the east end of the Temple. They were still on the level of the Court of the Gentiles.

Here, to the eastward, they looked out toward the Mount of Olives

through the greatest gate of all. It was the Gate of the Kings, named for Solomon, who built the first Temple. Each of its two valves was sixty feet in width and seventy-five feet in height. Each required the force of twenty men to move it on its hinges. The Gate of the Kings was commonly called the Gate of Shushan. The huge doors were entirely covered with a sheathing of Corinthian brass, which was more costly than silver. The brass was etched with a pictured representation of the City of Shushan, the royal capital of Persia. It was to Shushan that the captives of Israel had been taken centuries before. There was a strange affinity between the imageless religion of the Persians and the Hebrew worship of Jehovah. Shushan was still the home of the descendants of many of those who had been carried away into captivity, who dwelt by choice in the country of their forced adoption. The Gate of Shushan was directly before the long vista of the Temple's length.

The Court of the Gentiles in which the pilgrims stood was the whole Jewish world in miniature. All about the Holy Family were pilgrims who had come to the Passover from every land of the ancient world. Rabbis of Jerusalem stood out with prominent phylacteries. The blue fringes of their prayer-shawls were broad beyond belief. Babylonian Jews in plenty jabbered Aramaic with friends of Palestine and Greek with those from Alexandria, but not with so pure a diction. Foreigners and heathen mingled with the crowds. Some Jewish proselytes, or recent converts, wore their phylacteries with a little air of embarrassment, especially when they met men in the dress of their own nation or encountered the bold and curious glances of a strolling group of Greek merchants or Roman soldiers. Egyptian Jews abounded, mingled with Jews of Cyprus and Little Asia, Rhodes, Tarsus and Ephesus. Jews wearing the Roman toga passed Jews from Carthage, Spain and Persia. Jews were there of all the world, from India to the Danube and the Rhine, even to the far Pillars of Hercules, where Europe and Africa look at each other from Calpe and Abyla, the heights across the straits of Gibraltar.

Through this motley and moving throng the Galileans made their way to the wide spaces in the southeastern part of the Great Court of the Gentiles. Here were scores of dealers, dealers in doves, lambs, sheep and oxen. It was a scene of confusion indescribable. The lambs bleated, doves fluttered, dealers shouted, buyers chaffered and bargained. Into the heart of The Boy of Galilee came a homesick pang, a longing for the clean air and the native quiet of his hills of Nazareth.

This, the house of God? This? A very Babel of shouting, of buying and selling and hawking of goods. It seemed like all the noisy markets of the world let loose to bargain and to trade.

As they passed along before the dealers in lambs, looking for a familiar face, they were suddenly hailed by a hearty voice, speaking the Greek of Egypt.

"The Lord bless you. Is it indeed Joseph of Bethlehem? Or is it Joseph of Alexandria, or Joseph of some other city?"

"God be with you," answered Abba-Yusuf, speaking also in Greek. "It is now Yusuf of Nazareth. And you, Gershom of Bethlehem and Alexandria, of what city are you now?"

"Gershom of Bethlehem, once more," replied their old friend, "and ready to sell you a Passover lamb, without blemish and without spot, that has gamboled over the very fields of your great ancestor David. This one," holding up a white and spotless lamb, "came from the hillsides where King David tended his father-Jesse's flocks, when he was yet a boy, where he practised his skill against lions and bears, before he went forth to slay Goliath, the giant of Gath."

The lamb they selected was white. As required by the Law of Moses, it had no blemish nor spot of color. After some chaffering about the price, according to the immemorial habit of the Orient, Abba-Yusuf reverted to the ancient formula of fair dealing between trusted friends.

"Now name me a true price, as between brothers," he said.

"The price of the lamb to you shall be one drachma and an assarion," said Gershom promptly. It was to be noticed that they used the Greek names for the coins, instead of the Roman, a denarius (16 cents) and a farthing (one cent).

The terms of the sale being thus concluded, Abba-Yusuf paid over the two coins, the silver denarius and the copper as, or farthing. Then he took the lamb in his arms and turned away with the family group toward the great Gate Shushan.

Beside the outer wall the money-changers sat in long rows, crosslegged on the stone pavement. Before each one, within easy reach, was a low table. On the tables, displayed in carefully arranged piles, were the coins of every country of the Mediterranean world, with those of Egypt and Asia as well.

More time was spent here than had been required for the purchase of the lamb. The "tribute money" for the support of the Temple worship was a Hebrew coin, called the half-shekel. Its value was a didrachma (32 cents.) This was required of every man of the nation, from thirteen years and over. Not one of them, even among the Galileans who mixed so freely with their heathen neighbors, would have felt conscience-free to pay the value of the half-shekel in Roman money, even if it had been permitted. The money was always paid in the form of the old Jewish "shekel of the sanctuary," which was not in general circulation.

They came up to a money-changer and asked the price of the "shekel of the sanctuary." He boldly demanded a shekel, or tetra-drachma (64 cents) for the exchange. Abba-Yusuf made no reply to the offer but turned and walked on followed by the shrill cursing of the money-changer, who had apparently hoped to find, in this artisan from the North country, a simple mind which would confuse the shekel, or tetra-drachma, with the "shekel of the sanctuary," or didrachma, and thus pay a shekel for a half-shekel. He had disregarded the rule of the Temple authorities, which set a definite commission for the money-changer, and he did not seem to know, as did most of the dealers, that the Galileans were not ignorant and gullible, as the simplicity of their lives and their lack of display might indicate. It is true that the Galileans lived far to the North, many of them in country towns, and thus failed to show the latest fashions of Jerusalem in ornament and dress. But they came from the richest and most fruitful part of Syria and, indeed, of almost all the world. The trade roads of three continents crossed and re-crossed Galilee and brought them both the trade and acquaintance of men from every civilized land. They were much more cosmopolitan than the scribes and Rabbis of Jerusalem who despised them and ridiculed their Greek accent.

Going on a little way, Abba-Yusuf was accosted by a money-changer whose respectable appearance and quiet demeanor were belied by a pair of shifty black eyes. The preliminary negotiations were entirely satisfactory. But as Abba-Yusuf was about to hand over the money in exchange for the "shekel of the sanctuary," he heard a slight metallic click. His quick eye discovered that the coin in the dealer's hand was no longer between the thumb and first finger, but between the first and second fingers. Abba-Yusuf demanded to see the coin again. He was thereupon cursed with all the fluency and filthy abuse of an outraged and presumably innocent Oriental whose delicate sensibilities had been painfully aggrieved by the unjust suspicion that he would stoop to the substitution of a worthless coin in place of the one he had previously offered. Again they moved on.

"Why do you not punish him, or even answer him again?" asked The Boy, indignantly.

"His words do not make me what he says," was Abba-Yusuf's answer. "They only show me what he is."

A moment later, he said to the still angry Boy, "A wicked man must live with his own wickedness. Even God Himself could not condemn him to a greater punishment."

Soon, however, they found a money-changer of whom they could make no complaint except, it might be, of his particularly loud and raucous voice. He interrupted every sentence of the transaction by sending out a clarion call to the listening world, "Come and change your money with

Isaac, the son of Jacob," thus strangely reversing the Patriarchal order. The call was so automatic that Jude whispered to The Boy, "I wonder if he does it in his sleep." With Isaac, the son of Jacob, the exchange was made. The "men" of the family received each his "shekel of the sanctuary" in exchange for one didrachma or two denarii (32 cents), two assaria, or farthings (2 cents) and a lepton, or mite ($\frac{1}{8}$ cent).

Then, who so exalted as The Boy of Nazareth, to whom the "shekel of the sanctuary" was the very sign and symbol of his union with his nation's life. He was ready now for the first time to give the traditional gift of manhood to the support of God's worship in His Holy Temple.

The Holy Family turned from all this noise and confusion to mount the steps leading up from the Court of the Gentiles to the Chel, or Sacred Enclosure. They crossed the Chel and went up a flight of steps into the Court of the Women through the Gate called Beautiful. And The Boy felt subsiding the sharp pang which had seized him among the noisy, indifferent and irreverent crowds below, where peddlers, traders, money-changers and sellers of animals had been loudly competing for selfish gain, where foreigners and idolaters strolled about, looking upon it all with mere curiosity, indifference or open ridicule.

It was with a gasp of pure wonder that he looked, when they had entered the Court of the Women. Then he stopped, spellbound. Through and beyond and ever upward extended the long vista, almost six hundred feet of vastness and mystery, which carried his eager eyes to the far end. There stood the glistening Sanctuary, the Holy Place of God, of which he so long had dreamed.

"My Father's House," he murmured. And gentle Mother-Mary caught the words that came faintly, like a half-sobbed whisper. She breathed a sigh of thankful praise. It was so she hoped that he would see and marvel at this wonder of worship and of faith. For he was full heir to it in heart and promise. A prayer of grateful joy welled up from her pure heart to God. Then, as The Boy bent toward her, she put her hand upon his shoulder, as if she would lean on him for manly support. He flashed her the quick smile which she loved so well, for these two understood each other perfectly.

With straightened back and upraised head, glad to support the light burden she put upon him, he felt himself all at once a man. Yet as he looked his eyes were smarting with unshed tears, the wondering eyes of this Boy who stood within his Father's House at last.

At the other side of the Court of the Women, three hundred feet in front of them, were the fifteen broad stone steps which formed a stately semicircle down into the Court. They led up, more than forty feet in width, through the Gate of Nicanor. The gate was so named because the

head of the Greek general, Nicanor, had been hung over it after he was killed by the brave Maccabees. Nicanor had been the bitter enemy of the Jews and was commander of the army of Syrian-Greek soldiers, sent to destroy them by Antiochus Epiphanes, the King of Syria.

Beyond the Gate of Nicanor was the Court of Israel. Unlike the other courts it was completely roofed. Only the men of the Hebrew families could enter and worship in the Court of Israel. It was twenty-four feet in width and extended completely around the Sanctuary, over eleven hundred feet in total length. Four long and wide steps led up from the Court of Israel to the great square in the center, which formed the Court of the Priests.

In the middle of the Court of the Priests on a square platform, raised still above the Court itself, stood the Great Altar of Burnt Sacrifice. Its enormous fires were burning. The flames extended across the whole width of the Gate of Nicanor. The Boy saw dancing, dun-colored flames, with dark goutts of smoke here and there throughout the length of the huge altar of unhewn stone. Tradition, down all the twenty Jewish centuries, had pointed out the center of that altar as the very rock upon which Abraham was ready to offer his only son, Isaac, in sacrifice, at the command of God.

The rising heated air produced a wavy effect of vision. With it there came to him a sense of wonder and of mystery, as he caught sight of the beautiful building which rose majestically beyond the Great Altar of Burnt Sacrifice. It was the long and high structure of white marble called the Porch of the Sanctuary, which formed the front and entrance to the Holy Place, the most sacred part of the House of God.

Again The Boy murmured "My Father's House."

Again the gentle mother's pressure of hand on shoulder thrilled both her and him. For she realised the awakening of manhood life and vision in The Boy who knew, indeed, that he was truly in his Father's House.

The Porch of the Sanctuary was not so much a porch as a great building. It had an entrance that was little less than stupendous in that country and that century. The massive gateway was one hundred and five feet in height. It was forty feet in width. There were no doors. There was no curtain. It stood grandly and simply, a giant entrance to all that The Boy's nation had won and made its own by spiritual tenacity, in the face of worldly disappointment. The Jews had gone through almost two thousand years of alternating military defeats and successive captivities. They are the world's example of a people's impotent strife against a warring world. All that was left was pride of race with tenacity of religion. Of this the giant gateway was the symbol and the sign.

It stood for God as Spirit, since the gods of the conquerors all had forms.

It stood for God as something too great to be told to victors, whose gods were only gods in triumph. The ancients knew no gods of slaves. A spiritual God was only possible to the conquered. That world knew no gods but those of the land held free by force of arms, whose images were always overthrown by victors. So this great open door was the sign of a God both imageless and landless, only suffered by the conquerors to exist in the hearts and history of a landless race. It was a magnificent entrance to the House of Him who was not the god of a tribe or of a country, but the God of the hoping heart and the imagination, the spiritual ruler of the race.

"Room for all the world to enter." That was the thought which flashed into the mind of The Boy as he stood thus for the first time looking into the great doorway of the House of God. Why not?

In that instant, The Boy felt that it would be very easy for One-Who-Knew to reveal his Father-God to all the world.

Within the giant gateway and still beyond the high Porch of the Sanctuary, visible through the smoky, trembling air, could be seen the marble walls of the building which housed the Holy Place itself. Shining white the walls had been. But the whiteness had taken on a gray tone of mystery, due to the smoke of millions of sacrifices. Though not pure white, yet shining it rose, this inner building, a mystery of light that bade the spirit enter and be at one with God.

The great double doors of the Holy Place were open. They were heavily overlaid, completely covered, with shining gold. The two golden doors were a double invitation to a place that seemed to picture heaven. The floor was also covered with plates of gold. The Altar of Incense, the table of showbread, the seven-branched candlestick, all the furnishings, were gold. All white and gold inside, it was a place to bid pure spirit come within and live. This was called the Holy Place, not the Most Holy Place. That lay beyond.

Sixty feet beyond the golden doors the eye was stopped in its far search. High up on the wall, above the doors, hung a huge and spreading vine. It was made of solid beaten gold and held great bunches of grapes of gold. Each bunch was the full length of a man. Its artistry showed the highest skill of Oriental craftsmanship. The heavy branches of the precious yellow metal suggested gifts of untold golden talents, freely given by faithful worshippers. Its glistening leaves held sparkling facets in their carved surfaces. The shining grapes threw back the light of the sacred flames which rose from the Great Altar. All pointed down to a mystical Something below the vine, beyond the white and golden space of the Holy Place. Something was there, Something that caught and intrigued the fancy, Something that set the chosen soul to dreaming dreams.



CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE

It was not the huge pair of shining doors, overlaid with burnished gold. It was not the golden vine which hung above to testify the richness of the nation's offerings. It was not the bare entrance and opening of gigantic size. These had already entered the eye, startled the thought, and wakened The Boy to the wonder of his people's faith.

This was a rich Something—like a gauzy cloud or the soft shimmer of the forest leaves upon the mountain. The softness hides the rock beneath. The rock is there. You know it, but you cannot see it through the softness which hides it. So, hiding and holding, the impalpable Something terminated in a Mystery which enclosed, for the Jews, the very being of God in the bare room called the Holiest Place, or the Holy of Holies. It lay beyond the rising steps, beyond the high, square altar with its smoke and sacred flames, beyond the gigantic entrance through the Porch of the Sanctuary, beyond the rich and elaborate golden vine, beyond the gold-covered doors and floor of the white-and-gold room, called the Holy Place.

That which stopped the eye, at the far end, was not gaudy in color. It did not carry a message of size, rich tints, or cost or metal brightness. Yet, beyond all, it seemed greater than all.

It was a veil. A great silk veil it was, so thick and heavy that it hung without motion in the stirring air.

It was but a woven veil of great weight and beauty, to be sure. It was double woven in richest shades of finest silk, but it was only a veil. It hung over the doorless entrance into the Holy of Holies, the Most Sacred Place, closed forever to every Jew but the one chosen man of all the nation.

Any man might push it aside and enter the Holy of Holies. But nobody ever did so. Nobody, at least but the one man, the High Priest of God's chosen people who, once in every year, went within the veil and so entered the Holy of Holies. There, alone with God, he made intercession by prayer and Atonement for the sins of his nation.

THE DAY OF PREPARATION

WITHIN the Court of the Women, the Holy Family made their way toward the Sanctuary. It led them through an ever thickening throng, but this multitude was very different from that which filled the Great Court, the Court of the Gentiles.

There was an entire change in the mood and spirit of those who were about them. In the Court below, it had been as if the whole world were gathered in a market place. Here was an atmosphere of worship, a feeling of unity, a sense of comparative quiet.

About them now, were only Jews or converts to the Jewish faith. All the people showed the spirit of reverence that was to expected. For it was the common meeting place of all the men, women and boys of the Jewish race. All these were gathered here for the worship of their God. Among the faithful, the Holy Family stopped. They stood in reverent silence. So they made their appointed prayers.

The Court of the Women was commonly called the Treasury. Here were the thirteen square boxes, or treasure chests, set for the offerings of the people. Each treasure chest had a trumpet-shaped top of shining brass, through which the offerings of the worshippers descended into the box. The box was also called the "trumpet" because of the shape of the coin receptacle.

Some of the chests had signs in Greek and Aramaic to indicate the purpose to which the gifts would be devoted. One bore the sign, "Wood for the Burnt Sacrifices," another, "For Incense," others, "Lambs for the Temple Sacrifice," "The Drink Offering," and "For the Poor of Jerusalem."

Six of the treasure chests were without signs of any kind. These were intended solely for the voluntary offerings of the Jews and proselytes who came to worship. For in the ancient Law they were commanded "not to come empty handed." Into the trumpet-mouths of these boxes were "cast" the half shekel of "tribute money," which must be given every year by every man of the Hebrew faith over thirteen years of age. This included also the foreigners who had, by the rite of circumcision, assumed the "Oath of the Covenant." The proselytes were thus under all the "obligations" of the Jewish law, just as if they had been born of Jewish parents and had assumed the Oath of the Covenant by circumcision on the eighth day and had been educated to the "Obligations." The "Obligations" of the Law

did not become a legal requirement upon Jewish boys until they had reached the age of thirteen years and a day. When they were twelve years of age and one day, however, they began the "practice" of all the requirements of the Law, without being under its actual legal "obligations." Thus in the year of their "practice," they became accustomed to the duties and requirements, which became definite legal "obligations" when they reached the age of thirteen years and one day.

At this hour, each of the trumpet-shaped boxes was the center of a crowd of people. The Holy Family approached the one that was nearest the point where they had made their prayers. As the people made their offerings and dispersed they came closer and closer to the box. They were next in line for the opportunity of "casting in" their gifts, when they heard a commotion and great shouting.

"Way! Make way for the offerings of the faithful from Bokhara and Samarkand." A lictor, or member of the Temple police, was pushing his way through the crowds of massed worshippers. "Way," he called. "Make way for the Faithful of far Cathay." Following the lictor came a large delegation dressed in the quaint costumes of the mountains of Indo-Persia.

In front walked the Archesynogogos, the president of the Jewish synagogue of Samarkand, the great city in far Bokhara beyond the furthest mountains of Persia. After him came half a dozen of the Temple porters. Each carried a heavy leather bag. Every bag was sealed with gum-stamped seals upon white parchment. The parchment was covered with Chinese characters, crow-foot lettering, in the perpendicular columns of far Cathay. About and behind them were the elders, or principal men, of the Jewish synagogues of the mountain cities of the Farthest East. They had been five long months on their rough journey to bring the offerings of their people to the Temple of their God in Jerusalem, the Holy City of their faith.

Their heavy, queerly shaped woolen robes were well bleached by sun and weather. From their wide leather girdles hung long boots, made with the hair on the outside. The boots were badly worn by months of hard travel over stony mountain trails, snow-bound and well-nigh impenetrable mountain passes. Among them were proselytes, or converts, with slanting, heavy-lidded Chinese eyes and with the straight, wiry hair of the Mongol race.

To the wondering Boy, just awakening to manhood, it was a revelation of the far-reaching love of God and the spread of his religion. For these men came forward as fellow-heirs of God's promises. He felt that they were brethren. They took the heavy bags from the Temple slaves. The leader broke the seals. They had the Temple official sign the parchment memorandum for the receipt of the sealed bags. Then each member of the delegation, for the generous faithful in his own far city, poured out the

glittering cascade of coins into the horn-shaped mouth of the treasure box.

The sight of the wool-clad mountaineers with their offering from the distant Himalayas meant much to The Boy of Nazareth. It gave him a deeper sense of the dignity of his own offering. He "cast" his "shekel of the Sanctuary" into the treasure chest with a new feeling of the sanctity of the gift, a new reverence for the manhood service, now begun for God with which it bound his future to his nation's faith, as it bound his life to Godlikeness. His prayer with the gift was a prayer of consecration to a new and larger vision of his "Father's business," so greatly here in evidence in the house of His holy worship.

"And now, we men must go," said Abba-Yusuf. How The Boy's heart lifted to this acknowledgment of his manhood. "We must go up into the Court of Israel to pray," continued Abba-Yusuf, "and then we must sacrifice the Passover lamb. Where shall we meet you, Mother-Mary?"

"I am going with Salome and Mary," she replied. She meant her own sister Salome and Mary, the wife of Cleopas, the brother of Abba-Yusuf. "We shall be a long time making our own prayers and in finding the right 'trumpets' for our first day's offerings. Afterward, we shall be under the North Gallery."

So the "men" went up the fifteen wide steps of the great semicircular staircase that led through the Gate of Nicanor. They entered the Court of Israel and gave themselves to reverent prayer among the worshipping men of their nation.

They crossed the covered Court of Israel to the foot of the Great Altar of Burnt Sacrifice. Here they stood again for prayer. The huge square altar was in the center of the Court of the Priests, three sides of which were formed by the long covered Court of Israel. The altar was built of large, unhewn stones, for Moses had commanded that no stones should be used in the altar which had been touched or shaped by iron.

Confused lines of priests and Temple slaves were moving back and forth about the Court and the Great Altar. Temple porters were bearing wood on their broad backs, as much as each could carry. They went around to the south side of the Altar and there walked up a broad inclined ascent. It sloped up from the floor-level of the Court to the very top of the Altar, twenty-two feet above. Arrived at the top, they went out along the flat footway which extended the full length of the four sides of the Altar. From the footway, shielding their eyes from the blinding heat, they threw the sticks of wood inward to the points where they were most needed to replenish the fire. This required no small skill, for the Altar was forty-eight feet square at the bottom, while the area of the sacrificial flames was thirty-six feet on each of its four sides.

The Galilean group of men, carrying the lamb for sacrifice, passed

around the corner of the Great Altar. At the north side a large open space was devoted to the killing of the sacrifices. In the floor were rings of bronze or iron, where the larger animals were tied before being killed. Marble tables stood here and there beside the killing posts. On these the animals were skinned and their entrails removed and washed, before burning. There were also pillars, provided with hooks, on which to hang the carcasses after they were dressed.

A multitude of men stood outside the low rail that separated the Court of the Priests from the surrounding Court of Israel. Six or seven thousand men were banked around the square. They stood in solid lines, more than twenty deep.

The open space of the Court of the Priests was called the House of Burning. Inside the railing more than two thousand priests were in attendance. They were assisted by hundreds of Temple slaves and other hundreds of Levites and Temple porters.

It was the busiest hour of the busiest day of the whole Jewish year. All the priests were serving who could find room within the enclosure of the House of Burning. Whatever their "course," or the usual month of their service, all the priests of the Temple order were serving on this great day.

More than a hundred thousand lambs were killed each Passover. Many authorities have said two hundred thousand. They were all offered in sacrifice and their blood spilled on the Great Altar of Burnt Offering. All this was done during the afternoon of this Day of Preparation. Thus only could the Passover Supper be prepared for the more than a million of Passover pilgrims who crowded into Jerusalem for the Great Feast.

The buildings and surroundings were remarkable. The crowds were packed so densely that there was only room to stand among the massed multitudes. It was a scene almost inconceivable to the modern imagination. Particularly about the Great Altar it was a sight which beggars all powers of description.

At sunrise, when they went on duty for the Morning Sacrifice, the priests had all bathed in the pool below the Court. All were Levitically clean. Each one had been dressed in linen, pure white and freshly washed. The garment covered the whole body, from the crown of the turbaned head to the soles of the feet. The feet were bare, since the Law forbade the wearing of sandals or any other covering of the feet to those who trod the holy ground about the Altar of God.

The priests were now a red and gory sight. The once spotless garments were polluted with blood, streaked and stained by the crimson tide from thousands of slain animals. The floors were slippery with blood. Streams of blood ran out from the place of slaughter. Blood penetrated to all the

open space about the Great Altar. It flooded the House of Burning. The steps up to the Altar were tracked to the top with blood. The whole Place of Burnt Offering was a shambles, the most bloody the world has ever known. No wonder that the priests were the skilled butchers of the nation.

The smell of fresh flowing blood pervaded everything. The heat from the huge mass of fire at the center was stupefying. The acrid stench of burning flesh came down the heavy air with sickening power. It came from the Great Altar of Burnt Offering, where the flesh of the animals for the Evening Sacrifice was already being consumed. Added to that was the nauseous odor from the fat and entrails of the thousands of Passover lambs which were being consumed by fire on the Great Altar. All combined to assail the sense of smell.

The assault upon the ears was hardly less. Thousands of lambs, separated from their mothers, were bleating with fright. Hundreds of them together uttered piteous cries as they felt the sharp knife that pierced their throats. For the slaughter went on swiftly, two hundred lambs a minute, at the least. The harsh blast of trumpets was continuous, for a trumpet was sounded as each lamb was killed and its blood sprinkled above the red line on the Great Altar of Burnt Sacrifice. The heat, blood, noise and nauseous odors all tended to depress and dull the senses.

After a long time the men of Galilee were in the front rank of those who brought their lambs for the Passover Sacrifice. Abba-Yusuf did not lay his hands upon the head of the lamb as he would have done if it had been intended to be consumed by the sacred fires, instead of being eaten. He extended the little animal toward the priest in attendance and it was killed with the celerity born of much practice. An attendant Levite blew a sharp blast upon his rams-horn trumpet when the knife entered its throat. The priest caught the flowing blood in a vessel of silver. He passed the vessel back to a priest behind him and he to another in turn until it came to a priest who sprinkled the flowing blood above the red line on the Great Altar. This was to mark the difference between the sacrifice to be eaten and the one to be entirely consumed by burning. This lamb was sacrificed to be eaten outside the Sanctuary. If the flesh were to be consumed by fire, the blood would be sprinkled below the red line on the Altar.

With a dextrous slash of the sharp knife, the skin was slit. A skilful cut opened the body. The entrails were taken out and cast upon a heap. They would be taken away by a Temple slave, who would wash them. Then they would be carried, with the fat, to be burned on the Great Altar in the never-extinguished fires.

So Abba-Yusuf received back the carcass of the lamb with every bone unbroken, as it must remain until after the Passover Supper, when the still unbroken bones must be burned, with all the flesh that remained uneaten.

EATING THE PASSOVER

BEARING the carcase of the slaughtered lamb, Abba-Yusuf and The Boy returned to the Court of the Women. There they found Mother-Mary, with her sister Salome and Mary of Cleopas. They had made their gifts and prayers to their satisfaction. Now they were seated under the North Gallery of the Treasury in animated talk with old friends of Bethlehem.

Leaving the Temple as soon as they joined their womenfolk, the Galileans took their way, with the others in their company, to the open space beyond the Tower of Antonia, where their led animals were being guarded. Each man paid his lepton, or mite, to the half blind Arab boy who had kept his donkey. Having thus secured their beasts, they left the city by the Fish Gate, the same through which they had entered. Thence they followed around the old city wall down into the deep valley of the Kedron, out of which they climbed the long steep slope on the other side. The little company passed the Garden of Gethsemane and wound their way upward through the rich olive groves that grew in mounting terraces and gave their name, the Mount of Olives, to the high hill east of Jerusalem. In less than an hour they arrived in Bethany. Just at the summit stood the house of Cyrus and Emhasia, with whom they were to stay during their visit to Jerusalem. Both Cyrus and his wife were old friends of Galilee, for they had another home at Magdala, on the Lake, where they lived during the winter months.

The pilgrims were shown at once to a large upper room. It was furnished with the simple necessities for wayfaring guests, some strips of carpet, two low tables and little lamps in their wall niches, all ready to be lighted for the Passover Supper. A few trips up the wide steps on the outside of the house enabled the men and boys to transfer all the belongings of the three families from Galilee to their new quarters. Within a few minutes they were very comfortable and quite at home.

Then Abba-Yusuf took the carcase of the lamb to the lower courtyard. Under the interested observation of the boys, also of the men of the party, he proceeded to skin the lamb and prepare it for roasting. As tradition required, he gave the skin to Cyrus, the host, in whose house the Passover was to be eaten.

Soon the four women of the families were in busy and intimate prepara-

tion for the Passover Supper. Emhasia, the careful housekeeper, had provided ample store of all the good things required, even to the bitter herbs always eaten at the great Feast. More than one youthful nose sniffed appreciation of the generous baking of unleavened bread that was still warm from the oven.

There remained little to be done but attend the fire that had already heated the oven for the roasting of the Passover lamb; to truss the lamb with spits of pomegranate wood, two of them across from side to side, and one lengthwise, from the head to the tail: to draw the wine and water for the feast; to make the mortar-pudding of crushed fruits and to prepare the salted water for the dipping of the bitter herbs, wild endive, horehound and dandelion. In all this they were capably assisted by the eldest daughter of the home, Martha by name, a straight-backed and straight-haired young girl, who made them think at once of the capable Anna, back at home in Nazareth.

Meanwhile the men had gone to feed and care for the donkeys and to enjoy one of those long and interesting conversations which, if they had been women, would have been called gossip.

Left to themselves, the boys had wandered over the brow of the hill to look from the eastern slope of the range down into the depths of the Ghor. The Dead Sea lay below them, thirteen miles away. It was called Lake Asphaltitis, the lake of asphalt, since that sticky, tar-like substance never ceases to come to the surface from its volcanic depths. From this distance, it looked like a pearl among lakes. It was beautiful, smiling, shining blue. It was almost four thousand feet below the point where they stood and lay twelve hundred and eighty feet below the level of the sea, the lowest body of water in the world.

The boys' walk started lazily enough but resulted, of course, in a wild game of Romans and Robbers. The boys of Galilee were pitted against the boys of other pilgrim families who were visiting in Bethany. A huge cave in the face of the cliff back of the town figured naturally and prominently in the game. But presently some one discovered that there were no longer any shadows. The westering sun was out of sight behind the hill that rose above them. And, alas! The Day of the Passover began at sunset. With a wild "hallo" for those who were out of sight, the boys hot-footed back to the house of Cyrus and Emhasia.

Fortunately they found their shadows again when they got to the top of the hill. The sun had not gone down completely. It was not only visible. It was glorious as it shone across the Holy City to illumine the great Palace of Herod on the Hill of Zion and, on the lower Mount Moriah, to bring into radiance every shining facet and barb of gold on the roofs and cloisters of the Temple. The boys arrived hot and happy, but none too

soon, for their parents were already beginning to cast anxious looks about for these missing "men" of their families.

Ensued the ceremonial washing for the great Feast.

Then all the men went quietly up the outside steps. They entered the large upper room, already furnished for the memorial supper. There they sat in great dignity and unusual quiet, for the boys were duly and truly impressed by this, their first Passover Supper in the Holy City. They sat upon the carpets spread about the table. The Jews had for many years abandoned the custom of standing while eating the Passover with staff in hand, as if ready for instant flight. Moses had commanded that all should stand thus while eating the Passover Supper. But that custom was observed only, as it is to-day, by the Samaritans, whose Temple is on Mount Gerizim.

It was not long before the silence was broken by the sound of the great silver trumpets of the Temple. Their triple blast, the Rabbis boasted, was "loud enough to be heard as far as Jericho." With the blast of the Temple trumpets, the men stood and made their prayers for the end of worship and the passing of the day.

So sunset came. After the trumpets were sounded and prayers were said, the lamps were lighted for the eating of the feast. Soon afterward, the women of the families came, bearing those things that were needed for the beginning of the Supper. They were a skin of red wine and a jar of water, with which it was to be mixed; the bitter herbs with salted water in which to dip them, to remind the feasters of the bitter life which their ancestors had led under their sufferings in Egypt; the round flat loaves or cakes, of unleavened bread, telling of the haste with which that bread had been made for the first Passover, since there was not time for the yeast to rise because of the hurried flight to be made from the cruel masters; last of all, the Karosheth, which consisted of dates, raisins and ripe fruits mixed to the consistency of the mortar with which their forefathers had made bricks in Egypt. These things having been brought in and arranged, all was ready for the consummation of the sacred Supper. The Paschal lamb was brought in with all ceremony. It was roasted, as Moses commanded, "And they shall eat the flesh in that night, roast with fire, and unleavened bread; and with bitter herbs shall they eat it. Eat not of it raw, nor sodden at all with water, but roast with fire" (Ex. 12:8-9). No part of the lamb had even been allowed to touch the oven. If it had, that part must have been cut away and burned.

To Mother-Mary fell the honor of serving, since Abba-Yusuf was president, or head of the feast. The Passover must be eaten by at least ten men, but not more than twenty. Mother-Mary handed him the cup. It was very large, from our modern point of view, since each of the four

Passover cups received one sixteenth of a hin, or a half pint, of red wine, before being mixed with three or four times its volume of water. The server poured the wine from the small wine-skin and the water from the jar.

The Cup being mixed, Abba-Yusuf raised it in blessing. He then pronounced the Benediction which must precede the drinking of the First Pass-over Cup:

"Blessed art Thou, Jehovah our God, who hast created the fruit of the vine. . . . And Thou hast given us . . . this day of the Feast of Unleavened Bread, the season of our freedom, a holy convocation, the memorial of our departure from Egypt. . . . Blessed art Thou, Jehovah, King of the Universe, Who hast preserved us alive and sustained us and brought us to this season."

Then Abba-Yusuf drank. And the Cup was solemnly passed to each one of the sitting circle. Each drank in turn and the cup was returned to him, as ruler of the Feast. They all drank, "sitting and leaning," "because it is the manner of slaves to eat standing, therefore they now eat sitting and leaning, in order to show that they have been delivered from bondage to freedom." Instead of sitting crosslegged on the floor, they sat or lay on the carpeted strips and leaned the left elbow on or beside the low table, with the head on the hand. This left the right arm free to take of the food and to handle the cup. Every one of the four Passover Cups must be drunk, "sitting and leaning." The guests might afterward straighten up and sit more comfortably in the usual Oriental position and usually did so. Couches for reclining were found in the "great houses" of those Jews who followed the fashion of wealthy Greeks and Romans. In such cases, the tables were higher and the banqueters reclined on their left elbows, three on a couch (triclinium), with the head toward the table. At this period, the usual custom of the Land was to recline on carpet strips, beside a table not more than nine inches high.

After the First Cup was drunk by all the pilgrims, a basin of water and a towel were brought. Each one washed his hands, in this case by dipping and not by pouring, and said the customary prayer:

"Blessed art Thou, Jehovah our God, who has sanctified us with Thy commandments and enjoined us concerning the washing of our hands."

At this time, the table containing the Passover Supper was taken from where it had been standing, outside the sitting circle, and was set down in their midst. Abba-Yusuf said a solemn blessing over the meal. It was an enlarged "grace before meat," especially used for the Passover Supper. Then

he took up the bitter herbs. He dipped them in the salted water. He ate first of the bitter herbs himself, then gave them to each of the company, that they might recall the bitterness of their forefathers' lives when they were slaves in Egypt. They partook of the bitter herbs a second time, later in the meal, when a portion of them was mixed with the mortar-pudding, Karosheth, and put on the flat circle of unleavened bread, set in front of each guest and used as a plate.

So the Passover Supper was begun. Very soon a strange silence fell upon the company. Abba-Yusuf had stopped eating. The women of the families rose and left their places. They quietly and deftly removed the whole of the Passover Supper from the midst of the guests. Then they all returned to their places, with the exception of Mother-Mary. She served Abba-Yusuf for the second time while, as president of the feast, he mixed the cup of red wine with water. Then she too sat down in her place. But Abba-Yusuf said no word of blessing. He made no move to drink of this second Passover Cup. The little stir of talk which had begun gave way to deepest silence. For The Boy stood up in his place. He turned to question Abba-Yusuf.

"What do these things mean?" asked "the son of the house."

Abba-Yusuf sat quiet. He appeared not to hear. He made no reply.

"What do these things mean?" asked The Boy for the second time. This was according to custom, handed down by long tradition.

Abba-Yusuf stood up. His mellow voice was deep with feeling as he began the story with the same old words that had been used for fifteen hundred years. For so the fathers had answered the same old question, asked yearly by "the son of the house," in the midst of the Passover Feast.

"A Syrian ready to perish was my father," he began, and so told the story of Israel's beginning, with Abraham in the house of his father, Terah, the maker of idols; down to the emigration into Egypt; the later suffering and disgrace of slavery; the rise of Moses as leader of the tribes; the "ten plagues" with which God afflicted the land of Egypt (Mizraim) for the sake of his chosen people, especially the last and deadly blight put upon every family, except those who had slain the lamb according to the command of God. For the Angel of Death was sent to visit every house in Egypt. In each house Death destroyed the first-born son. But those were spared in which the blood of the lamb was sprinkled upon the sides and top bar of the door. This was the solemn sign by which Death, at God's command, was to "pass over" that house, thus saved from the fatal visitation. No bone of the lamb must be broken, under the penalty of forty stripes. The reason for this, as God showed to Moses, was that the Egyptians, when they saw the unbroken bones, the skeleton of the animal eaten that night, would know that the children of Israel had obeyed the command of God. For they had sacrificed the

lamb, as could be seen by the unbroken bones, and had eaten it in the sacrificial feast. So they had saved their first-born sons alive because they had obeyed the command of God and He had caused the Angel of Death to "pass over" their houses. For "Hebrew" means "Pass-over;" so the name of the people and the feast are one.

Now the Supper was brought back into the circle of the guests. Abba-Yusuf took the dishes on the table, one by one. He explained the meaning of each, beginning with the lamb, slain to save the first-born son; the bitter herbs, to recall the bitterness of slave life in Egypt; and the ripe rich fruits, mixed to the consistency of the mortar with which the fathers were compelled to make bricks for their Egyptian masters.

Abba-Yusuf completed the story of the Exodus with the old words, handed down from generation to generation: "We ought to praise, celebrate, honor and magnify Him who did these great and marvelous things for our forefathers, and led them from bondage to liberty, from sorrow to joy, from darkness to great light."

Then he said:

"Let us say, 'Hallelujah! Praise the Lord.'"

The feasting pilgrims rose to their feet and all joined in singing the first part of the Great Hallelujah, the One Hundred and Thirteenth and Fourteenth Psalms, according to the rite of Hillel, though the school of Shammei ended with Psalm 113.

Then he said the prayer, "Blessed art Thou, O Lord, our God, King of the Universe, Who hast redeemed us and our forefathers out of Egypt."

All then drank of the Second Passover Cup which had been mixed before the story and exhortation. Immediately the hands were washed again, with the same prayer as before. When they sat down in their places, the head of the Feast broke two loaves of bread which had remained untouched before him. Over them he gave thanks, not as over the bread of the prosperous, but as over the bread of the poor, which is only fragments. He dipped the pieces in the Karosheth, the bitter-sweet mortar-sauce, and passed a sop to each one at the table.

So the feast went on, each one eating as he pleased, breaking or tearing pieces from the bread before him. Each also partook of the lamb, shredding off portions with the fingers, careful to break no bone, however small. They did not fear the legal penalty of forty stripes, but had the earnest wish to uphold the Law of Moses and the traditions of their fathers.

When appetite was satisfied and they had finished eating, "grace after meat" was said. The Third Passover Cup was mixed. A very special bless-



GOING TO MARKET

ing or Benediction was said over it, for it was the most important of all the Feast, excepting only the First Cup. The Third Passover Cup was called the Cup of Blessing. It is that to which St. Paul refers as the sacred cup of the Holy Communion. After The Third cup was passed, the families and friends around the Passover table joined in the long and intimate talk that does so much to cement friendship and unite a group in bonds of love and confidence. It was so twenty years later, when Twelve Boys of Galilee, now grown to be men, sat down to their Last Passover together, with only one outsider, the Hill-country Judean, called I'Kerioth, or Iscariot, who had turned traitor to their cause. It was after the Cup of Blessing that their leader and Master opened his heart and lifted the veil of the long future in which they, like all other disciples, must drink the Cup of Blessing as a Cup of Remembrance, for the renewal of the communion of heart with heart and soul with soul, which would keep alive the love Divine through Time and for Eternity.

At a later hour, when they were ready to break up the memorial Feast and to disperse, the Fourth Passover Cup was mixed. Over it, the rest of the Hallel was sung, everybody standing. The latter part of the Hallel was especially appointed for the ending of the Passover Supper. It consisted of Psalms 115, 116, 117 and 118.

Then the Fourth Passover Cup was drunk. A final prayer was said, which was sometimes called "the blessing of the song":

"All Thy works shall praise Thee, Jehovah our God, . . . for it is good to praise Thee, and pleasure to sing praises to Thy name for, from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God. The breath of all that live shall praise Thy name, Jehovah, our God. And the spirit of all flesh shall continually glorify and exalt Thy memorial, O Our King. For from everlasting to everlasting Thou art God, and beside Thee, we have no King, Redeemer or Savior."

So the First Passover Supper was ended. Out of doors, the Paschal moon rode high in yellow glory and bathed the world with a light like that of noon-day, but that it was so quiet and subdued. The stairs continued up to the flat roof above. There the boys of Galilee spread out their beds. The rest were soon asleep, but The Boy sat long upon the low parapet that enclosed the roof. He looked down upon the silent world and pondered. Jerusalem lay below and in the moonlight seemed far and shadowy. Only the Temple emerged to shape and definition. By gleam of cornice, line of cloister and a million moonshine facets from the barbs of gold upon the roof, the huge mass took form.

"My Father's House," whispered The Boy. He looked about again upon the sleeping city and the shadowy Mount of Olives. The world seemed very good. Soft moon's rays brought out the right things and the large, and

seemed to hide away all else that might be evil. "My Father's world," murmured The Boy and spread his bed in the midst of that serene brightness which made the world a mystery of light and shadow. God seemed very near. He would seek and find Him in that world below, solving the mystery of darkness by the mystery of light.

THE MORNING SACRIFICE

It was the morning of the Passover. The Day of the Passover had begun at sunset the evening before, like every day of the Jewish year. The Evening Sacrifice, seen burning on the Altar in the afternoon, had been that of the Day of Preparation, not the Day of the Passover. The family celebration had centered in the eating of the Passover Supper after sunset, when the Day of the Passover began.

The Passover lamb had been sacrificed at the Great Altar in the Temple, carried home and roasted and all the work of preparing for the Supper had been completed in the afternoon. For the Passover was regarded as a Sabbath and no menial work might be done after the Day began at sunset.

On this morning of the Passover, outside the family groups, would begin the purely national celebration of the Feast. It was truly a "high day." A bullock and a he-goat and seven lambs would be sacrificed and offered on the Great Altar of Burnt Offering, with all the pomp and pageantry and music which the Temple service could display. The High Priest would take part, clad in gorgeous vestments and precious ornaments. Long lines of white-clad priests would make procession. Levites and musicians would add their skill, with voices in chorus and instruments of music, to enrich the Day. The animals that were sacrificed, instead of being eaten, would be completely consumed by burning in the sacred flames.

Long before daylight, therefore, the Holy Family and their Galilean friends had awakened in the upper room and on the flat roof of the house on the Mount of Olives. Prayers had been said, breakfast of unleavened bread had been eaten, and they were on their way down the steep hill, approaching the Holy City, while yet hardly a suggestion of sunrise had lightened the eastern sky.

In the silver light of the waning Paschal moon, Jerusalem lay spread before them like a giant city of mystery. The bulking height of the Temple stood out, gray-white, in shadowy majesty. The glint of gold outlined the roof of the Holy Place and the towering Porch of the Sanctuary. The glint had no longer its golden boldness, but the buildings lost none of their impressiveness. It was as if a hundred thousand fairies had made encampment and a fay, with a dim silver lamp, was sitting on each tile of a giant's house.

The grim, square Tower of Antonia overtopped the Temple on the hill at

the north. It stood, a dark fort of menace, as it had always been. The higher hill of Zion, beyond the Temple to the west, loomed large with its great buildings. The rich palace, built by Herod, dwarfed them all. It gave sad reminder of Israel's first mighty king, for the hill of Zion had always been associated with the memory of King David.

Unhampered by the led animals, which they had left behind on the Mount of Olives, the pilgrims came directly down the hill, to the left of the Garden of Gethsemane. They crossed the valley of Kedron by a wide bridge, or viaduct, which gave them entrance to the Temple enclosure by the Gate of Shushan, the largest gate of all.

Midway down the Mount of Olives, they were startled by a peculiar and penetrating noise. It might have been likened to the grinding of great rocks together, but that it had such a piercing and rasping character. It was as if the lid of the world were being turned back upon mammoth and rusty hinges.

"What is that noise?" asked the surprised James.

"It is the opening of one of the valves (doors) of the Gate Shushan," answered his Father-Zebedee. "It takes twenty men to move each valve on its hinges. They say that you can hear its creaking as far as Jericho, fourteen miles away."

The boys could well believe it, for the grinding and shrieking noises permeated and absorbed all other sounds.

"It requires two hundred men to open all the gates of the Temple," added Zebedee. "They work under the direction of Ben Gabar, like a company of soldiers. Ben Gabar is the chief door-shutter." The boys went down the hill, listening to the noises. They heard higher and shriller sounds, as other and smaller gates creaked to their opening. They chattered with each other, asked endless questions of their fathers, speculated as to which gate was opening when they heard a new note and hoped that they could see the mighty Ben Gabar and his company of men at work. Presently silence fell, for all the gates were open. The mothers felt relief, if not the boys.

They were on the viaduct. Throngs of pilgrims were all about them. Out of the darkness, gray forms had joined them from all the slopes of Olivet. All were bound for the Temple to join in worship at the Morning Sacrifice. Suddenly a voice was heard. It carried far across the Temple Courts from the high East Tower.

"The Light appears," announced the voice. At once a question was asked from the Temple enclosure, still far below. The voice that asked was the most powerful and far-reaching that the boys had ever heard.

"Is it fair day?" asked the great voice.

"It is fair day," answered the smaller voice.

"Are the heavens bright, all up to Hebron?" asked the great voice.

"The heavens are bright all up to Hebron," answered the smaller voice. "Full daylight is here."

Then the Stentor of the Temple gave forth his stentorian call for the beginning of worship. Every word of the great voice could be heard, not only in the temple but throughout all the valley and up the mountainside as he heralded the proclamation for the opening day:

"Priests to your ministry. Levites to your places. Israelites take your stations." Thus the official command came to the priests, the Levites and the lay representatives of the nation, in the far-reaching voice of the Temple Herald.

"It is Gebini, the Herald," remarked Cleopas. "There is no other voice like his. There is always a Gebini as herald in the Temple. This one has a voice that, they say, can be heard almost as far as Jericho."

Not much interested in Jericho, but promising themselves to take a look at the owner of that wonderful voice, the boys hurried on across the viaduct with their families.

A moment later, as if it were an effect produced by the herald call of Gebini, they heard the resounding triple blast of the great silver trumpets of the Temple, sending out the sunrise call to prayer. The call was of such power, even with its silver sweetness, that the boys could hardly wonder that the blast was reported to be often heard "as far as Jericho." But they had no time now to resent the third mention of that city to which Temple sounds could proudly carry and of which they knew no good.

Every pilgrim in all the hastening crowds about them stopped at once. Each one stood facing toward the Holy Place and made silent prayer, thus answering the Temple call to the faithful for the opening day.

A few minutes later the Galilean families had assembled with the fast-gathering multitudes in the Court of the Women.

Already in the Court of the Priests, two long processions of priests had met before the Altar of Burnt Offering. The white-clad ministrants had started in opposite directions from the assembly hall of the priests, which was behind and beside the north wall of the Holy of Holies. They had made the complete circuit of the Sanctuary. The people in the less sacred Courts were too far away to hear the question and answer of the leaders of the two processions.

"Is all well?" asked the first. "Is all in safety?"

"All is well," replied the second. "All is in safety."

Already every priest had taken the bath of Levitical cleansing in the large pool below the Sanctuary. Each had dressed in spotless white. The garments included the Machanase, short trousers of white linen which reached from the hips to the knees, a garment worn only by the priests and by them only in sacrificial service; the Chittone, a long coat of white linen

reaching to the feet and having long, narrow sleeves; the Abaneh, a very long linen girdle, embroidered with ornaments of purple, blue and scarlet. It was wrapped three times around the breast. The ends hung down in long streamers to the feet and were thrown over the left shoulder when the wearer was engaged in active service about the sacrifices at the Great Altar. Added to these and completing the priestly costume was a turban of white linen, peculiarly twisted to form a crown-shaped top.

Shoes might not be worn, for the whole Sanctuary was regarded as holy ground. The priests wore sandals when they came in and went out of the Courts from their Temple quarters. But the feet must be bare when performing all sacrificial service. No wine or strong drink might be partaken of, either by day or by night. Those upon whom no lot had fallen might drink wine at night in their abodes, but not in the day, lest they be called back to the Temple for service about the Altar.

The priests of the ministering "course" had bathed, vested and gathered in their assembly hall before the Temple gates were opened. They were joined by the "Israelites," or lay representatives of the nation, who served with them from the same district, twenty-four for each "course." The procession of inspection had then passed around the Holy Places and the priests had returned to the hall of assembly. There lots had been cast to decide who was to serve in the cleansing of the Great Altar of Burnt Offering. The one most highly honored was the one who began. He lifted the first ashes with the silver shovel. Another lot determined who was to kill the lamb for the Burnt Sacrifice and who to sprinkle blood below the red line on the Great Altar. A third lot indicated who were to carry the different pieces of the animals to the sacred fire.

Meantime, the Altar of Burnt Sacrifice had been cleared of ashes and cleansed of the debris of yesterday's burnings, which had been thrown down from a tunnel in the face of the precipice forming the south wall of the Temple. Never-extinguished fires in the deep valley of Hinnom completed the burning. Fresh wood had been thrown upon the smouldering coals to build up the large fires needed for the day.

The first lamb to be killed had been examined by candle light for any spot or blemish. The ninety-three sacred vessels and utensils for the sacrificial service had been brought from the utensil room. All preparations had been made for the many sacrifices of the day, since seven lambs, a ram, a he-goat and a bullock were sacrificed at the Great Altar on each day of the Passover. Besides, many animals were killed and burnt in the name of the Roman Emperor, Imperial officials and many private individuals.

Two priests, selected by lot, had opened the golden doors and entered the Holy Place. They had crossed its floor of golden plates. One of them had cleaned the Altar of Incense, using a pan of gold. The other had

cleaned and, with oil from a golden cruse or bottle, refilled the seven lamps of the great Golden Candlestick. All these lamps were required to be kept burning through the night, three of them all day. The two priests had retired from the Holy Place, leaving their golden utensils behind.

The lamb had been given a drink of water from a golden bowl and led for slaughter to the great Altar. Its legs were bound with the sacred thongs and it was laid on the north side of the Altar with its face toward the west as tradition said that Isaac had been laid on that same rock almost two thousand years before.

It was only after the priests had made their procession around the Sanctuary, and the silver trumpets blown, that the people were admitted. It was at this time that the chosen priest thrust his knife into the throat of the lamb. His companion caught the flowing blood in a golden bowl and sprinkled it on the Great Altar below the red line, since the flesh was to be entirely consumed by burning.

Then the lamb was skinned. Its entrails were removed and washed on one of the marble tables. The carcase was cut up and divided into the portions dictated by long centuries of tradition. Six priests had been chosen by the second lot to carry and burn the portions prepared for the altar. Each priest now took up the portion of the lamb indicated by his position in the casting of the lots. The first one took the head and one hind leg; the second, the two forelegs; the third, the tail and the other hind leg; the fourth, the breast and neck; the fifth, the two sides; the sixth, the entrails. These they carried from the place of slaughter and division to the foot of the inclined ascent up to the west side of the Altar. There they laid them down ready to be salted for the sacrifice. This was repeated for each of the animals that were to be burned for the Passover Sacrifice.

After the portions were salted for the Sacrifice, the procession of priests again formed in double column. They marched back thus to the hall of assembly. There prayers were offered, the Ten Commandments, or Ten Words, were said and the Shema was again repeated. A special prayer was said for the casting of the fourth lot.

The Fourth Lot was then cast for the greatest honor of the day, the privilege of making the offering of the nation at the golden Altar of Incense. The honor came to any priest but once in his lifetime. Always thereafter he was called "rich" in remembrance of the honor of that day.

Choice was made of two friends or relatives to assist him by the priest who had won the honor of the Fourth Lot. Two other priests had cleansed the Altar of Incense and filled the lamps of the Golden Candlestick. Their duties had already been assigned. The incensing priest now received a golden saucer with a lid. Inside the covered vessel was another and smaller saucer which contained the incense, in weight about half a pound. One of

his two selected assistants now took a silver pan to the top of the Great Altar. In it he brought from the sacred fires enough live coals to cover the whole top of the golden Altar of Incense. These glowing embers he transferred to a golden pan, for all the utensils of the Holy Place, like all its furnishings, must be of pure gold.

Together with his two assistants the incensing priest now entered the Holy Place. There they found the other two, who had re-entered to remove the utensils, the gold bottle for filling the lamps and the golden pan containing the ashes removed from the Altar of Incense. Tradition demanded that each priest, on retiring from the Holy Place, must carry with him the utensil he had employed in the supreme sacrifice of the day.

The priest who carried the golden pan, filled with live coals from the Great Altar, now emptied them on the flat top of the Altar of Incense, which was a gold plate, eighteen inches square. The officiating priest then took the lid from the golden dish and handed it to one of his companions. He handed the vessel itself to the other, who held it out to his leader that he might take from it the smaller golden saucer which held the incense, leaving the larger dish in the hands of his assistant. Thereupon the four priests beside him prostrated themselves in worship. Then they retired backward out of the Holy Place, each carrying one of the golden utensils. Thus the priest officiant was left alone for the supreme sacrifice.

Alone he stood. Alone he made his prayers to God. He lifted up the saucer of incense, raising it with both hands. He presented it as a sweet-smelling savor to Almighty God, the gift and sacrifice of the Nation. Then he emptied the incense upon the live coals, spread upon the golden Altar of Incense, as close as possible to the Holy of Holies, behind the veil.

A great volume of heavy, aromatic smoke burst forth at once from the ignited incense. It spread up and about the Holy Place. The dense cloud was visible throughout all the Courts of the Temple. The priest who had made the supreme offering fell upon his face before the Altar of Incense, in an ecstasy of worship. So, also, did all the worshippers, all the gathered multitudes in the Court of the Priests, in the Court of Israel and in the Court of the Women.

The prayers appointed for this part of the sacrifice, thus made at the Altar of Incense, were the last three of the so-called Eighteen Benedictions of Moses, called *Shemoneh Ezreh*.

His prayers and worship being concluded, together with those appointed for the congregation, the incensing priest retired backward out of the Holy Place, while the clouds of incense mounted and filled the golden chamber of the Sanctuary. He rejoined the other four. Each carried the vessel that had been used in the great sacrifice. The officiant bore the saucer that had held the incense. The five priests, each with his gold utensil in his hands,

now came to the front and stood at the top of the steps leading up to the Sanctuary from the Treasury, or the Court of the Women.

From the top of the steps, under the Gate of Nicanor, the officiating priest pronounced the Benediction to all the people of the nation, followed by his four companion priests:

"Jehovah bless thee and keep thee. Jehovah make his face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee. Jehovah lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee Peace."

In this Benediction alone, and only when it was used in the Temple, the name of God was pronounced as it is spelled, "Jahweh," instead of "Jehovah," as at all other times.

Now came the procession of priests to complete the sacrifice of the burnt offerings upon the Great Altar. Behind the double column of white-clad priests, marching with stately deliberation, came the High Priest Annas, or Hannas, preceded by his attendant officials, the Sagan or chief in authority over all the affairs of the Temple (who himself served in place of the High Priest in case of emergency), with all the chiefs who had the oversight of different departments of the Temple service.

Among these, at that time or a little later, were the following "heads." Jochanan was "over" the seals; Achiah, drink offerings; Hatthiah, lots; Petachiah, money to buy birds for sacrifices; Ben Achiah, healing stomach troubles of the priests; Nechoniah, wells; Gebini, herald; Ben Gabar, door shutters; Ben Babai, scourging; Ben Arsa, warning cymbals; Hygros, psalmody; family of Garu, showbread; family of Abtinias, makers of incense; Eleasar, renewing the veils; Pinchas, the garments.

The High Priest was indeed an impressive figure. He was magnificent to the eyes of the Jews, and with reason. He was arrayed in all the gorgeous vestments of his holy office. In addition to the four garments worn by the other priests, the High Priest wore the four so-called "golden vestments" whenever he officiated, excepting only on the Day of Atonement. On that day he wore only pure white vestments of the finest Indian linen. In them he made his yearly entrance into the Holy of Holies, trodden by no other human foot, and by his but once a year. And on that day, the garments must never have been worn before, and must never be worn again.

The rich robe of the High Priest descended to his knees. It was woven of the finest lamb's wool, dyed with the extract of indigo to a rich, dark blue. It was ornamented at the bottom with hanging colored-and-golden pomegranates, alternating with seventy-two gold bells, which tinkled as he walked. The robe was seamless. It had holes for the arms, but no sleeves. The sleeves were attached to another garment, called the Ephod.

The Ephod was the upper garment. It was made like a short coat. With the exception of a space in front, ten inches square, the Ephod covered the arms and chest. In the open square was fastened the jewelled breastplate, worn only by the High Priest. The Ephod was embroidered with gold. The breastplate was fastened into its open square by ribbons, which passed through golden rings. The priceless jewels which stood for the Twelve Tribes of Israel were imbedded in the square of massive gold. The heavy weight of the breastplate was supported by gold chains which passed over the shoulders.

A magnificent golden mitre completed the costume of the High Priest. A wide band of gold encircled the whole head with the exception of an open space across the forehead. The broad band, or crown, was the foundation upon which was built up a high structure of shining calyx points and fine, upstanding, gold filaments. This fourth of the "golden vestments" was completed by a gold plate, thick and heavy, which extended across the forehead and filled the open space left in the wide band that formed the base of the helmet-like mitre. The plate was engraved in Hebrew characters with "the sacred name of God." This plate with the sacred name, together with the jewelled breastplate, had the highest religious significance for every Jew. The High Priest must not raise his hands in blessing higher than the sacred name engraved on the gold plate of the mitre.

The long procession of white-clad priests walked around the Great Altar, once at the Feast of the Passover (seven times on the last day of the Feast of Tabernacles). Then the two lines opened out and formed a lane for the advance of the High Priest. His blue-dyed and golden vestments made a striking contrast with the lane of pure white garments through which he walked. With stately dignity and solemn deliberation the High Priest advanced between the lines of priests and so ascended the inclined way to the top of the Altar of Burnt Offering.

This was the signal for the beginning of the music. A loud blast of the silver trumpets and shofars, or rams horns, blown by Priests and Levites, heralded the beginning of the offering of the burnt sacrifices. After this the instrumental music accompanied the distribution and the burning of the flesh on the Great Altar fires.

Among the instruments were cymbals; the nabla, with twelve strings, played by the fingers; the Kinora, which had ten strings, and was played with a pick, or plectrum; the Halils, or reed pipes, which gave the organ tones, only used at the three great feasts, Passover, Pentecost and Tabernacles. Either vocal or instrumental, the music continued while the burnt offerings were being presented. It culminated at the point where the male chorus of Levites broke into the chant to which the psalm for the day was sung, a chant much like modern plainsong in character, but not so highly

modulated, and with a distinct minor cadence. The selection for Sunday was Psalm 24; Monday, Psalm 48; Tuesday, Psalm 82; Wednesday, Psalm 94; Thursday, Psalm 81; Friday, Psalm 93; and on Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath, Psalm 92.

Nine priests were designated by lot to serve at the Altar for the Morning Sacrifice. Each of the first six carried up the portion of the animal, or animals, which he had brought from the place of slaughter and division to deposit at the foot of the inclined way up the west side of the Great Altar. All this was like the procedure at Morning Sacrifice on an ordinary day, except that on the three Great Days each officiating priest carried the assigned portion of the animal, or animals, to the High Priest, who either himself threw it upon the sacred fires, or pressed his hands upon it before it was thrown to the burning by the priest whose lot it was.

After the six priests had committed their allotted portions of flesh to the burning, the seventh priest brought up the "meat offering," to be burnt in the name of the whole nation. The "meat offering" was not flesh, but flour, either baked or unbaked, but always mixed with olive oil. The Meat Offering consisted of a tenth of an ephah (seven pints) of fine flour mixed with a quarter of a hin (three pints) of oil. The mixture was unbaked. A handful was thrown into the sacred flames. The rest was kept as a perquisite of the priestly order. This amounted to an enormous quantity in the course of the year, since every animal, killed and offered as a sacrifice of burnt offering, must be accompanied by its appropriate meat-offering of flour as well as the drink-offering of wine.

The eighth priest carried up the "meat-offering" of the High Priest. It was called the "baked." It was the same quantity as that for the people, a tenth of an ephah of fine flour, mixed with a quarter of a hin of olive oil. The flour and oil were baked in round pans into twelve loaves. Each loaf was broken in two and more oil was added before it was burned in the Altar fires. Twelve half loaves were burned at the Morning Sacrifice. The other half loaves were reserved for the Evening Sacrifice. It was offered daily in the name of the High Priest, but he did not offer it himself, except on the days when he officiated in person.

The ninth priest brought up the "drink-offering" of the day. He handed it to the High Priest, a quarter-hin of wine in a silver flagon, or cruse. The High Priest raised the wine in blessing. Then he leaned forward and poured it solemnly into a long silver funnel, which led down through a hole in the rocks of which the Great Altar was built. The drink-offering thus penetrated to the great rock below, the very top of the sacred mountain of the Jews. It has always been a current belief that the wine of the drink-offering ran down through a hole in the mountain itself, into a great cave beneath.

The pouring of the drink-offering was the signal for the Levites. It was

at this point that their male chorus broke into the chant which began the psalm for the day. The chant was always divided into three parts. At the end of each section, the priests blew a fanfare on the silver trumpets. Then all the people prostrated themselves in worship.

This would have been the end of the Morning Sacrifice on a common day. On the Sabbath the sacrifice was doubled. Upon each of the seven days of the Passover, seven lambs and a ram, two young bullocks and a he-goat, for a sin-offering, were burnt in sacrifice. The same offering was made fifty days later, on the one day of the Feast of Weeks, or Pentecost. At the great Feast of Tabernacles, the burnt offerings for each of the seven days consisted of fourteen lambs, two rams and a he-goat. On the first day, they also offered thirteen young bullocks, the number being diminished by one for each subsequent day of the Feast. A proportionate meat-offering of flour and drink-offering of wine was made for all the burnt offerings of animals.

The offerings continued until all the portions of all the slaughtered animals had been thrown upon the sacred fires, to be entirely consumed by burning, as demanded by tradition.

Other offerings were made as well. Among them were the sacrifices which had been given daily for forty years by the Emperor, Augustus Cæsar. The bullock and two lambs, sacrificed each day, were the gift of the Emperor, but he had them sacrificed in the name of the "Senate and People of Rome." He owed much of his power to the concealment, under Republican forms, of his personal autocratic rule. The boys of Galilee well knew of the supplications for the Emperor in the synagogue. They knew of the prayers for him and for the Empire posted in the outer porch of every synagogue in the Land. But it was rather startling here in the holy service of the Temple to find daily sacrifices paid for by Augustus. It was still more impressive to discover that the daily burnt offerings, given by Cæsar in the name of the Senate and the People of Rome, were greater in extent than the usual morning and evening sacrifices of the Jewish nation.

Sacrifices were also offered in the name of Herod Antipas and of Philip, the Tetrarchs of the North. The Herods always kept their Jewish loyalty outwardly, in spite of their Greek culture and heathen sympathies. Both princes sent rich gifts to the Temple out of the enormous revenues from their tetrarchies. Marcus Ambivius was spending his first Passover in Jerusalem as Procurator of Judea. He had sent the High Priest a generous gift of gold to be spent in "sacrifices to the God of the Jews," both in his own name and in that of his superior, P. Sulpicius Quirinius, Cæsar's Legate to Syria. Thousands of other sacrifices were made for private individuals and for officials.



THE GIANT LIZARD—ROAD TO JERICHO

The Morning Sacrifice was formally completed when the High Priest came to the top of the steps and was seated in the great chair, which suggested the splendor of Maccabean days, when the High Priest was also King. From that eminence he gave his blessing to the multitudes.

The boys were now free to wander where they would. The First Day, however, was a very holy day. It was regarded almost like the Sabbath. There was not the freedom of the other days, which made the Temple Courts like a huge family picnic. The boys hardly left the Temple precincts. But they made their way into the Court of Israel by right of their "manhood" citizenship. They watched the slaughter of hundreds of animals by the skilful butcher priests. They saw the redemption of the first-born son, where the wealthy gave a lamb and those of moderate means "a pair of turtle doves, or two young pigeons." They saw rich and poor alike as they redeemed the son by payment of five shekels of silver of Tyrian weight which went to swell the emoluments of the priestly order.

So the hours went by, each one full of interest, most of them teeming with new and exciting experiences. The time passed so quickly that they were hardly prepared at the ninth hour (three o'clock) when the great silver trumpets called the multitudes once more to the formal worship of the evening hour.

The Evening Sacrifice was a reproduction of the Morning Sacrifice with one exception. The offering upon the Altar of Incense was made by a different priest and it was made at the end, not at the beginning, of the sacrifice of the animals and the distribution of their flesh on the Altar of Burnt Sacrifice. The seven lamps of the Golden Candlestick had been filled and trimmed at sunrise. It was only necessary to kindle the four unlighted lamps so that all the sacred lights might be kept burning through the night.

After the blessing the Evening Sacrifice was completed. The crowded courts began to empty. The people scattered to their resting places for the night. The adult members of the Holy Family, with those of Zebedee and Cleopas, returned to the home of Cyrus and Emhasia. Instead of eating their meal apart in the upper room, they joined in the common meal of their hospitable friends. The boys were late and had to be content with a cold supper, for they had joined the mob in the "First Fruits" celebration.

Martha, prim and capable, was a busy and efficient helper of her mother and the women visitors. A little lad named Lazarus crept closer and still more shyly close to this wonderful older boy from their native Galilee. The Boy seemed to him the model of all that a "big boy" ought to be, because he was so strong, such a swift runner, such a natural leader

and, above all, because he called the little one Naar (boy), instead of Taph (a child clinging to its mother), and treated him just like any other boy, even the big ones who came on pilgrimage.

The baby of the family was named for the gladly welcomed friend of the Galilean family, the one who was so lovable and had such honest eyes, Mother-Mary, the mother of this shining visitor. Baby-Mary attached herself to him just as the baby did at home. Lonesome for Baby-Salome, The Boy took her straight to his heart to fill the longing for the clinging touch of his baby sister.

Thus began a close and loving family friendship which was to last through life and death itself.

THE FEAST OF THE FIRST FRUITS

It was the "first evening" of the First Day of the Passover. The "first evening" to the Jews meant the part of the afternoon which lasted until sunset, after the sun had begun visibly to decline toward the horizon. When the sun went down the time was described as "between the evenings," until the first star appeared. Then it became the "second evening," which lasted until the third star appeared. The third star made it the "third evening." Then it was night. The day was finished. The new day began.

About an hour before sunset a buzz of excitement spread through all the Courts of the Temple. In spite of the fact that the Evening Sacrifice was over men and boys thronged the Court of Israel. They were all anxiously watching for something which they seemed to expect from within the Court of the Priests. In the Court of the Women whole families were seeking points of vantage. The galleries were crowded with women waiting eagerly, as it were "on tiptoe," for the great spectacle of the procession to reap the First Fruits of the Harvest. This was one of the most characteristic features of the ancient worship.

Presently out of the Court of the Priests came the sound of ramshorn trumpets blown by lusty Levites. Soon they came in sight, leading a long and motley procession. At its head were three white-clad priests. They were robed in fresh linen garments as they would have been at sunrise for the Morning Sacrifice. The Levites were clad in their ancient costume, sober-hued robes, in the color of the natural wool. It was not until thirty-five years later, under Vitellius, that the Levites were given the privilege of wearing white robes like the priests.

The procession marked the beginning of the preparation for the Feast of the First Fruits. Within the hour sunset would usher in a new day, the Second Day of the Passover, on which the Feast of First Fruits was celebrated.

Originally it had been a different feast from the Passover. The Feast of First Fruits was far more ancient than the Passover. It had been entirely agricultural in character. In almost prehistoric times it had begun as the "wave offering." The first sheaf of barley reaped in the nation had been "waved before the Lord." The feast, begun by the "wave offering," had continued seven days, with the use of unleavened bread. During that

week the people got rid of all their old grain. The bins were cleansed of the last year's barley with all mouldy and rotting grain which would have infected the new grain to be put in its place. Thus they began at the harvest with new grain in their storehouses and new leaven (yeast) in their bread.

At the time of the Exodus from Egypt the Passover, with its sacrifice of the lamb, had been put one day ahead of the old agricultural "wave offering" when the first sheaf of barley was "waved before the Lord." In the passing centuries the Feast of First Fruits had been merged with the more purely national Passover which kept at its center the sacrifice of the lamb and the redemption from slavery as memorial features.

The Feast of First Fruits had made the use of unleavened bread a part of the observance for the Passover week. It still retained its place on the day after the sacrifice of the Passover lamb. It also set the time for the Feast of Weeks, at the wheat harvest, which was exactly a "week of weeks," forty-nine days, after the Feast of First Fruits. This made it just fifty days after the first day of the Passover, giving it the Greek name of "Pentecost" (fifty days) by which it was commonly called.

The Feast of First Fruits continued officially seven days from the "waving" of the barley before the altar of God. Thus the combined feast had a total length of eight days. On the last, or eighth day, it was permitted "to eat the Passover," to those who, because of uncleanness or other reason, had been unable to partake of the sacred supper on the first evening of the feast.

To return to the procession of the Feast of First Fruits. After the sad-robed Levites came the three priests clothed in spotless white. Their sacrificial garments at any other time were never worn outside the Sanctuary, much less outside the less sacred Courts of the Temple. At this time, however, the procession passed out of the priests' Hall of Assembly into the Court of Israel and around it, where great crowds of men and boys fell in behind. Such was the multitude of followers that those in the rear could hardly hear the unmusical noise of the ramshorns, though there were many, each blown by a strong-lunged Levite.

Every boy loves a spectacle. Not one of the boys of Galilee but lent his patronage to this. They all fell into line. Each added his full-throated voice and lively presence to swell the noise and confusion, which were the characteristic features of the hilarious and almost riotous procession.

Leaving the Court of Israel, they proceeded through the Gate of Nicanor, descended the great semi-circular steps into the Court of the Women, out of the Gate Beautiful, crossed the Chel, or Sacred Enclosure, came down into the Court of the Gentiles. The procession may have been large and irregular before. Now it was increased by ten thousand and more addi-

tional followers, who fell in riotously as they crossed the Profane Court. Jews, Syrians, Greeks, Arabs, and Barbarians, all joined to make the long procession an irregular and straggling mob. They surged across the Court of the Gentiles and out of the Great Gate Shushan. There they turned to the left and went down the steep hill into the valley of the Kedron. Crossing the valley they entered a side ravine called the Valley of Ashes. It was a steep ravine, well sheltered from the cold winds of the North. It was also warmed by its natural exposure to the southern sun.

In the Valley of Ashes was a patch of barley, especially planted and cared for, which always came earliest to maturity. Here already, before the first day of the Passover, had been marked out the particular portion of grain that was to be harvested for the "wave offering" of the Feast of First Fruits. The maturing of the barley in the Valley of Ashes governed the making of the Jewish calendar. After any year when the barley was not ripe enough to reap for the Feast of First Fruits a thirteenth month, called Veadar, was inserted in the calendar. The intercalary month was added seven times in nineteen years to correct the losses caused in reckoning by lunar months. For each Jewish month began with the new moon.

The three lot-chosen priests, clad in the white garments of the Sanctuary, followed the Levites to the spot selected. Each carried a sickle and a basket. When they reached the appointed place the three priests took their position in the center of the patch of barley marked out for harvesting. The huge following multitude drifted slowly in behind them. The men and boys distributed themselves around and above as in an amphitheater. They filled all the steep sides of the valley clear to the top. It seemed no longer the Valley of Ashes, but a valley of human faces.

Here they stood and in comparative silence waited for the blast of the great silver trumpets of the Temple which would announce the ending of the day. Then would begin the new day, the day of the Feast of the First Fruits.

It seemed a long time before the trumpet blasts were heard, but at last the silver sounds floated down upon the crowded and somewhat hilarious masses. The whole noisy multitude hushed to instant silence when they heard the loud triple blast, three times repeated. Ensued an insistent buzzing which increased in depth and volume until it became a steady and heavy droning sound. The subdued voices of deep-toned men, not loud but continuous, sounded from all the sloping hills. Twenty thousand men were saying their evening prayers. They had all turned to face the Holy of Holies in the Temple, as they did in all parts of the world, and they prayed with the utter unconsciousness of others that is so characteristic of the Oriental engaged in worship.

Presently the drone of voices ceased. Prayers were ended. A period of waiting followed in which the holiday spirit showed again in a buzz of talk, in raised voices, calls, and laughter. Then the first of the three priests raised his hand for attention. Complete silence followed as they waited for him to speak.

"Has the sun set?" he asked.

"N'am," answered the whole multitude in a loud-voiced "Yes."

"Has the second evening come?" asked the priest. They all understood the question. It was as if he had asked, "Has the first star appeared."

"La" (No), answered some of those who were close at hand. Others added, "It is still 'between the evenings.'" Every man and boy began to scan the heavens for the first star which would mark the end of the time "between the evenings," lasting from sunset until the first star was seen. Then the "second evening" began.

At last a voice from the crowd exclaimed excitedly, "A star!" Others joined in the cry, "A star!" Still others cried out, "The second evening is here."

The "second evening" lasted from the first time the first star was seen until the third star appeared. It was then "the third evening." There could be no doubt that day was ended and the new day begun. It was not long before the second star was seen. Then the excitement rose to an intensity that is quite beyond the comprehension of us, who are moderns and Occidentals.

They waited in a fever of expectancy. All eyes sought eagerly for the sight of the third star. The announcement was soon made by the sharp-eyed Simon. It was quickly and noisily confirmed by a thousand others. They shouted aloud as each made discovery for himself.

Amid the hubbub the first priest raised his sickle high in the air. Instant silence fell. In a loud voice he put the question which had been asked yearly, and for more than two thousand years, at the cutting of the first barley in the Holy Land.

"With this sickle?" he asked.

"N'am" (Yes), was the answer in a roar of sound.

Upon this the second priest raised his basket into full view of the huge encircling crowd and asked the second question:

"In this basket?" he called aloud.

"N'am" (Yes), shouted the multitudes.

Then the third priest stood out from his companions to ask the third question. It denoted the sacredness of the action now to take place, for the day was called a Sabbath. On such a day the Law forbade every kind of manual work. So this work of harvesting must be the highest

kind of sacred duty if it overrode the Sabbath law of rest from labor.

"On this Sabbath?" he asked.

"N'am" (YES), shouted the multitude with one great voice.

At this point the first priest again raised his sickle. Holding it high, he stood, dramatically waiting to speak, until silence fell, deathly and complete, to mark the climax of the day.

"Shall I reap?" he called out in a loud voice.

"Reap," shouted the thousands in reply.

Again the priest raised his sickle. Again the silence fell, complete and absolute. Again he asked the question, his voice still louder than before.

"Shall I reap?" he called for the second time.

"REAP!" answered the thousands as in one voice. And they broke into shouting and cheering that were almost hysterical.

Again, for the third time, the priest raised his sickle. For the third time the noise died down into silence. Only a rustling could be heard. It came from the nervous tension and heavy breathing of excited men. For the third time he asked the question, shouting it aloud so that it reached the furthest confines of the crowds that covered the hilly sides of the ravine.

"Shall I reap?" he repeated in his far-reaching tones.

"REAP!" came back the answer in a single word which broke like a crash of thunder against the steep sides of the ravine.

The sickle descended swiftly into the standing barley. The excitement and religious fervor of the crowds was unbelievable. They burst into wild acclamations and gave way to utter abandon in the ancient and simple annual custom, handed down by centuries of tradition. As a scene of unrestrained excess in behavior, unconsidered confusion in noise and foolish horseplay, it was indescribable. But it would have filled a modern student of mob-psychology with joy.

Thus the first grain was cut in the Holy Land as the religious and official beginning of the national harvest. The other priests also cut into the barley, while the crowds on the hillsides urged them on with wild noise and shouts. Soon the baskets were filled. Only the quantity of grain was cut which was necessary to make the "wave offering" of the Feast of First Fruits during the Morning Sacrifice.

The noisy crowds began to disperse in the growing darkness. Many of them, however, followed the Levites and the white-robed priests, now well burdened with the grain of their harvest. They hoped to enter the Temple with the officials, though the gates were closed at sunset. If they could have done so they would have seen some of the harvested grain bound into a sheaf. The sheaf was presented before the Great Altar for a "wave offering" as in the old days of the agricultural festival.

The baskets, well filled with the reaped barley, were handed over to chosen priests. Prayers were said appropriate to threshing. Instead of using flails the barley was threshed from the straw with light canes. The grain was too green and soft to grind into flour in time for the "wave offering" next morning. So it was carefully parched over the sacred fires. Afterward the parched grain was ground into flour and so prepared to be presented as a "wave offering" at the Morning Sacrifice.

The ceremony of presenting the offering of the First Fruits took place late in the Morning Sacrifice, after the flesh of the sacrificial animals had been spread upon the fires of the Great Altar of Burnt Offering.

An "omer" (five pints) of flour, made from the parched barley, was mixed with a "log" (three-quarters pint) of oil. Having been salted, as all sacrifices were, it was presented as a "wave offering" before the Lord at the Great Altar. It was really waved, so that the worshippers in all the Temple Courts might see. A handful was taken. Frankincense was added and it was scattered on the sacred fires. The rest was kept, as were all meat offerings of flour, for the use of the priests. But, since it had been offered in sacrifice to God, that which remained must be eaten within the Sacred Enclosure of the Temple.

The offering of the First Fruits was completed with the prayer:

"Look down from Thy holy habitation, from heaven, O Lord God, King of the Universe, and bless Thy people Israel and the land which Thou hast given us, as Thou swarest to our fathers, a land flowing with milk and honey."

Instead of the AMEN of the synagogue the congregation in the Temple used a longer form. To this, as to other Temple prayers, they replied:

"Blessed be the name of the glory of His Kingdom, forever."

It was but a few minutes after the "wave offering" was presented that the cries of vendors filled the streets. Their calls could even be heard in the sacred Courts, coming up from the Court of the Gentiles.

"New barley bread," "Bread made of the new barley," they shouted, as hawkers have cried their wares since history began. "New barley Hal-loth" (cakes). "New parched barley sweetmeats," by which they meant parched barley mixed with "dibs," or the syrup made of figs.

The sale of parched grain and barley products was held back until this day, like that of other fruits and early growths, for the Elders had ruled that (officially) no harvesting could be done until the "Omer of the First Fruits" had been "waved before the Lord."

Apart from the Sabbath-restrictions of the Passover and the Feast of

First Fruits the days of the Great Feast were truly holidays. After the Morning Sacrifice was ended the Temple Courts were vibrant with care-free joy. Not that the religious duties were neglected. Most of the cheer and feasting was directly connected with the worship of the Temple.

Thousands of sacrifices were offered. Individuals made sacrifice of birds and animals, sacrifice for sin offerings and for trespass offerings, of which both the flesh and all but the handful of flour went to the priests. Thank offerings were made. In them, like the peace offerings, the breast and the right shoulder of the lamb went to the priests while the rest of the flesh was cooked and eaten in the Temple precincts. The Temple Courts were full of feasting. Families made their thank offerings and peace offerings. They carried the animal back to be cooked, to the Court of the Women or the Court of the Gentiles, wherever they could find room, for a joyous family meal. The peace offerings were of two kinds. One was of "joy," in which all made gifts in proportion to "the blessing which the Lord hath given." The other was the so-called Chagigah, or offering of festivity, in which custom demanded that each one should spend at least two-thirds of a drachma (ten cents) for a burnt offering that must be eaten within the sacred precincts which extended sometimes a mile from the Sanctuary.

The large Courts were cheerful and busy, with fires, cooking, laughing, and chattering groups, much like a huge family picnic.

The boys did not lack either for interest or occupation. Family feasts were all about them. They were sent on errands to buy "good things" to eat with the sacrificial meals. They often dropped in for a "word" with a boy friend upon a feasting company. It is not recorded that any boy of the "always-hungry" age of twelve-or-so refused the dainty morsel offered by the hospitable mother.

Feasting and friends, making new acquaintances and renewing the old, however, were only a part of the many varied interests of the Temple Courts. Religious duties, the Morning and Evening Sacrifices, were of such length that our boys would have counted them as arduous and tiresome. The Jews were true Orientals in the value they set on time. They spent much of it, and easily, in waiting uncomplainingly for things that never came, in prayers that to us seem tedious, in disputations and arguments that to us seem futile.

Above all they spent time freely and gladly on education. It was a constant source of interest for the boys to go from one to another of the many scribes, teachers and "doctors of the Law" who sat on their raised chairs, "in Moses' seat," to give advice, instruction and counsel to all who came.

THE HALF HOLY DAY

It was the first of the days called "half holy." The half holy days began with the third day of the Feast. The first two days had Sabbath restrictions. No servile work could be done. The second, the Feast of the First Fruits, was called a Sabbath and was one of the six great days of the Jewish year.

After these first two days all pilgrims and worshippers were free to do as they would after they had begun the day with their worship at the Morning Sacrifice. Hence the name "half holy."

Centuries of custom, however, had given such a liberal interpretation to the rule that, for all who wished, it was permitted to return to their homes after the Morning Sacrifice on this Third Day of the Feast. Needless to say not many availed themselves of the permission. Almost every family had interests of friendship or business, excusing their stay in Jerusalem or its suburbs for most of the Passover week. Added to this the Passover gatherings offered such an opportunity for religious instruction and discussion that no serious-minded man among the pilgrims would willingly have given up the privilege. The Jews talked, thought and felt religion as their most vital interest.

This first "half holy" day found the Holy Family in the Temple at sunrise for the worship of the Morning Sacrifice. Immediately afterward they left the Temple and, with beds and camping outfit on their donkey, made the short trip of an hour to Bethlehem. With them went Zebedee and Salome with their son James, also Cleopas and his wife, Mary, with their two sons, James the Less and Jude. The three families had a common interest in the City of David, for all were descended from the Royal Family of Israel's first great king.

With his three cousins The Boy had arranged to meet the other boys of Galilee at the Temple during the Evening Sacrifice. The eleven would make a tour of the streets and bazaars of Jerusalem. It lacked only the presence of the "beloved Disciple," the little son of Zebedee, to make it a Tour of the "Twelve Boys of Galilee." Interesting developments might be expected.

At the edge of Bethlehem the families visited the little vineyard, a part of the inheritance of Mother-Mary and her sister Salome, which had

come down to them through twenty generations of the descendants of King David. It was now let, or put out on "shares," to a neighbor of Bethlehem. He "dressed" the vineyard with his own which lay beside it. For his work he returned one-fourth the proceeds after taxes were paid and the wine was sold.

It was a convenient arrangement for all concerned. The small revenue provided many little comforts for the family in Nazareth. Its possession entailed only the inconvenience of a trip to Bethlehem every ten years (afterwards every fourteen) for the "census," when they went through the formality of recording its ownership with the Roman authorities of the district.

In the course of the morning they met many old friends and neighbors of Bethlehem. Everywhere they were urged to stay for a night, for a week, as long as they could spare the time. Nowhere was hospitality more free than among the Jews toward those of their own nation. A visit of two or three days was regarded as "all too short." They would have been as heartily urged to prolong their stay if they left at the end of a month.

They visited the stable-cave where The Boy was born. It was a high and spacious chamber excavated by Nature from the high hill of soft limestone. Its front had been built across and consisted of a solid wall of stone. Its great door admitted as much light as any Jewish house could boast. With its dry air, its even warmth and quiet, it was an ideal retreat from the inn or caravansary below the hill. Gershom and his wife so warmly pressed their invitation for a longer stay, that Abba-Yusuf and Mother-Mary arranged to stop with these old friends for a few days to renew old associations. Gershom's second wife was Keturah's sister and therefore an old friend of Bethlehem days.

The parents gave the four boy-cousins permission to go back to Jerusalem, to rejoin their boy friends at the Temple. Abba-Yusuf and Mother-Mary, according to the plans, were to stay with the friends in Bethlehem, but not for more than three days. Zebedee and Salome would return to Jerusalem that night. Cleopas and his wife, Mary, might stay for a day or two. Meanwhile, when the visiting parents returned, they would find the boys with Zebedee and Salome in Jerusalem. So the four cousins went blithely on their way to meet the other Galilean boys in the Temple and "see life" among the tortuous streets of the Holy City. The parents remained in Bethlehem to renew old friendship and acquaintance.

While the women were gossiping with old acquaintances the men were "comparing notes" with the friends of Bethlehem. In one of their talks Zebedee heard a "bit of news." This changed his plans completely. It also caused a misunderstanding which has given the world, for over nineteen centuries, its only authentic story of The Boy's early life.

Zebedee's "bit of news" originated in the Tower of Antonia. It had been transferred to Bethlehem by a Jew who was intimate with one of the subordinates of Marcus Ambivius, the new Procurator of Judea. It was common gossip in official circles that a new campaign was projected by Rome against the Parthians. The news that leaked to Bethlehem related to certain large purchases that were soon to be made by the Romans for the war.

The news of the great purchase of supplies was so important that Zebedee decided to return to Jerusalem without delay. He must confer with his partner Jonas, with whom he shared in the ownership of one of the largest fishing fleets on the Sea of Galilee. Jonas had already planned to start for Bethsaida the next day. Zebedee would probably arrange to go with him at that time. Thus, before the news reached other dealers, they might take advantage of the opportunity to sell great stores of dried and pickled fish so much in demand by the Romans.

The men returned to Gershom's house at once, to find their women folk, to tell them of the news and to make plans for their departure. In spite of the ease and prevalence of divorce among the Jews, their women held a much higher place in the family than women in other ancient nations. If Cicero could say that his wife Terentia took a much more prominent part in politics than she ever allowed him in household affairs, it was certainly true of the great mass of honorable Jews that the women were full partners in the family council. It is known that the men consulted their wives most intimately before making decisions in business and on questions of family welfare.

The women, for their part, hurried forward the preparation of the evening meal, so that it might be eaten at an early hour. At the home of Gershom, during the progress of the meal, they discussed the situation, with the result that all plans were changed.

Zebedee and Salome would return to Jerusalem that night, as the original plan had been. They would see the boys, tell them of the return to Galilee on the morrow and prepare everything for the journey, which would doubtless be through Samaria, as that was much the shortest way. Abba-Yusuf and Mother-Mary had intended to make the journey by Jericho and the Ghor (Jordan Valley), but now decided to return with these relatives and intimate friends. Abba-Yusuf's brother Cleopas and his wife Mary also changed their plans and arranged to return to Galilee with the other families the next day.

Meantime the four cousins had found their boy friends in the Temple during the Evening Sacrifice, which began at the ninth hour (three o'clock). The meeting place, of course, was in the Court of Israel, into which only the "men" of the nation were allowed to enter. They were to make a



DRINKING WATER FROM THE LAKE

tour of the great markets of the Holy City. A high bridge, called Xystus, crossed the wide valley from the Temple to the more prosperous part of the city. But, instead of taking the bridge, the boys went down the long flight of steps that led into the Cheesemongers' Valley, called the Tyropean. This brought them into the crowded and narrow streets of the Lower City.

They were accustomed at home to streets or parts of streets named for different trades and used by men of the same avocation. In Jerusalem, as in the great city of Sepphoris, of which Nazareth was a suburb, they found whole districts which were given over to some particular business and its many workers. From the Cheesemongers' Valley they made the round of the streets filled by bakers, called the Bread Market, into the fruit and the vegetable markets, through the wool market and into the clothes market. Having covered the seven market districts of Jerusalem, they went up into the richer streets, among the sandal-makers, tailors, weavers of the sacred fringes and purveyors of linens. Next were the shops given over to more costly wares and luxuries: perfumes, silks, jeweled cups and rings of gold.

Thomas and his twin Eliezer had the temerity to ask the price of a rich cup made of glass, rare enough in those days, though glass had been discovered within twenty-five miles of Nazareth. The dealer, sitting amidst his wares, made no reply. He did not deign to turn his head at the question of these boys from the North. The boys were not at all downcast by the rebuff. It did not prevent the shrewd young Galileans from learning the price of things, even of that particular thing, the cup of glass. A customer soon stopped in front of the booth. The dealer bowed deeply, almost fawningly, upon him. The filleted hair and short tunic, embroidered in rich colors, proclaimed him a Greek who evidently thought well of himself, a customer to be treated with most affable consideration. The dealer at once named the price of the cup to this well-dressed customer, as fifty drachmæ (\$8.00).

"Fifty drachmæ," chortled Thomas. "Fifty drachmæ," shouted Eliezer, and they scampered off, with shouts of laughter. It is to be feared that the twins did not feel shame at the rebukes of the wildly gesticulating dealer. Nor did their consciences prick, as perhaps they should, at the result of their nonsense. The dealer shrilled fair Jewish curses after them, with a good sprinkling of Greek names of obliquity, in the midst of which the Greek turned and walked away without buying the cup.

As in the bazaars of the towns and cities of Galilee the booths of the dealers were but small cubicles, boxlike, only three or four feet in depth and not more than six in width. In his little niche the dealer squatted, within arm's length of every article he had for sale. Yet some of the booths were very rich. They displayed luxuries little seen in the towns among the hills of Galilee. For the Holy City, even though it was not

on any of the great world roads from Asia or Africa, was the center from which radiated the religious life of the nation. Great wealth came back to Jerusalem from its millions of visitors. Thus it attracted merchants who brought goods and luxuries from all parts of the world, to sell to the crowds assembled during the great feasts.

Accustomed as they were to the passing of trains of merchandise from Damascus, Babylon, Persia and India, yet the boys were dazzled by the display of cunning workmanship in gold, gaudy ornaments of mother-of-pearl, silks which sold for their weight in gold, Tyrian purple wool which sold for fifteen dollars a pound and if "double-dyed" for ten times as much. Each boy, of course, bought a little gift, "something different," for the loved ones at home. And each gift, of course, was carefully secreted in one of the voluminous folds of chalouk or turban.

Such a day could not pass without some adventure or, maybe, misadventure. For these boys were of Galilee, chums and together, full of Galilean high spirits. They had finished their round of the markets and bazaars and had made a circuit of the more luxurious quarters which led them to the northern hill, where the valley called Tyropean ends.

The nearest way back was by the grim square Tower of Antonia. Perhaps it was of set purpose that they passed its open portal and stopped to look within. They could see numbers of Roman soldiers in the great courtyard. Some were standing. Others walked idly about. None were on duty but the sentinels at the gate. Many of the men were gathered about comrades who were throwing dice. Others seemed lost to the world in various games of combined skill and chance, played with round pebbles or marbles. The queerly arranged holes in the stone pavement on which they played may be seen to-day in the flagstones of the excavated "Pilate's Pretorium" in Jerusalem.

The soldiers kneeled or squatted upon the flags. They encouraged or derided each other with coarse jokes about the failure or success of the play. The players would call upon their gods to favor them with fortune. With equal easy familiarity each would curse his favorite deity for lack of support, a different god for each man apparently, so varied were the nationalities among the legionaries.

The inquisitive Jude pressed closer in, to get a look at the diagrams and rounded holes in the pavement, hoping to discover the source of the players' absorption and the nature of the games. As a result of his curiosity, Jude almost came off with a broken head.

One of the sentries, more in sullen humor than real anger, heaved a mighty blow at the Galilean boy with the butt of his spear. He probably did not even intend to strike him, but only to give him a thorough fright. The threatening motion, however, was enough. Before the shaft descended

the hill-bred boy had darted back out of reach. But his quick motion ended in near disaster.

Jude's instinctive backward leap brought his bent body rapidly toward the long legs of one of the Roman legionaries. The soldier stood with his back turned squarely toward the agile boy. He was talking with two friends, fellow-members of the garrison. He knew nothing of what was going on behind him, while his two companions could see the whole occurrence. As though continuing the conversation one of the two spoke casually to his companion, who also saw the threatening gesture and guessed at the probable backward leap of the Galilean boy.

"My Caius," he remarked, "I foresee that the gods are holding calamity in store for our friend Furius." At the same time he gave Caius a knowing look and made a little motion of his hand toward the unsuspecting Furius, all in ignorance of the sentry's motion and his own impending discomfiture.

"Marcus, I fear it is even so," Caius had started to say. He had hardly begun to mouth the words, however, before Jude came hurtling back. As his bent body made sharp impact against the long legs of the unthinking Furius, the two jokers each reached out a hand in pretence of holding him upright in the shock of the collision. Instead of support, however, each friend proffered the "flat hand." With it they gave him just enough of a push to send him in a wild back somersault over the bent form of the Jewish boy.

With dark frowns of pretended anger the two jokers rushed at Jude. Both reached out to grasp the prostrate lad. Jude was now thoroughly terrified. He was striving desperately to extricate himself from the wildly waving legs of the fallen warrior, Furius by name and furious now in temper.

As he saw the two terrifying soldier forms closing upon him, Jude made a quick frog-leap to escape the nearest legionary, Caius, only to find himself between the legs of the second joker, Marcus. Both stooped at once to grasp the skirt of his *chalouk* (long coat). By this time they were roaring with laughter, in which the whole *centuria* had begun to join.

Jude felt the grip of Caius on his garment and wriggled quickly through the spread legs of the stooping Marcus. With mighty strength, born of fright and despair, the boy rose madly to his feet. He was thus behind Marcus and his *chalouk* was in the firm grip of Caius, beyond them both. The leverage of his body against the man above him was greatly increased by the strong pull of Caius on the skirt of his *chalouk*. With a prayer on his lips and the power of terror in the muscles of his legs and back, Jude raised himself and fairly lifted the stooping Marcus from his feet

and tossed him, sprawling and helpless upon the tense form of Caius, his fellow-joker.

The force of the impact, with the weight of Marcus coming upon him, like a stone from a catapult, was enough to upset Caius and to loosen his hold upon Jude's chalouk. The two soldiers, now howling with laughter, fell in a struggling heap over the indignant Furius. They lay there, helpless and holding their sides, which ached from their shouts of glee. As to the boy, his chalouk was now free from the grip of the fallen soldier. Without a backward look he ran. Like a frightened gazelle he ran, glad to be alive and able to rejoin his Galilean playmates.

No attempt was made to pursue him. All the legionaries in the courtyard of the Pretorium had witnessed the performance. It was too good a joke to be wasted. With peals of laughter they surrounded their fallen comrades in arms. They pinned them to the ground before they could disentangle themselves and rise. There they held them down by force of superior numbers. Carrying the joke to its final extreme, the whole *centuria* proceeded to hold a mock courtmartial on the case.

The buffoon of the *centuria* was the bully of the company, as so often happens. A great, gross man, gigantic in build, this Ammonius kept a certain ascendancy over his fellows by a ready tongue, if not a brilliant wit, and by the bull-like strength with which he backed his leadership. He it was who now sat, or stood, in solemn judgment, assuming the rôle of tribune, or Judge.

In sonorous Latin he addressed the laughing legionaries, naming himself "Marcus Ambivius, the Procurator of Judea, now adjudging the guilt or innocence of the accused." He warned the other soldiers of the danger of rash or reckless behavior and in particular of the peril of arousing the anger of the subject populace. He described the weakness of the Roman Empire and the power of the world-conquering Jews. With high-flown oratory he warned them not to attack or molest any member of this seeming race of slaves, telling how a single one of them, "though but a babe in years," might rise in virtuous wrath and overthrow even the mightiest men of the Roman Legions.

"Beware," he continued, "beware the anger of such a people, lest by your reckless attacks, the young giants of the race, even though no higher than a well-grown cabbage, may be stirred to wrath, overthrow the might of the Roman Army and deposit its members in an inglorious heap. Such, I have been told, is the power of this people, even that of their babes, when aroused by unwise even if courageous attacks by our most valorous soldiers."

"Brave men, virtuous soldiers," shouted their comrades.

"You are brave indeed, but showed little military wisdom," went on their tormentor. "You should have formed a hollow square, held the enemy at bay, and waited for reinforcements."

Ammonius proceeded to take solemn evidence among the members of the *centuria*, found the "facts" in the case and, as judge of the "court-martial," summed up the evidence and gave judgment.

"This Court doth now solemnly declare its findings in the case of Caius, Marcus and Furius, now lying under accusation that they are guilty of wilful violation of the Articles of War, Chapter 17, Section 7, Subsection 4. Namely, that, with entire lack of military caution, they recklessly attacked an infant David, of the tribe of Israel; whereupon the said David incontinently tumbled the three Goliaths in a struggling heap, in the very entrance of the Pretorium, videlicet, the courtyard of the Procurator's garrison, at the Tower of Antonia, in Jerusalem of Judea, before the face of the whole Roman Army. Thereupon the young Goliath, or David, as the case may be, returned in haughty triumph to the hosts of Israel, leaving the brave champions of Rome lying humbly upon their backs, with their legs wildly waving in the air. All this is much to the chagrin of the Roman Army and to the complete subversion of the discipline and courage of said Army, which will hereafter be afraid to meet the conquering Ajax by day or by night, for we saw the whole organized attack upon our mighty men and witnessed their humiliating defeat."

"Sentence," shouted the legionaries, exploding with laughter.

"Sentence," howled a black-haired Iberian, "a liquid sentence."

"Sentence," called out a fiery-headed Gaul, "for these military tribunals be thirsty work."

"So be it," said Ammonius, and composed himself to mock dignity and ludicrous decorum. He drew his military shirt across his deep chest in as ample folds as its scanty girth would allow, in facetious imitation of an officer's cloak. He rested bearded chin on brawny hand, as in deliberation of deepest thought. Whereat his comrades fell again into wild paroxysms of laughter.

"Marcus Ambivius, priest of the Temple of Vesta, imperator, proconsul for the second time, member of the Senate, military tribune, prætor, lieutenant of the Stellatine tribe, Quæstor of Rome, now Procurator of Judea; to the military court now in session extraordinary at Jerusalem, sendeth greeting. If you be in health, I am glad. I also, and the army are well."

This imitation of the stately wording and phrasing of official communications had the effect of tickling the risibles of the legionaries beyond restraint. Many a time they had been forced to listen to such documents of state, standing sharply at attention. They became so noisy that the

speaker needs must pause. With outthrust chin and an expression of inimitable hauteur, to arouse fresh bursts of laughter, he waved a hairy hand with languid pride. Silence secured, he continued.

"For as much as the imperators (generals) who have been in the provinces have all borne witness to the high worth, great weight (two hundred pounds) and delicate sensibilities of my beloved Ammonius, judge of the military court, now sitting in Jerusalem, it is our judgment that his sentence upon those three legionaries for their reckless attack on the Jewish giant be upheld."

"Sentence," howled the soldiers.

With prideful languor the speaker again raised a brawny hand for silence.

"But I would recommend Ammonius, of his mercy, not to punish them with imprisonment or further penalty of bodily pain. I am informed that they have sufficiently suffered for their incautious and foolhardy, though valorous behavior, since they were piled upon their heads by the young David of the tribe of Goliath."

"Sentence," shouted the legionaries impatiently, beginning to tire of the foolishness.

"Sentence," growled a dour-faced Scythian from the Danube. "Sentence, or we break your head."

"It is our judgment," Ammonius went on hurriedly, "that no further sentence be passed upon those brave but incautious legionaries, Caius, Marcus and Furius, other than that determined by my excellent and beloved Ammonius; namely, that they shall be compelled to pay a fine in the substance, or rather fluid, of a skin of wine each; that is to say, namely and videlicet, a skin of wine apiece. Also, that the said skins of wine, three skins exactly, shall be consumed and drunk, I mean to say completely absorbed, by the loyal comrades of their centuria, of whom it is recorded that they concur in the penalty, thus imposed upon their comrades. We admire their bravery, but deplore their lack of military caution. This is done before the Ides of March, in the consulship of . . ."

Here Ammonius was finally interrupted by the shouts and laughter of the legionaries, who dragged the victims to their feet, and, like a crowd of noisy schoolboys, bore them off in triumph, to pay for the joke at the wine shop beyond the gate. The sentry gazed after them with wistful eyes and impatiently shifted to the other shoulder the heavy spear which had started all the fun.

Meanwhile it was a white and frightened Jude who rejoined his companions. It was a very quiet and chastened lad who walked close beside The Boy, as they passed down the hill from the Tower of Antonia to the corner of the great walls which surrounded all the Temple Courts.

There they separated for the night. At the earnest demand of Andrew and Simon, The Boy sent word to his Aunt Salome that he would spend the night at their father's camp on the Mount of Olives. Jonas and his family were to return to the Lake next day, and the boys wanted him to stay with them for a last visit before they left Jerusalem.

The next morning Abba-Yusuf and Mother-Mary returned to Jerusalem. They found Salome who told them that Zebedee had gone off at sunrise to find his partner Jonas. He had been unable to find the camp in the darkness the night before, and it was imperative that the two partners should talk over the news and decide upon their plans. As it was, none of Jonas' family knew that the other families of their party had changed their plans and were to go back to Galilee to-day. Zebedee had left word with Salome that he would be back in time to start with the family at the sixth hour (noon). Salome had already sent James with a message to The Boy that the four families were to start for Galilee at noon to-day and that he must return in time, as his parents would also start with them.

Meantime Andrew and Simon, with The Boy, had gone at sunrise to the Temple. They had started before the arrival of Zebedee with his news of the changed plans of the other families. Simon and Andrew had had strict injunctions, oft-repeated, to come back to the camp by the fifth hour, eleven o'clock, so that the noonday start might not be delayed.

At the camp on the Mount of Olives, James found his father, Zebedee. He was deep in talk with his partner Jonas. Deborah told James of the departure of the other three for the Temple. She was sure that they would all return together and that The Boy would start with them from their camp. Jonas and Zebedee looked up from their talk to say, "that would be the best way to leave it," and, if The Boy did not rejoin his parents before the start, they would all meet at the camping place in Beeroth that night. But the conscientious James, bound to deliver his message, started off for the Temple to try and see the other boys, telling his father that he would see him at the starting place of the three families.

The Morning Sacrifice was like that of other days. It impressed The Boy, always so sensitive to worship, with the largeness and richness of his heritage. But it left the great question of the heart unanswered: Where, in this, is the Love of God, its beauty and nearness, its joy and privilege? Perhaps the scribes could tell him more. The nine trumpet blasts that ended the Sacrifice had hardly ceased to echo in the Temple Courts before the three boys were in Solomon's Porch. Crowds were gathering about the celebrated rabbis or doctors (teachers) of the Law. Their disciples (students) had brought their master's chairs to the cloisters. Each school seated its head with honor. There he sat and answered any

questions that might be asked about religion and the Law. The crowds about the chairs were large in proportion to the rabbi's reputation.

Among the crowded listeners The Boy kept edging in, closer and closer. Andrew and Simon were mindful of their orders to be back at the fifth hour. They did not dare to follow far, lest they should delay the start of the journey home. When James came he found Andrew and Simon near the outer edge of a listening circle, but The Boy was deep within the crowd of hearers.

"Our parents have changed their plans, Simon," called James. "We start from Jochanan's house, but Jeshuah can go with you. Be sure to tell him. We all go at the sixth hour."

"I will tell him," said the ready Simon. So he crowded in after The Boy. By virtue of his sturdy strength and much patience he presently caught sight of him.

"We are all going home at the sixth hour, Jesus," called Simon, as soon as he had The Boy's attention.

"Yes, I know it," answered The Boy, thinking that Simon mean Jonas and Deborah and his brother Andrew.

"We shall see you at Beeroth," said Simon. "The Lord keep you."

"God be with you," answered The Boy. "I shall see you at the Lake." So he stayed in the crowd, only giving a moment's thought to Simon's queer pronunciation of Bethsaida. Simon was quite satisfied that he had delivered the message. He was amused for the moment that anybody, even absentmindedly, should dignify the cisterns of Beeroth by the name of "The Lake."

James had rejoined his mother Salome and The Boy's parents. Simon returned with Andrew to their camp, which Zebedee had already left, each thinking that The Boy would start home with the other family. Within two hours both families were mingled with different parts of the long procession of pilgrims which filled the road on the way to Galilee.

DOCTORS OF THE LAW

UNCONSCIOUS of any misunderstanding, The Boy pushed his way still further into the crowd of men who were waiting their chance to question the rabbi at the center. His mind was at ease. He supposed that Abba-Yusuf and Mother-Mary were in the midst of their long deferred visit among the old friends of Bethlehem.

He listened with all a boy's eagerness to this new method of acquiring knowledge. Each man waited his turn to speak to the rabbi in the chair. Then he propounded the query, which he had probably been revolving in his mind for weeks. He had settled the question in its final form, before coming to the Feast of the Passover. There he knew he would have the opportunity to submit it to the most learned scholars of his race and nation. The question was sometimes of most vital importance, for the answer would be final as to legal status, a rule of action or religious truth.

Strangely enough there was little satisfaction to be gained, either for the earnest questioner or for the honest listener. Nobody could fail, however, to be impressed by the cleverness and readiness of the rabbi's answers.

Most of the rabbis seemed to pride themselves solely on their quickness of reply and expertness in retort, with little care whether they gave helpful information, or even told the truth. Seated in his chair (*cathedra*), the rabbi regarded the questioners as suppliants and inferiors. He spoke with an authority not to be disputed, "*ex cathedra*," or "from the chair."

The rabbis often took a malicious pleasure when the question was so worded that it gave them opportunity to make a sharp and stinging reply, to give an answer that would raise a laugh among the listeners at the expense of the seeker after truth. As one after another asked his question and received his answer, he retired, satisfied with the information he had gained. Or, in many an instance, he left abruptly, smarting with chagrin, his face burning with shame under the ridicule of the rabbi and the boisterous laughter of the crowd at his expense.

With the thinning of the crowd before him, The Boy was at last pushed to the front by those who crowded in behind him. He found himself in the first row of questioners, in full view of the rabbi and of the circle of scholars, or disciples, who sat about his chair, under the cloisters of Solomon's Porch.

Just ahead of The Boy was a man, swarthy and heavy of build, thick of neck, with bushy, black, projecting brows and the face of a born fighter. He had been pushing steadily forward and now stood before the rabbi, seated on his cathedra, or scholar's chair.

The rabbi was an old man of stern and forbidding aspect. His features were harsh and his narrow nose was hooked like the beak of a bird of prey. The straight whiskers were white with age. The hard, coal-black eyes betokened the energy of a man far younger. From the whispered comments of those about him, The Boy learned that this stern scholar was no less than Shammei himself. The famous rabbi was a carpenter by trade. He had been the greatest pupil of the Great Hillel, who alone of all the rabbis of Israel was called "The Elder." Shammei was now second only to his master, the Nasi, or Prince, head of the Great Sanhedrin. This famous pupil, Shammei, had attained the position of Ab-eth-din, or vice-president, which more nearly conforms to our idea of associate-president.

Shammei had quarreled with his master years ago in connection with almost every point of Law that could be disputed. In opposition to the Rabbi-Prince, Shammei had established a school of his own. It was never as large as that of Hillel. But it made up for its lack of numbers by a harshness and bigotry, willing to go to any length, even murder, to attain its ends. They did murder, and on a large scale, fifty years later, when the fanatics of the school of Shammei were far outnumbered by the liberals in the Great Sanhedrin. The fierce minority hid themselves on the lower floor of the house of meeting and killed the members of the school of Hillel, as they entered singly into the building. Thus they became the majority in the meeting of the Sanhedrin. Indifferent to the bleeding bodies below, they organized the Assembly and proceeded to pass the "Eighteen Decrees," thus making them the Law for the Jews of the whole nation. The Eighteen Decrees forbade every kind of intercourse with Gentiles or foreigners, even to save a Gentile from drowning, a woman in her bitterest suffering, or a Gentile child from starvation.

Out of the harsh teaching of Shammeiite bigotry came the Sicarii, or "dagger-men," who tried to kill St. Paul, as they later killed not only the marked "liberals," but very conveniently all personal enemies, crowded by the throngs in the Temple Courts. It was the same fierce teaching that accomplished the crucifixion of the Master and finally drove the nation into its hopeless and fatal "war without quarter" against Rome.

Shammei now sat in his cathedra, or chair of authority. Before him stood the stranger with the face of a born fighter. When his turn came to ask his question he made a profound reverence before the famous scholar. But there was a mocking look on the fighter's face as he asked his ques-

tion. The rabbi's mouth was scarce relaxed from the smile of scorn with which he had joined the ridicule of the crowd over the shame of the last questioner.

"Master," said the man, "teach me the whole Law while I am standing on one foot." Meantime he raised one foot and stood in exaggerated pose on the other.

The effect of the insult on the harsh-faced rabbi was startling. First of all the sneering smile with which he had looked at the humbly bowing questioner disappeared, as if it had been wiped off his face with a wet sponge. A look of wondering incredulity took its place. It was followed in turn by rising indignation and burning wrath. The harsh lines of the rabbi's lips formed into an animal snarl. The yellow, jagged teeth showed like fangs. The blood surged to his face. His fierce eyes glittered with a light almost of madness. If a look could have killed, the mocking questioner would have dropped dead before the chair.

Instead, the hardy rabbi-baiter still stood on one foot. The other was raised, ostentatiously. The tantalising smile deepened upon his lips.

The outraged rabbi half leaped out of his chair as though he would do bodily harm to his tormentor. Then words came. Figuratively and with real eloquence, barring its coarseness, he tore his heckler into shreds.

Still the fighter stood on one foot. He even raised the other higher. His sneer deepened. His malicious smile was an insult. It was more. It was the knife of ridicule, publicly thrust into the heart of vanity. Shamei finally bade him begone in a wild torrent of words. All in vain. The rabbi-baiter still stood on one foot and smiled his sneering smile. Shamei had met his match at badgering.

Finding that words were of no avail, and now on the verge of an apoplexy, the rabbi descended from his chair. Still raging, he departed. His disciples went with him, shouting back words of anger, both against the tormentor and against the laughing crowd. They bestowed eloquent maledictions and impartial curses as they went. As they followed the indignant rabbi through the crowd they did not forget, very carefully, to carry the badge of his mastership and of their loyalty, the heavy cathedra, or scholar's chair.

In the confusion which followed, The Boy lost sight of the tormentor of rabbis, for a time. He approached another crowd, still larger than the first, which surrounded another rabbi. As he made his slow progress toward the center, The Boy found himself once more behind the broad back and thick neck which carried the bullet-head, with its fighting face, ever nearer to the front rank of questioners.

During the wait in the crowding mass of men, The Boy heard the name of the rabbi. It was spoken with awe by those who stood about

him. He was among the disciples and seekers of the greatest rabbi of many centuries, the ideal rabbi of the Jews for all the ages, from that time to this. It was Hillel, the renowned, alone called the Elder, the master of all Hebrew wisdom, entitled Rabbi-Nasi, or Prince, the head of the Great Sanhedrin.

Hillel had been born in Babylon, of the purest Jewish blood. On one side he was descended from the royal line of David. On the other he was of the tribe of Levi, therefore eligible to the priesthood of the Temple service, though it is not reported that he ever shared in the emoluments of the priestly order.

From his earliest years he was consumed by an overpowering thirst for the knowledge of the Law. He had one insatiable ambition. It was to become one of the great scholars of Jerusalem. Married at the usual age of eighteen, he had come with his wife and small children to the Holy City. He was a wood-cutter by trade. So he found ready employment, at which he worked so steadily that he was able to keep his family on the small day's-labor wage, from twelve to fifteen cents a day.

Aided by his loyal wife, he managed to keep his family from starvation and to attend the schools of the rabbis. It took more than half of all he earned merely to pay the fees of the schools he must attend in order to make himself proficient. The fees were not large. But often he could not pay. On one occasion, not having the fee for entrance into the Academy, he climbed into the open window of the school, which began its sessions on the eve of the Sabbath and continued during all the Sabbath day. There he could at least hear the words of wisdom that fell from the lips of the great masters within. A snowstorm came on. When it should have been day, one of the masters said, "Brother Abtalion, it is time that it should be light. Why can we not see?" One of the students was sent to the window, where he found Hillel, covered with snow and unconscious from the cold. They carried him in and revived him, Sabbath though it was, and said it was worth the violation of the Sabbath to bring such a one to life.

The Boy crowded closer, almost under the arm of the hardy questioner, who had routed the domineering Shammei.

He saw Hillel, for the first time, with a sharp sense of disappointment. How different from his dream, so mentally vivid, of the greatest teacher of the Law, was he who sat in his cathedra. Why could he not be to sight what he was in truth, the most noted and scholarly rabbi of all the years of the nation? He had been Nasi, prince and head of the Great Sanhedrin for forty years. He had written six great volumes, of six hundred books. He had reduced age-long oral tradition to writing, using the very words in which it had been handed down, from mouth to ear, through all the



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past centuries. He was the one supreme authority for all Jewish wisdom since Ezra who came, like him, from Babylon. His knowledge of the Law and all legality was so great that his word was final, whether in judgments in civil action, in matters of Jewish faith or on rules of life. Master of all the wisdom of his age and time, it was whispered that he knew the very talk of birds and animals and even all the Greek philosophy. Such a mental giant was Hillel, who was called Nasi, the Prince; Hillel, who alone was the Elder. He should have sat in a chair of gold, towering high above the masses. He should have been a prodigy, as pictured by every Jewish youth, greater in body than Goliath of Gath, with a mammoth brow, like the top of Tabor.

Hillel was a very old man. He looked small and dried-up as he sat in his cathedra. He was now very near one hundred years of age. His head was bald and bare from front to back, though the baldness was partly hidden by the high rabbi's cap. Back of the temples the hair was grizzled and it stood out in clusters, like a pair of chickens on either side of a round and polished stone.

His beard had been very thick. It was still curly. It grew high on his cheeks and shortened his face as though the lower part was covered with a mask. The grizzled beard spread outward from the wide mouth, the mouth of the natural preacher, the born teacher of men. The lips turned down deeply at the corners. It was a mouth that was firm, but not ungentle. Its smile was too large for any single individual. It needed a crowd to be effective.

The nose was hooked, but not a beak, like that of Shammei. It was wide and gave the impression that it sat too high in his face. The eyes might once have been piercing. They were now the eyes of age, to which long study and meditation had given a fixed focus. They looked through the person to the idea beyond. Hillel had the habit of peering out with an inquiring but very kindly gaze, as though he were near-sighted or absent-minded.

The stranger with the fighting face now stood before the chair of the great rabbi. It was soon his turn to ask his question.

"Master," he said, with the same profound bow of mock respect, "teach me the whole Law while I am standing on one foot."

The peering eyes of the old rabbi-prince turned gravely upon the stranger. They wavered a little, then settled on the bulky figure of the man, as he stood on one foot, the other ostentatiously raised. The gaze lifted slowly from the raised foot to the fighting face and its taunting smile.

There the peering eyes came to rest in a gaze of perfect quiet and friendly scrutiny. So it continued in easy tranquillity. The questioner

began to be embarrassed. The sneering smile faded. A look of shame appeared on the face of the erstwhile mocker. He seemed nonplussed and about to put his foot to the pavement. The great scholar raised a gnarled and wrinkled hand.

"Stay, friend, as you are," said the rabbi. Then he spoke more gently "Do you seek the truth?"

"Yes, Master," said the stranger, "if you will be pleased to tell it to one who is unworthy."

"Do nothing to another person that you would not wish that person to do to you," said Hillel, in a voice that rang out like a bugle. "That is the whole meaning of the Law. All else is commentary."

"Prince of Rabbis, I am answered," said the stranger in a voice of awe. He turned away and was at once lost in the crowd.

"Master," said the next questioner, "I would have you speak of Solomon's song, the Song of Songs."

"It is written of Galilee and the North," said Hillel, "as it was written in Galilee—of Galilee and the North"—here the old eyes brightened with awakened youthful memories—"the high hills and the cool waters, flowing down from the snows of Lebanon—the cool waters that make springs and fair valleys through all the land, fertile fields and fruitful hills that bring wealth and prosperity to happy millions." Here Hillel paused. Old memories gave place to the scholar's sense of values, and he turned briskly to the Jewish method with such writings.

"But the Wise King looked beyond the ease, the riches and prosperity of fair Galilee and the glorious North. He cast his yearning eyes and projected his inward vision, always toward the seat of the Law and learning in the law, here in the Holy City. For it was here in Jerusalem that Solomon established the Academy of Scholars, as it continues to this day. What meaneth the second verse of the eighth chapter, where it reads thus? 'I would lead thee and bring thee to my mother's house.' Its targum (translation) is this: 'I will take thee, O King-Messiah, and make thee go up to my Temple, where thou shalt teach me to tremble before the Lord, and to walk in his ways. There shall we hold the feast of Leviathan, and drink the old wine which has been kept in its grapes from the day the world was created, and of the pomegranates and of the fruits which are prepared for the just in the Garden of Eden.'"

"Then, O Master," said the questioner, "how shall I targum (translate) the second verse beyond, which refers to the beloved husband of the Shunemite woman? For it reads, 'I charge you, O daughters of Zion, that ye stir not up nor awake my love until he please.'"

"That also refers to King-Messiah," replied the old rabbi. "Its targum is this: 'The King-Messiah shall say, I abjure you, my people, House of

Israel; why should you rise up against the heathen,' which in our time means the Romans, 'to go out of captivity, and why should you rebel against the might of Gog and Magog? Wait a little while, until those nations are consumed, which go up to fight against Jerusalem; and then shall the Lord of the world remember you; and it shall be his good pleasure to set you free.'"

The Boy of Galilee stood and watched. He listened and pondered. Much of what he heard he understood and felt that a new world was opening here, a world of knowledge and understanding. Questions were asked in every field of learning, as of Jewish ceremonial practice and interpretation of the Law. Answers were given, sometimes in plain words that held great truths of life. At other times the answers were in veiled words, in words of mystery, but always with the charm and depth of knowledge that marked the master mind of all the Jewish ages.

At times both question and answer seemed but a meaningless confusion of words. This was apt to be the case with the more advanced scholars in rabbinic lore. They took great pride in their legalistic learning. Their presumption sometimes warmed the ancient, as of yore, to hot discussion. In his years of fire he would overwhelm and rout the ablest antagonist by a roaring flood of words, an avalanche of symbols and an army of quotations from the Oral Law, the Traditions of the Fathers, the Halachic and Haggadic Midrashim and the Cabbala, or ancient books of the secret Jewish mysteries. These Midrashim were commentaries on the Law and Scriptures, made by the scholars of past ages. Such quotations he would cite from his prodigious memory until his opponent, dazed and stunned, if not convinced, was ready to confess the great rabbi-prince to be in the right.

One such encounter enlivened the day. An authority from Babylon had rather innocently, so thought the by-standers, suggested a doubt of the full correctness of an answer given by the master to another questioner. It had to do with the method of God's touch on human life. The doubter was himself a rabbi, advanced in years, of much apparent learning and a leader in the famous Schools of Babylon. These Schools had already begun to show the devotion to scholarship in the field of rabbinical learning that would later make Babylon the center of authority which dominated the Jewish world for centuries.

The old rabbi-prince turned upon the Babylonian with the fire and fury he might have displayed fifty years before.

"Know you not the books of the Cabbala?" he shouted, his great voice ringing out like a deep-toned gong. "Know you not the Sepher Yetsireh? Know you not the Sepher Markabah? Listen now, to the first perek (chapter) of the Sepher Yetsireh." So he began to quote the first section

of the ancient book, intoning the sonorous Hebrew in a sounding voice, like the chime of the Temple bells.

"In thirty and two wonderful paths of wisdom, the Lord God of Sabaoth, the God of Israel, the Living God and King of the world, God, Merciful and Gracious, High and Exalted, Who dwelleth to Eternity, High and Holy is His Name, hath created all things by three Sepharim (books); by SEPHER (the written word); by SEPHAR (number); and by SIPPUR (the spoken word).

"Ten Sephiroth belimah (methods of God's creative power), twenty-two letters of foundation (the letters in the Hebrew alphabet), three mothers (the initial letters of the words for Air, Fire and Water), seven duplex and twelve simple ones (the three mothers, the seven double and twelve single letters total 22, all the letters of the Hebrew alphabet).

"Ten Sephiroth belimah, the number of ten fingers, five against five, and the covenant of the One Only God placed between them by the word of the tongue and the word of sex." (The covenant of God is man. His body is between the hands, five fingers on each.)

"Ten Sephiroth belimah;—ten and not nine, ten and not eleven;—be informed in wisdom, and be wise in information; examine in them, search out from them, and set the thing in its certitude, and put the Creator again in His place."

Here the old rabbi omitted the fifth mishnah, with those that follow to the tenth, with which he continued the quotation.

"Ten Sephiroth belimah—

"ONE; the Spirit of the Living God, blessed and again blessed be the Name of Him Who Liveth Forever—Voice, Spirit and Word, and this is the Holy Spirit.

"Two; Wind from Spirit—thereby ordered and hewed He the twenty-two letters of foundation, three mothers, and seven duplex and one Spirit from them.

"THREE: Water from breath (spirit), He designed and hewed in them the Fathomless Void, slime and dung—designed them like a garden-plot, hewed them like a wall, covered them like a pavement.

"FOUR: Fire from Water, He designed it, and hewed in it the Throne of Glory, the Ophanim and Seraphim, the Sacred Living Creatures, and the Angels of Service and, of these Three, He founded His dwelling place, as it is said, 'He maketh his angels breath (spirit) and his ministers a flaming fire.'

"FIVE: Three letters out of the simple ones; He sealed Spirit on the Three, and fastened them in His Great Name J-e-H-o-V-a-h; and He sealed them with six outgoings; He turned upward and sealed it with J-H-V.

"SIX: He sealed below, turned downwards and sealed it with J-V-H.

"SEVEN: He sealed eastward, He turned in front of Him and sealed it with H-J-V-.

"EIGHT: He sealed westward, and turned behind and sealed it with H-V-J-.

"NINE: He sealed southward, and turned to His right and sealed it with V-J-H-.

"TEN: He sealed northward, and turned to His left and sealed it with V-H-J-.

"These are the Sephiroth belimah (1) One Spirit of the Living God, and (2) air, (3) water, and (4) fire; and (5) height above, and (6) below, (7) east, (8) west, (9) north, and (10) south."

So Hillel came to a breathless finish. He glared, so far as his ever-peering eyes could be said to glare, into the face of the abashed Babylonian.

"Is it enough?" he roared. "Would you hear the other five pereks of the Sepher Yetsireh? Shall I tell you the mystery of the three letters, representing Air, Fire and Water? Shall I rehearse the foundation of male and female, the earth beneath, and the heaven above, and all the mystery of life and all creation?

"Shall I tell you the meaning of the seven duplex letters, with their opposites? (1) Life and death, (2) Peace and evil (or strife), (3) Wisdom and folly, (4) Riches and poverty, (5) Grace and distortion, (6) Fertility and desolation, (7) Government and slavery? How God drew them and hewed them and melted them and formed from them The Seven Planets, the Seven Days of the week and the Seven Issues of the living creatures, eyes, ears, nostrils and mouth; and how, with them, were drawn the Seven Firmaments, the Seven Earths and the Seven Times (ages). Shall I tell you more?"

The Babylonian stood abashed, and said no word.

"Shall I tell you the properties of the twelve simple letters and their foundation? Sight, hearing, smell, speech, eating, loving, working, walking, anger, laughter, thinking and sleep? And how God drew them, melted them and formed of them The Twelve Signs of the Zodiac, the Twelve Months of the Year, the Twelve Tribes of Israel and the Twelve Useful Parts of the human creature, hands, feet, kidneys, spleen, liver, gall, gullet, stomach and intestines. Shall I tell you more?"

Still the Babylonian stood, confused and silent.

"Tell me, for you know," cried Hillel in a voice of command. "Tell me the conclusion of the whole matter, when the Three Mothers become the Three Fathers of AIR, FIRE and WATER."

So the dignified scholar of Babylon stood and, like a very naughty schoolboy, repeated the first mishnah of the last perek in the ancient book of the Cabbalistic wisdom of the Jews.

"The Three Fathers and their generations, Seven Subduers and their planets, seven boundaries of the hypothermose—and the proof of the matter; Faithful witnesses are the World, the Year and the Living Creature. The law of the Twelve and of the Seven and of the Three; and they are appointed over the heavenly dragon, and the cycle, and the heart."

"It is enough. You have shown that you know," said Hillel caustically. "Now, you may depart."

So the aged scholar of Babylon departed meekly, like a little lad who has been well whipped, who is glad to get away without further punishment, to bear his smarts alone.

This was pure delight to the crowd. Its numbers increased by hundreds. Men came running from all directions, as the great voice of Hillel was heard, booming out like a trumpet, through the cloisters of Solomon's Porch.

"It is the old Hillel, Prince of all the rabbis of the world," chuckled an unctuous voice, close beside the ear of the wondering Boy. "I have not heard him thus for twenty years. The fires burn up once more to their pristine brightness."

The speaker was himself a grizzled rabbi. He was clad in the scholar's gown and the woolen tallith, or prayer-scarf, with the rabbi's thread and wide fringes, while he wore very large phylacteries on hand and forehead. He went on speaking, for he must unburden his mind of its awakened memories.

"I have watched him here and listened to the wisdom of his words, yes, for forty years and more. Never was such a mind. Never was such power to overwhelm an opponent. In all the years, he was never at a loss. He knew every written word of all our nation's life. He knew every spoken word of every sage of all the ages, from Abraham to Abtalion, his master of sixty years ago." The old rabbi sighed, with very luxury of remembrance. "Forty years he was a student of the Law. For forty years, he has been head of the Great Sanhedrin. But we are fortunate indeed to-day. We have seen the fires of heart and mind blaze up once more. Too soon they will be extinguished." He sighed again.

Indeed, the rabbi-prince was old. He seemed very tired. Of a sudden, and without warning, the grizzled beard sank to his chest. The weary eyes fell shut. The ancient was fast asleep.

Immovable as statues, the disciples of the old master sat in a crosslegged circle about him. The great crowd stood motionless, or its members sank down noiselessly, to sit in their places. The man who was about to put his question, stood fixed and still. But one person moved. One of the disciples, a gray-bearded scholar, sixty years of age, rose quietly from his place. Going close to the chair, he rearranged the folds of the tallith about the

neck of the master, for his greater warmth and comfort. Hillel did not even stir at the familiar touch of the loving hand.

Such was the reverence for the ancient Rabbi-Nasi that the stillness was complete. A murmur of voices came from beyond the silent circle on the cloister pavement. Occasional distant shouts carried faintly to the group. The hum of the dense life of the city and the bustle in distant Temple Courts but served to accentuate, rather than break, the silence.

For half an hour they sat or stood, thus immovable, with the ageless patience of true Orientals. It is difficult for us to picture such waiting, though it is taken for granted and quite usual among the Asiatics. Scarcely a muscle was moved or the rustle of a garment heard. At last, Hillel awakened. He gazed about inquiringly, with his peering, kindly look. He saw the questioner, who still stood motionless before him.

"Friend, what did you say?" asked the master.

"Rabbi-Nasi," said the man, "it is a matter of inheritance." Whereupon, he entered into a long explanation of his own interest and his brother's in a piece of property, the recent death of the brother, including the length of his sickness, the richness of the funeral, and finally, the claims of the brother's wife.

Hillel listened with minute attention. His wrinkled hands, gnarled and distorted by long years of hard labor, lay idly on the arms of his cathedra. Only the wise old eyes showed concentration. When the explanation was finished, he gave answer, with the careful particularity of the trained lawyer. He cited case after case, precedent after precedent. He gave decisions made by long forgotten judges and scholars, with their names and the date of each decree. It was a wonderful exhibition of memory and mental power, astonishing in its brilliance, marvelous in its breadth of grasp and in its definiteness of knowledge. He did it with absolute simplicity and complete certainty. There could be no doubt of the accuracy and justice of his judgment. Certainly none as to the lucidity of his mind and the fairness of his decree. That judgment would be carried, by its recipient, to the local court, held by the elders of his synagogue. If any question rose regarding its provisions, they would be referred back to any two of the listening circle of disciples, of whom not one would have forgotten the least word of the master's summing-up. Thus, "in the mouth of two of three," the matter would be established.

As the day wore on, other questioners came and went. But The Boy still sat at the feet of Hillel, drinking in every word of the master-scholar of his race.

As the noon hour approached, many of those present drew, from the voluminous folds of their chalouks, enough unleavened bread to suffice for the midday repast and, without washing, began to eat. Others summoned

the bearer of a water-skin by word or gesture, held their hands beneath the running stream and so prepared to eat, with hands undefiled. It was to be noticed that the stricter Pharisees were very careful as to the method of their washing. They had the water poured on their hands, their fingers held upwards for the first washing, so that the water ran off the wrists. They must have the same amount of water, a "log" or full half pint, for a second washing, when the water was made to flow down and drop off the fingers, to carry away any defilement that might be left on the hands by the first cleansing. The "washing with the fist," however, was not so common among the disciples of Hillel as it would have been among those of Shammai.

After the repast, Hillel slept again. The silence was kept, as before, until he wakened and began to answer questions.

As the time approached for the Evening Sacrifice, the men began to separate themselves by twos and threes from the circle of listeners. The crowds began to disintegrate. For the first time, Hillel was not besieged by questioners. He had long before taken note of The Boy, marking how he followed every question and answer through the long hours. He had seen the mobile face, reflecting every sentiment and emotion, a very mirror of the alert soul within. He had been attracted by its quick intelligence. Now he leaned toward The Boy and spoke.

"My son," he said gently, "what is your question?"

At the words, so surprising and so welcome, The Boy stood. Then he took a step forward. He looked into the aged, kindly eyes and found to his surprise that he had learned to love them.

"Rabbi-Nasi." The words came with diffidence, but The Boy spoke them without faltering. "I would gain full knowledge of the Love of God, the Father."

Hillel seemed startled at the words. He peered down intently at the small figure which stood so bravely before him.

"Whence do you come, my son?" he asked.

"From Nazareth, of Galilee," answered The Boy.

"The North," said Hillel. "The rich and fruitful North. The high hills, the streams flowing down from Lebanon, and the water of the snows of Hermon, cold and pure . . ." Forgetting to finish the sentence, the rabbi fell straightway to musing. But, in a while, he looked up again, to peer once more into the face of the boy before him.

"Come to me after the Evening Sacrifice," said the Great Scholar, almost abruptly. "Come to my house." Then he added, as an afterthought, "You will stay the night."

Honor above all honors. It was totally unexpected. The Boy had not thought that he was doing anything unusual to sit at the feet of the rabbi-prince. He had stayed because he could not go away. But Hillel had

noticed him, almost from the first hour. He had marked the fresh and open features, the clear bloom of sun-tanned cheek, the wide open eyes, which saw everything; their fearless look in the glowing face, which showed interest and intelligent understanding of every scene; a true thirst for knowledge and an intuitive ease of understanding, even in the difficult fields of mystical lore, like those of the Cabbala.

At once The Boy thought of Mother-Mary. If only she could be here to know of his good fortune. But she and Abba-Yusuf, so they had told him, would be in Bethlehem to-night and to-morrow night, possibly for one night more. So the great news to them must wait. Meantime his Aunt Salome would think that he was with Cyrus's family and the others would think he was with Aunt Salome. All of which was what the different families had been thinking, but in quite a different way. To-morrow night, or the next at most, he would find Mother-Mary at the house of Cyrus and Emhasia and tell her the wonderful news.

With untroubled mind and a heart that sang, the Boy went into the Court of Israel to join in the worship of the Evening Sacrifice. By chance he met Matthew as the Sacrifice went on. He told his chum of the command of Hillel and asked him to give the news to either of the families, if he should meet them. Matthew congratulated The Boy on the honor that had come to him. He promised to deliver the message, if he had the opportunity.

So The Boy finished his Evening Worship with a quiet mind. And his heart was full of a glowing yearning for the fuller and ever fuller knowledge of the love of God, his Father.

AT HOME WITH HILLEL

LEAVING the Temple at the end of the Evening Sacrifice, The Boy turned westward toward the valley of the Tyropean, which he crossed by the long, high bridge called Xystus. He climbed the slope of Mount Zion, with boy-thoughts of his ancestor David, whose wanderings, songs and rich palace all had their center here. So he came into the Upper City, where Hillel lived in a side street, near the huge palace built by Herod the Great.

To find the house was easy with a little inquiry, for every native of Jerusalem knew the residence of the great scholar who had been for forty years Rabbi-Nasi, or President of the ruling body of all the Jews of all the world. The house itself was not imposing, among the richer establishments on Mount Zion.

The famous scholar was not a man of wealth, though it had been many years since extreme poverty had made his life so difficult. By sheer power of learning, such scholars achieved an aristocracy hardly inferior to that of the five great families from which the High Priests were appointed. It was an aristocracy of brains and rabbinical brilliance and not of political power for, of course, the scholars did not have access to the huge Temple treasures which made the High Priestly families so enormously wealthy and their political power so great.

By virtue of the position of the learned scholars and their authority in the teaching of the nation, powerful merchants and men of wealth among the Jews sought alliance with their families by all possible inducements of daughters, lands and leisure for study. Out of many such offers, Hillel had accepted, for his son Simeon, the daughter of a man of much wealth. Her dowry had brought ease and comfort to the later years of the great rabbi and his faithful wife. Simeon's son, Gamaliel, was the most brilliant in scholarship of all the younger generation. A procession of intermediaries had approached Simeon when Gamaliel was eighteen years of age. They had brought the suggestion from ambitious fathers of presumably charming daughters that union with the house of Hillel "would not be unacceptable." Simeon had listened and, with the worldly wisdom of his race, had accepted the overtures of a "merchant prince" of Jerusalem and Antioch. His daughter was given to Gamaliel with such a generous dowry as to assure to the family both comfort and luxury for all time to come.

The Boy of Nazareth was accustomed to the simpler life of the North,



MARKET PLACE

where families of ample means lived in the usual house of one room, with donkeys and camels in the front. To him the entrance seemed very imposing, extending as it did from the heavy outer doors through a wide vestibule to another door some twenty feet within. Upon his knock, the inner door was opened by a Nubian slave as black as coal or, since Palestine has no coal, as black as a goat on the hills of Nazareth. To his surprise, the slave ushered him into a square court like a Roman atrium, open to the sky. Around the court, opening into it, were roofed cubicles (little rooms) and the doors of entrance to the larger and more luxurious rooms where the family lived.

In the midst of the court was the cathedra, or scholar's chair. It was one especially ordered for the old age of the rabbi-prince by the merchant father of Gamaliel's wife. In it Hillel could be carried about, as in a litter. The aged scholar was lying back in it in a deep sleep of exhaustion after the hard strain of his day's teaching in the Temple cloisters.

The Boy of Galilee, with the high instinct of his gentle soul, took but the few noiseless steps that brought him to the edge of the group about the rabbi's chair, where he sat down without a word in the family circle, taking the Oriental position of rest. So he remained, quietly sitting, until the sleeper wakened.

Presently the master of the house opened his eyes. He spoke to his son Simeon, who was sitting close at hand. Then there was a sudden change, from stillness to activity, from quiet to noisy bustle, through all the court. It was almost startling, this change from the quiet of waiting upon the aged sleeper to the clatter of preparation for the evening meal.

Two women had been sitting motionless at one side of the atrium. They now began grinding the wheat that was in the mill when the master fell asleep. Another woman was squatting beside a fire, which had died down to feebly glowing coals. She was the wife of Simeon, mistress of the household since the death of Hillel's aged wife. A slave girl, as black as the Nubian who had opened the door, was serving the mistress as she cooked, running breathlessly to the storeroom and back again, as she was sent for what was needed. At the back of the court could be seen a young woman who was hastening to lift out of the hollow under the hot ashes of the oven the baking of unleavened bread that would be served, crisp and hot, for the evening meal.

The aged Hillel came to wakefulness almost as suddenly as he fell into the sleep of old age, into which he dropped so frequently and unawares, whether at home or in the Temple.

"Simeon, my son," said Hillel.

"Here am I, my father," came the answer; and Simeon rose from where he had been sitting beside the chair to stand obediently before his father.

He was the same, The Boy now saw, who had left the circle of the disciples to make Hillel more comfortable, when the aged rabbi fell asleep in Solomon's Porch. He was a man more than sixty years of age. His hair was plentiful, but very gray. His beard was grizzled with streaks of silver. It fell in a shining cascade over his deep chest. He had the same rounded, domelike head as his father. His face was of the same type, with Babylonian width. The large mouth, hardly covered by the moustache, was wide, like Hillel's, falling at the corners.

"It comes to me from the great masters," said Hillel, "from the masters of whom I learned in the Great Academy and whose place was given me when I came to ripe knowledge, that one of them spoke of the necessity to love the trade by which we earn our daily bread. I can not now remember whether it was Sameas or Pollion who spoke the words. Repeat them to me, my son."

"Abtalion and Shemiah received the Law from the fathers," recited Simeon, like the accurate scholar that he was, missing no word of the Oral Tradition, handed down by word of mouth from generation of scholars to succeeding generation. "Shemiah said 'Love a trade.' And he said, 'Hate domineering.' He also said, 'Make not thyself known to those in authority.' Abtalion said, 'Ye wise men, be cautious in your words.'" He was proceeding with the whole quotation, but was interrupted by his father.

"It is enough, my son. It was indeed Sameas (Shemiah) who commanded us to love the trade by which we earn our livelihood. It shall be handed down as a tradition of our nation that 'he who does not teach his son a handicraft, is as though he taught him theft.' It is true that the command to love our trade was spoken by Sameas. I remember now, when those words were spoken. It was in the presence of our master, Pollion (Abtalion). He himself commended them, and said that they were worthy to become a part of the Pirke Aboth (Sayings of the Fathers)."

"You have indeed loved your trade, my father," said Simeon. "For many years, I can remember you in your power with the axe. Well do I recall the admiration which I had, in common with all your disciples, for your skill and strength."

"True, my son," said Hillel, "and I flourished that heavy axe as though it was a willow branch. I was proud of my strength and still more proud of my skill. I would cut a sapling in three sharp strokes, where a weaker and less skilful woodcutter would mangle it for five minutes with innumerable strokes and still fail to cut it through. Call hither your son, my son, and let me hear him repeat the words which I have spoken, regarding the debasement of the Law by making a livelihood through its teaching."

Gamaliel rose from where he sat. He was the young man who later became the "doctor of the Law, had in reputation among all the people"

(Acts 5: 34), who counselled wisdom and moderation at the time of the earliest Christian persecutions. He is remembered by the world from the fact that St. Paul sat, as a disciple, at his feet. He was to receive the same honor as his grandfather and father, and become Rabbi-Nasi, or Head of the Great Sanhedrin. Like Hillel, he would be singled out from all the rabbis of the Land, with the title of "The Elder." He was a young man of great beauty, as of great promise. His virgin beard waved softly about his face. He stood now, easily and modestly, before the greatest of all Jewish scholars, to repeat his words according to the formula of the Oral Law, exactly as they had been uttered.

"Hillel and Shammei received the Law from Abtalion and Shemiah. Hillel said, 'Be the disciples of Aaron, loving peace and following after peace, loving men and bringing them nigh unto the Law.' Hillel also said, 'He who learns not, deserves death,' and 'He who makes gain out of the Crown (of the Law) shall perish.'"

The scholars all spoke fluently in Greek, but they quoted the words of the Oral Law in Aramaic, the language of Jerusalem and Babylon. With characteristic nicety of scholarship, they spoke the words of the Written Law, the Old Testament, in Hebrew, which was called the "language of the learned," since Hebrew had long been lost to popular usage and was only understood by the scholars, as Latin is with us to-day.

It was not until fifty years later that the bigoted Pharisees of the school of Shammei became so fanatical that they murdered enough Hillelites to dominate the Assembly and condemn the learning of Greek and all social contact with Gentiles and foreigners. The iron rule of Herod, for almost forty years before his death, had fettered the growth of separatist nationalism, had kept the Greek culture in the ascendant and prevented the bigotry of the Shammeites from spreading through itinerant teachers to the local synagogues and thus to the youth of the Land. Now they were free, under the tolerant Romans. The growth had begun which was to result in such strength and numbers that they could procure the crucifixion of the Christ. Thirty years after that, they had reached such a state of frenzied fanaticism that they pitted their power against Rome and so destroyed themselves and their nation.

When Gamaliel had finished his quotation of Hillel's words, the Nasi turned to The Boy and said in his kindly voice, "My son, you have asked my counsel. It has never yet been refused to him who asked. It has never yet been given for gain. Your question still remains with me. I would gladly give you answer. Let my son's son repeat the question. What said the boy of Galilee to-day in the Temple cloister, O Gamaliel?"

"He said," answered Gamaliel, without any hesitation, "I would gain full knowledge of the love of God, the Father."

"You have answered truly, every word, as a scholar should," approved Hillel. Then the ancient fell to musing. He sat still for a long time. His eyes lost all expression, veiled by a curtain of introspection. Presently he spoke, using Greek, as more familiar to the boy of Galilee.

"There was once a man who sailed in a ship, far away, toward the Pillars of Hercules (Gibraltar). The ship was caught in a great storm. It was finally wrecked on the rocks of a large island. That one man alone survived the wild waters. He floated ashore on a piece of broken planking. To his astonishment, the people of the island received him, not merely with kindness but with honor. They took him to the royal palace. They clothed him with purple. They put a diadem upon his head. They crowned him as their king and gave him the power of government. All went happily at first. But he soon found that he was to reign but one year. It was their custom thus to crown and give one year of rule to some man who was cast up by the sea. At the end of the year, his power would be taken from him. He would be transported to an uninhabited island, far away. There he would be left to live by his own unaided efforts or to die.

The sages of the island told him that every other man, thus given the kingship, had spent his single year in feasting and rioting, forgetful of the time of reckoning. At the end of his year of rule he had been placed on the island. Weakened by idleness and dissipation, he had perished miserably, friendless and alone. Not one had prepared for his exile, as he might have done, by spending his time and employing his power to establish a home, to plant fields and to be ready to live in comfort and security.

This man took to heart the counsel of the sages. He spent his year as king in making ready the habitation for his future. He used his power and the wisdom of the sages, employing the labor of his subjects to build houses, to plant fields and vineyards on the island of exile.

When his year of rule as king was finished, he was conducted with all honor to the island which was to be his home. Many of the people had learned to love him for his wisdom, his kindly virtues and the excellence of his rule. These went with him. They settled in the houses he had built, to till the fields which he had planted and to drink of his vineyards. So he remained a king indeed, as he had been in name, and entered into a new prosperity which increased with every year."

There was silence for a time, as each one thought of the story and its meaning. It was The Boy who spoke at last.

"If, by the kingdom of a year, this life on earth is meant and, if the island of exile means the future life, then I can understand, O Rabbi-Nasi, that this life will be a good preparation for the life to come if we live well and nobly. But I had hoped that you would tell me, for this life and for all the world, how to gain full knowledge of the love of God, the Father."

"There is a good spirit in you, Boy of the North," said Hillel. "If it be not blunted, the answer that you seek will come to you, in part, with each of the coming years. I think the answer will come out of your own heart.

Others can tell you only what they know. But each can tell you something. You will learn many things from many men. But you will use them all greatly if you keep that spirit clean and strong."

"Simeon," he said, turning to his son, "tell the youth of Galilee the words in the Pirke Aboth (Sayings of the Fathers), which I have spoken, relating to different kinds of men."

"Hillel used to say," repeated Simeon, using the words now familiar to nineteen hundred years of Jewish teaching, "An empty-headed man fears not sin; nor is a vulgar person pious; nor can a shy man learn (fearing to ask); nor can a passionate man teach; nor can he who multiplies business become learned (in the Law),' and he said, 'Wheresoever there are no men, strive to be a man.'"

The wife of Simeon was now seen approaching. Behind her was the black slave, followed by the equally black handmaiden. The Nubian carried a large, round platter of earthenware. In it steamed the hot and savory stew, cooked and seasoned by the mistress of the house. The maid-servant carried another dish. It was heaped with crisp, hot sheets, or loaves, of unleavened bread. She also carried a jar of water and a small skin of wine. The Nubian set down the large platter on a low table before the rabbi-prince. Hillel raised both feeble hands and gave thanks for the blessing and gift of food. Then the black took the water jar and, going to each one of the circle who had remained standing, he poured water on the hands and, afterwards, on the feet of each. They did not "wash with the best," as would the stricter Pharisees. The mixed water and wine later received its separate blessing, when the cup was mixed.

Sitting in Oriental fashion on the mats about the low table, each received a flat loaf of unleavened bread, which served both as a plate and as a catcher-up of food. They followed the example set by the old scholar, and each dipped into the platter, using a piece torn from the loaf to catch up such portions of stew as might be, with such skill as each possessed. Not much talking was done during the progress of the meal. At one time, however, Hillel tore off a piece of his loaf and deftly caught a tender bit of lamb's-flesh from the platter. He handed the "sop," dripping with rich gravy, to The Boy. As he did so, he spoke once more of the question he had been asked in the Temple cloister.

"Boy of the North," he said, "it is a far reach from the Unchangeable Law of God, Eternal King of the Universe, to the Love of God, the Father. I have often dreamed that the gulf might be bridged, though it is impassable by means of human thought. It will never be bridged by study of the Law or obedience to the Law. Yet it can not be attained without the observance of the Law. The Law is for the preservation of our religion and our race. To that end, I have given lifelong study to the Law, to purify, to

correct and to present it whole, for the ages that are to come. I have long foreseen that our race will not be preserved by the Temple and the Temple Sacrifices. The Temple and its worship will surely be done away, as they have often been before. Then, what shall keep our religion and unite our race for the coming generations? Nothing can save us but the Law—the Law, codified and explicit as Hillel has left it, a priceless heritage for all the Jews of all the time that is to come. But the Love of God, the Father—that is quite another thing. God's peace be upon you, Boy of the North, God's blessing on your holy quest."

Then they all fell silent for a while. The Boy ate the sop of honor, given him by the rabbi-prince, and kept silence, as a youthful seeker should, in the presence of the master scholar of his race.

The evening meal moved toward its close, as the Nubian removed the large platter and passed the fruit, which consisted of dates and figs of last year's crop, together with oranges fresh from Joppa, very large and delicate of flavor. After the fruit, Hillel said the "Grace after meat." The Nubian again poured water upon the hands of those who sat, but not upon their feet. Hillel's head drooped in the easy sleep of age. Silence fell upon those at meat, as upon all the court. Each thought his own thoughts. The shades of twilight deepened.

Suddenly Hillel awakened. He was visibly excited. His manner suggested haste.

"Simeon, my son," he said, "send for the roll of the Prophet Esias (Isaiah)."

Simeon spoke to his son Gamaliel, who went into one of the cubicles, or rooms which opened off the main court. Pushing aside the tapestry, which was its only door, he went in. A moment later, he came out carrying a round roll of bleached-looking leather wound around a stick whose ends projected so that the leather might be unrolled and the writing read without touching or marring the ink. The "roll" was made of many pieces of leather, cut to a uniform width. These were fastened to form a long strip. Each strip usually contained the contents of a single book and, with the writing on the inside, was wound around the stick to form the "roll," which is the word from which we get our name for "volume." Gamaliel handed the "roll" of Isaiah to his father.

"Read, my son," said Hillel, "beginning where the prophet saith, 'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace.'"

As the darkness deepened, Simeon read and, when he could no longer see, repeated from memory the words of Isaiah (52: 7), without the lapse of a word, until he finished the book.

Hillel followed the reading closely. His eyes were fast shut. Only now and then he showed life. He would raise a knotted hand and arrest the narrative, that he might translate certain phrases, or verses, which, in addition to the Aramaic, he sometimes gave in the Greek, that The Boy might get the full meaning of the words.

"He is despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," repeated Hillel. And again, "Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows." "Out of the agony of his own soul he shall behold The Vision and shall be satisfied. By his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many, for he shall bear their iniquities." Here he pointed out that "justify many" means to "bring the capacity for righteousness to many." Again, "Because he hath poured out his soul unto death; and he was numbered with the transgressors; and he bore the sins of many and made intercession for the transgressors."

Again and again the work-gnarled hand was raised and the aged voice translated the words out of the Hebrew for The Boy. "Cry aloud, spare not . . . show my people their transgressions and the House of Israel their sins." "Behold you fast for strife and debate." "Is it not so, that this is the fast that I have chosen, to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens and to let the oppressed go free?" "To deal my bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor and afflicted to my house?" "When thou seest the naked, that thou cover him?" Once he stopped to translate, for the sheer beauty of the text, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. . . . And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising."

Thrice more he stopped the reading to translate the words, "The spirit of the Lord is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings to the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to those who are bound." "And the Gentiles shall see thy righteousness, and all the kings thy glory; and thou shalt be called by a new name, which the mouth of the Lord shall name." "I am sought of those that asked not for me; I am found of those that sought me not."

For the last time the aged scholar interrupted to translate. "It shall come, that I will gather up all nations and tongues; and they shall come to see my glory . . . and I will take of them for priests and Levites, saith the Lord." And he added musingly, "The Esaias of Babylon was somewhat more cosmopolitan than the Esaias of Jerusalem." Then he sat quietly until his son had repeated the last chapter of the book. He seemed to be asleep and sat for a time with his eyes fast closed. Then he opened them wide. He spoke briskly and to the point.

"Simeon, my son," he said, "I would meditate. Send and get my axe."

Again it was Gamaliel who served him. He returned the roll of Isaiah to its place and brought the ancient axe to its still more ancient owner.

Lovingly Hillel took the axe. He felt of the long handle, smooth-worn to the highest polish by long years of use. He ran his fingers tenderly over the bright metal of the blade. It was kept shining by the glad care of the members of his household. Long toil had worn it down to half its size. With loving pride he displayed it, though it hung heavy on his feeble hands.

"Boy of the North," he said, "here is my old companion, my trusted friend. For many years it won me livelihood. Once it was feather-light in these old hands. Few could equal my skill and strength in wielding it. Feel it. Try its balance. Not one in a thousand can compare with it. But now, Boy, to your rest. For I would meditate. Never can I think as well as with my hands upon the polished handle of this axe, which I wielded for my daily bread through years of hardest toil. God's peace be with you, Jeshuah-Nazara."

"God's peace return also to you, Rabbi-Nasi," replied The Boy, "and His blessing be upon you that you have shown such kindness to one so young and so little worth."

"Wait," said Hillel. "I had well-nigh forgotten you in the object of your search. You will not see me to-morrow in the Temple. A matter of great weight calls for meditation. It can not be done in the confusion of the Temple cloisters. Come to me again to-morrow after the Evening Sacrifice. Send word to your parents that Hillel has bidden you again to stay the night. Gamaliel will show you where you sleep. God be with you."

Gamaliel showed The Boy to a little room opening from the court, where he slept the sleep of healthy youth, his mind at ease, and dreamed of home and Mother-Mary.

Hillel was lying back in his cathedra, as they left him. His beloved axe lay across its arms. His hands were upon its polished handle. His eyes were fast closed. Thus he lay through the long night, after he had been carried to his own chamber. Part of the time he slept the fitful sleep of age. Part of the time his soul was sunk in deepest meditation. Its cause was the simple question which The Boy had asked.

"To gain full knowledge of the love of God, the Father?" It seemed a simple question. It was a simple question. But Hillel's keen mind saw it in all its depth and magnitude. Its answer would be the earthquake shock, to shatter the self-centered religious life of every Jew of legalistic training and nationalistic aspiration. It would open an impassable gulf between Jewish works and human faith, between Law and Love.

Hillel's whole long life had been spent in making the nice distinctions

f the Law into an exact science of works. If the Jew were to avoid the wrath of God the works must be done to the minute, in the manner prescribed. The works of the Law were to make the Jewish nation a "peculiar people," set apart from all others. They would be a nation of priests and specialists, ecclesiastical specialists, in the worship of the Infinite God, with a set of rules and laws, methods and customs, which claimed the Infinite all for themselves. The rules of the Law made it impossible to share God with any others, except those who were highly trained in the legal ceremonies by which the Law was now expressed.

Here was an appalling threat to the Law and to the life of the nation. If this Galilean boy were to make the Great Discovery, then the simple love of God would become the ruling motive of all human hearts. No longer the God only of the Jews, God would be just the Father, the beloved Father for the worship of all people everywhere, loving and loved by all the men and women of all the world. The logic was inescapable. God would become common property, the God of all nations. The Jews had never wanted that. They were willing to let other men have God. But the others must become Jews. They must submit to circumcision, wash their hands and feet in a certain way, fast according to the rules and keep all the feasts in the manner prescribed. Above all, they must pay one tenth of all they earned or gained into the treasury of the Temple. Even then, the converts were not regarded as real Jews. The wisest scholars among the proselytes were treated like underlings, almost like Samaritans, despised as unworthy of the most ordinary courtesies. And the social degradation was not wiped out until the third generation.

The aged scholar meditated on the vital question, so simply put. He saw it in its far-reaching consequences, in its deep meaning to the nation and to the world. Meantime The Boy of Nazareth slept soundly on the quilt, or bed, supplied by Gamaliel, and his dreams were of love and fatherhood and the glory of sonship and the beauty of the Temple, his Father's House.

The stir in the court aroused him long before the sun was up. He made his morning ablutions and ate his simple breakfast with the family of scholars in the growing light. Without having seen Hillel, he made his way down the hill of Zion, crossed the bridge called Xystus and reached the Temple before the great silver trumpets sounded from the Temple tower to announce the coming of the light and the beginning of the Morning Sacrifice.

The Fourth Day of the Passover was spent much like the day before. In the absence of Hillel from the Porch of Solomon, The Boy sat at the feet of one after another of the rabbis who were teaching.

Again he listened to the harsh-featured Shammei, but liked him and his

teaching less than ever. No rabbi-baiter appeared, so Shammei wreaked his wrath of yesterday on his helpless questioners. At the feet of Jochanan Ben Zachai, the most learned in the Law of all Hillel's disciples, he heard but the dry repetition of quotations from the Oral Law, with hairsplitting legal definitions. Under the droning tones of Jonothan Ben Uzziel, the renowned Targumist, he nearly disgraced himself by napping, but caught himself in time to save Galilee from shame. The rich voice and eloquent oratory of Rabbi Ben Buta held him, but hardly so much as the knowledge that the scholar had had his eyes burned out by Herod because he had dared speak the truth about the mad king's conduct. To others of the rabbis The Boy listened by turn. So passed the day.

At the Evening Sacrifice, he again met Matthew, the son of Rufus of Capernaum, among the "men" in the Court of Israel. Matthew had seen nothing of the other families of the Galilean group. So he had not delivered the message of the day before. However, he promised to notify Cyrus and Emhasia of this second honor, the command of Hillel to come to him for another night, so that Mother-Mary and Abba-Yusuf might have the news at once when they came back from Bethlehem. He also promised to tell the family of Cyrus that The Boy would return to their house on the Mount of Olives before the fifth hour, eleven o'clock, to be ready to start with the family for Galilee at noon. He thought it likely that his father Rufus would join them in the journey, for he had finished his business in Jerusalem and expected to return to the Lake next day, by way of Jericho and the Ghor (Jordan Valley).

Supposing his family to be in Bethlehem, his conscience untroubled and enjoying every minute to the utmost, The Boy joined in the worship of the Evening Sacrifice. At its end he took his way blithely across the Xystus bridge, up the Hill of Zion and among the great houses by the now familiar road to the home of Hillel.

When the inner door was opened at his knock, the Nubian slave gave the happy boy warm greeting as a friend of the family, showing some twenty-six teeth as white as ivory in a wide smile of welcome.

The same homelike scene presented itself to The Boy when he entered the open court. Hillel was sitting in his cathedra, as though he had not moved since the night before. Simeon, his son, was reading to him from a Scripture roll. He did not pause, nor did Hillel look up. The Boy stepped to the edge of the circle and sat down quietly.

The roll was that of the book of the Prophet Hosea. With a gesture Hillel stopped the reader when he had finished the verse which was the strongest argument of the rabbis and scholars in their antagonism to the Temple worship and the worldly power of the families who lived luxuriously on the huge Temple revenues. There was real bitterness against the five



A FISH FROM THE JORDAN

High Priestly families and their following, kept loyal as well as prosperous by lavish expenditures of enormous sums in Temple gold, while the rabbis and scholars were mostly very poor. So was the great body of the twenty-four "courses" of the priests, whose very emoluments were largely diverted by trickery, even by force, to swell the fortunes of the High Priestly families.

The words of Hosea were often quoted against them. "For I desired mercy and not sacrifices; and the knowledge of God rather than burnt offerings" (Hosea 6: 6).

"It is enough, my son," said Hillel to Simeon, as he finished reading the passage. And he turned to The Boy.

"One question I may ask you, Jeshuah-Nazara," he said. "Whence had you the thought of God's love as a Father's love?"

"It has always been with us," answered The Boy. "I do not know whence it came. I had always thought that everybody felt the same way about God. Then I heard the scribes and rabbis speaking. They used the word 'Makom,' meaning 'place,' to avoid the name of God. So I asked Abba-Yusuf, 'Why is it that other people speak of God as too great to understand Him and too far away for us to love Him, while we always think of Him as near and close, and as the loving Father?' Abba-Yusuf said, 'It came straight out of Mother-Mary's heart.' I never heard Mother-Mary use the name of God without speaking of His love. She speaks of Him so often, always telling of His love, that we cannot think of Him in any other way. She has the most beautiful smile when she speaks of God."

"It is well answered," said Hillel gravely, and his son Simeon repeated after him, "It is well answered."

"Deeply have I thought," said Hillel. "I lay upon my chair through the long night watches. Only fitfully, I slept. My hands were upon the polished handle of my axe, my best aid to meditation. I gave my soul to meditation and my mind to thought. In an agony of concentration I have brought to bear upon the question all my knowledge, born of long years of study and of travail in the smallest as in the greatest matters of the Law."

"And was it all in vain, my father?" asked Simeon.

"It is too great, or else it is too simple," said Hillel. "It is often so. That which seems so great that we may not comprehend is sometimes so simple that we fail to see. This may well be both, for the greatest things are the simplest after all. But this I can say to you, Boy of the North. Not all my years of travail in the study of the Law, even if you could equal them, would bring the answer to your quest. Expertness in the Law will but retard you in your search.

"The Law is the safeguard, or phylactery, of our nation and our race. That is why we put words from the Law in the little square box, as the phylactery (safeguard) of him who wears it.

"The purpose of the Law is to set us apart as a peculiar people, a nation of priests, devoted to holiness in the worship of God, the King of the Universe. The price we pay for holiness is to keep the Law. Jeremiah saw that the neglect of the Law was making the nation so weak that it would be destroyed. So he prophesied. And so, Jerusalem fell and was destroyed by the heathen. But all that was as nothing, if only the Law could be preserved. Ezra came back from Babylon under the protection of Cyrus, the heathen king, to re-establish the Law. Under the Law the feeble remnant again became a nation. We remained the Chosen people, even though we have been under the curse of heathen rule almost from that day to this. And all that is nothing, if only the Law can be preserved.

"So have I, Hillel, under foreign princes and heathen rulers, labored through my long life to establish the Law. The mad rule of Herod was nothing. The domination of the Romans is nothing. So long as the Law is the rule of our people, we may be slave or free. Our race and our religion will endure. I did not oppose Herod, that savage tyrant of whom it is well said, 'He was by birth an Idumean, by profession a Jew, by necessity a Roman, by culture and choice a Greek.' I am indifferent to the Romans. I have labored only to perfect the Law. But I have labored and perfected it as none other of all our race. Six great volumes have I written, containing six hundred books. Every word that has been handed down from the sages of two thousand years was gathered in the storehouse of my mind, word for word. All that treasured tradition I have arranged, codified and written plain, for all the ages that are to come.

"Ezra, the Mede, of Babylon, established and enforced the Law. Hillel, the scholar, also of Babylon, has gathered, united and perfected the Law as a written and completed code. Because of the Law, the race will endure long after the nation has been destroyed. Two thousands years from now, yes, and two thousand years thereafter, you shall still see the Jew in every land, with the same black hair, the same brown eyes and Semitic features, often with the nose curved like the eagle's beak, and the occasional woman with the perfect oval features and the glory of sunlight in her hair to mark the blood of Royal David's line. You shall see them then, as you see them now, because Ezra and Hillel, both of Babylon, established the Law and brought it to perfection."

"It is true, my father," cried Simeon exultantly. "It is true, father of my father," echoed Gamaliel with emotion.

"God is the God of the whole world," said Hillel. "It is because I am a Jew that I know it. But it is also because I am a Jew that I cannot share with the world the Holy Law, which must keep the Jews forever separate from the world. The Law was given to the Jews alone, to keep us apart and to make us superior to the world."

"True, my father," said Simeon. "We Jews cannot give God to the world without the Law. They must come to us for both God and the Law. The Law is our phylactery."

Hillel sat musing for a while. Presently he spoke, though with a visible effort, as of truth which emerges triumphant against settled conviction.

"Yet I have had a dream and a vision," he said slowly. "I have dreamed that ONE might show to the hoping world that which makes the religion of the Jews supreme among all the religions of the world. I mean God, whose might supports them. I mean God, whose mind directs them. I mean God, whose love provides them. That God is our Jewish Jehovah, the Lord God of Sabaoth. Then all the world would join in the worship of our God. All would, of course, be Jews. But that is a vain dream. All the world cannot come under the Jewish Law. For such a dream we must not barter our birthright, as Esau did his, for the savory stew.

"Who could he be—that ONE who might show our God to all the world? Who else, but the King-Messiah? But I stand in dread of his glorious rule over all the nations. Even he, though he be a Jew, the Anointed One of God, will be unable to keep the Law from change. He cannot retain the Law in its purity when he is the ruler of the world. We would be merged with the heathen, but a fraction of their number. The Law would be debased by rulers drunk with power, as it has ever been, from Solomon to the orthodox Jews called Maccabees, who soon became degenerate Greek princes. Even if Messiah came and so revealed God to all the world, we could not confess him as Messiah. He would then be no true Jew. He would be the destroyer of both the Law and the nation."

Here he stopped and fell to musing. All kept silence. In the midst of it Hillel dropped into the sudden sleep of age. In this case, it was much to the derangement of the household. They were just at the point of serving the evening meal. Yet not a person but stopped everything. All noise ceased, lest they should waken the master. Simeon's wife, to judge by her expression, did not find it a convenient time for dozing, but she returned food to fire without a word. And it was with a smiling countenance, fifteen minutes later, that she served two somewhat overdone pullets, with lentils, while the bread was not so hot as was usual in her carefully managed household.

The family of scholars and The Boy, however, made a very good meal, especially as there was a plentiful supply of the green things without which a Syrian can hardly eat. If the green is not provided, you may see the Syrian of to-day as he plucks leaves from the trees or weeds from the roadside to supply the cellulose-chlorophyl so necessary to the human body? At this meal, the green things were represented by tender radishes during the meal, with delicious melons from Jericho to complete it.

When the meal was finished, they rested in the falling dusk until the lights were brought. It was a memory long to be treasured. Hillel sat, a picturesque figure in his scholar's chair, a shadow very near to the shadows. His old, strong face was illumined by the torches, which were set in brackets about the court. In the gathering dark the stars pricked out one by one to set their glistening glory in the Syrian sky. After he had slept, Hillel returned to the subject.

"There is one other thing connected with your quest," he said to The Boy. "I told you, at the beginning, that the matter was probably too great to understand or, possibly, so simple that it might elude our intelligence. But there is one thing that is sure."

"What is that?" asked The Boy, for Hillel's manner seemed to invite the question.

"The love of God is beyond all our understanding. But it is not beyond our experience."

"That is a great truth," said Simeon, as Hillel paused again.

"One might conceive and receive the love of God completely—I was about to utter blasphemy and say—only if that ONE were God. I should have said that ONE might reveal the love of God completely, only if he were so like God in love and service and in life, that the world would call him God, or the son of God. But that is pure Greek thinking. It would delight the whole Greek world to find such a man and to describe him in the terms of their philosophy. They would debate the question for years, yes, and fight about it too, whether such a man were like God, or God Himself. I can imagine the scenes in the market places of Asia, Little Asia and Africa, in Athens itself. I can well conceive the arguments and quarrels, even to the shedding of blood, to decide whether that ONE were, *homo-ousios*, of the *same* substance with God, or merely *homoi-ousios*, of *like* substance with God. But you would like an answer, Boy of the North, and you would like it, would you not, to be such an answer as would satisfy an honest man and a Jew."

"It is only such an answer that you would be willing to make, Rabbi-Nasi," replied The Boy.

"All of us know something of the love of God," said Hillel. "We know that love a little. One might know it greatly. But he would know God's love only as he lived it. Each step of life lived perfectly in God's own way would increase his knowledge of God's love. ONE might know God's love completely, but only if he lived God's life daily on the earth. But that is impossible to any mere man. He could not truly be a Jew. Yet none but a Jew would understand the moral grandeur of the effort. A miracle beyond all miracles it would be, if God created such a man. He would be greater than Messiah-King, without God's anointing to the kingly power."

It is impossible that a man should live, in human form and humanly, the infinite and Eternal life of God on earth. Impossible. Yet, if God willed—it would be God's will."

Seeming to forget The Boy, Hillel fell to musing. For the most part he sat quiet, apparently absorbed in his own thoughts. Yet the subject of his thinking was always the same. Once or twice he ejaculated, "No, it is impossible." Presently he began a monologue, harking back as Simeon and Samael well knew to the ancient Cabbalistic teachings. These embodied the esoteric, or secret, doctrines of the "initiated," a selected group of Hebrew sages in every generation. The "Cabbala" were largely speculations concerning the Universe and the mystery of God's Being. They were handed down solely by word of mouth, from initiated teacher to chosen scholar, to be passed on to the "initiated" of succeeding generations. It was almost a thousand years later when they began to be put into writing.

"It would be possible only to God Himself," muttered Hillel, "only to the God who is beyond Jehovah and who cannot be known, 'The Aged of the Aged, the secret of secrets, the hidden of hidden, who can not be known even in the form in which He is known, from whose head there proceed each year thirteen thousand myriads of worlds, the length of whose face is three hundred and seventy thousand myriads of worlds, the Long Face, which is God-revealing-Himself.'"

"It might be possible to the Heavenly Man, the Adam Kadmon, who is the sum total of the Ten Sephiroth, beginning with the En Sof, The Crown, or boundless and limitless First Cause; who is united with Wisdom (male) and Understanding (female) to form the First Trinity;—which Three Sephiroth are One in the Ancient of Ancients. From these First Three, proceed Grace (male) and Judgment (female) to form the Second Trinity. From the Second Three, in turn, proceed Triumph (male) and Glory (female) which are united in Foundation. These nine Sephiroth, the Triad of Trinities, are combined in that Sephirah which is the Harmony and Union of them all, which we call Kingdom, or Shechinah.

"Since all souls are stored in their pre-existent state, in the Sephirah of Understanding, and proceed, if male, through Grace and, if female, through Judgment; and since the pre-existent soul is composed of two halves, one male and the other female, which are united in marriage on earth, if their life in the body be worthy; therefore this quest would be possible of accomplishment only to that ONE who combined in his nature all-that-is-of-the-soul-pre-existent, both male and female, who was of the First Trinity of the Long Face, and so was a very part of the Aged of Aged, the Ancient of Ancients, the Unknowable God, from the Beginning of Beginnings.

"Such a ONE would be the Heavenly Man, the Adam Kadmon. He would combine within himself all that pertains and is, to and of, the First

World, Olam Azilath, the world of emanation. Yet I do not see how he could be of the Second World, Olam Beriah, the world of pure spirits. Much less could he be of the Third World, Olam Jezirah, the world for the formation of angels, who are lower than the spirit of man. Most of all, how could he enter into and be of the Fourth World, Olam Assijah, the world of action?"

The darkness grew denser. Hillel dozed fitfully. At times he woke and quoted sections of many ancient books, but mostly from the Cabbala. His family sat in uneasy contemplation of the travail of his soul. Finally he called them all together and said the evening prayers. At the end, he did something unusual. As though completing the Temple Service of Sacrifice, he crossed hands on breast and said the words of Benediction for all the nation, assembled as the Great Congregation:

"The Lord bless thee and keep thee;
The Lord make His face to shine upon thee
and bless thee;
The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee
and give thee peace,
Both now and evermore."

The aged rabbi-prince was saying his "good-nights" to the members of his household. He turned to his youthful guest.

"Boy of the North," he said, "come hither. Receive the kiss and blessing of an old man who is sadly at a loss. Forty years I have been counted Prince, as head of the Great Sanhedrin. In their search for truth many have inquired of me concerning things of life and of the Law. I have answered them as best I could. I would answer you more fully than I can, for my heart goes out to you, Jeshua Nazara. You recall to my old heart glad recollections of my own youth in the North, beyond the snows of Hermon. I could well love you for your ruddy cheeks and for your fearless look, the very look and bearing of that great ancestor of mine and yours, King David."

So the old man gave The Boy the kiss of peace. It was the loving salutation of the great heart which embodied all the glory of the Oral and the Written Law, the very spirit of the Old Testament. It was given to that divine spirit which was to kindle every human heart with the message of the New Testament, the higher Law, the Love of God and unselfish service to our fellow men.

"With my kiss, receive my blessing," said the greatest of all rabbis. And he raised his feeble hands in benediction. "May God prosper you in your Holy Quest. Seek and ask. Search and strive. Faint not. Fail not. Ask that which you would learn. Follow after that which you would find, both of knowledge and of life. Let all combine and be fused into unity

by the flame of love within your heart. So God's Love will be the answer."

The Boy slept again in the cubicle that looked out into the open court of the rabbi-prince. He dreamed, hearing again the voice he loved as it spoke the words he knew, "My beloved Son." Then he dreamed of the sunny hair and the smooth cheek of Mother-Mary, of the stout and fearless look of Abba-Yusuf and of the old, new friend whose face he could not see, but whose great soul stood out white among the shadows. And he wakened in the morning in ample time to hear the silver trumpets blow as he crossed the bridge called Xystus and to reach the Temple for the beginning of the Morning Sacrifice.

At once after the blessing which concluded the morning worship, The Boy sought out Hillel. He went among the doctors to find the aged rabbi, who bid him "Good-bye" and to render thanks, as courtesy demanded, for the two days' hospitality, since he was to join his family at the fifth hour, to start for Galilee at noon.

The rabbi-prince had detained him to speak about his teachers and his studies. Many of the rabbi's scholars were near and all were cordial to this Galilean boy who had been bidden twice to the home of their master. Informally chatting among the group, were Simeon, the son, and Gamaliel, the grandson of the Rabbi-Nasi.

Hillel had drawn The Boy close to his side. He was half sitting, half leaning upon the cathedra, or scholar's chair, with the old and knotted hand of the rabbi-prince upon his shoulder.

Among the scholars, in their very center, talking freely and even gaily as a member of their intimate circle, Mother-Mary and Abba-Yusuf came upon him, "sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing and asking them questions" (Luke 2: 46).

The Boy flew to their warm embrace, anxious to tell them his wonderful news and to hear theirs in return. What was his surprise to hear the note of real concern in his mother's voice, as she spoke to him, under cover of her affectionate greeting.

"Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us?" she said. "Behold thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing."

"How is it that you sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my father's business?" asked The Boy. He was, of course, still ignorant of the fact that they had gone a whole day's journey and had returned to Jerusalem in sore distress of mind.

Nothing more could be said in the confusion of the moment. Neither understood, until farewells had been said to the Rabbi-Prince and the scholar group. When they were alone together, it was quickly discovered that it was, like so many human misunderstandings, the fault of nobody in particular, but just one of "those things that happen."

GOING DOWN TO JERICHO

THE Holy Family was now united. All misunderstanding was quickly removed. They took their way at once to the house of Cyrus and Emhasia on the Mount of Olives. There they found the three families of the more intimate group from Galilee. Mother-Mary's sister Salome and Abba-Yusuf's brother Cleopas had turned back from Beeroth with them, when they found that The Boy was missing from the Pilgrim caravan. Of course, at Beeroth, "they sought him among their kinsfolk and acquaintance. And when they found him not, they turned back to Jerusalem, seeking him." (Luke 2: 44-45.) Only Jonas' family was missing from the close circle of Galilean friends, for Rufus and Chirothea of Capernaum were waiting with their son Matthew to make the start at noon.

At the house of Cyrus, full explanations were made: how the boys had left Bethlehem before their parents had changed their plans; how the message had been given by James and repeated by Simon; how it was understood as referring to Jonas' family and not to The Boy's parents; how the command of Hillel that The Boy should come to him for the night had been repeated to Matthew, who did not give the news to the relatives from Galilee for the very good reason that they were already at Beeroth; how the command had come from Hillel to stay with him for the second night; how again Matthew had received the message and, this time, had promised to deliver it to Cyrus' family and had done so, with no other result but to gratify and somewhat mystify the friends on the Mount of Olives, since they supposed that Abba-Yusuf and Mother-Mary were still visiting their friends in Bethlehem.

The four families were returning to Galilee by way of Jericho and the Ghor.

Rumors had come to those who went to Beeroth two nights before that bloody quarrels had broken out between the Samaritans of Shechem and the returning pilgrims from Jerusalem. Both Jews and Samaritans had been killed. Roman legionaries had come from nearby garrisons and had quelled the riots. In spite of the danger of fresh trouble, Jonas and his family had pushed ahead. The fishing fleet must not lose the chance to sell great stores to the Romans for the Parthian campaign. One partner must go on. Otherwise, he might have returned from Beeroth with Zebedee, as many other pilgrims had done. It was certain that the tempers of both Jews and



THE APOSTLES' WELL—ROAD TO JERICHO

Samaritans would be on edge. It would need but the slightest move, like the lifting of a turban off the head or the biting of a thumb in derision, to start another bloody riot. And religionists, returning from pilgrimage, are too cohesive and full of enthusiasm to be particular whom they insult. At this day, almost yearly riots occur in Jerusalem at Easter time.

Before the fifth hour, eleven o'clock, all preparations had been completed. The four families left the house on the Mount of Olives. They climbed to the highest point of the ridge. There they stopped to look back upon the glory of Jerusalem. They joined in saying aloud The Psalm of Remembrance, which all Jews repeated when they reached the point where they must take their last look at the Holy City, as they departed for their homes.

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,
Let my right hand forget her cunning.
If I do not remember thee,
Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth;
If I prefer not Jerusalem,
The head of my Joy." (Psalm 137: 5-6.)

Little Mary had clung to The Boy just as Baby-Salome did at home. She had insisted on riding, for this distance, on his sturdy young shoulder. The adoring little lad called 'Lazarus,' because Eleazer was too large a name for so small a boy, had clung to the hand which was not supporting little Mary on his shoulder. Martha walked sedately a step behind, as the custom was. For this son of their old Galilean friends was now Bachur. He had been received into manhood worship in the Holy Temple. He had prayed in the Court of Israel.

Now came the "Good-byes." Little Eleazer, or 'Lazar, lifted up his face for the parting kiss from the beloved Big Boy, who was now become a man or, at least, would be next year if he practised faithfully those duties which would then be obligations. Little Mary must needs hide her flower face just under his left ear, with both arms tight about his neck, and refuse to leave him. Indeed, she was a very naughty little girl that day and had to be torn away by force. She slapped Martha, dutiful and sensible Martha, who knew that partings must come, even though we do not like them. After the slapping, little Mary must take it upon herself to break out into a passion of tears and remorse. Then she must be cuddled in the strong arms of the loving elder sister. Afterward, she must be passed on to that mother-of-all-the-world, for whom she was named. So she was soothed into quiet. Then she could have one more kiss from The Boy, "if she was good." So the parting was lengthened after the manner of such separations, till the last "Good-bye" was said and the

guests went on their way. At that, the farewells were rather noisy and sufficiently polyglot, since they were called back and forth in alternate Greek and Aramaic, with baby-talk in both, continuing until the Galileans disappeared over the hill, "going down from Jerusalem to Jericho."

Amid the sparse vegetation of the higher hills, large flocks of sheep and goats were pasturing. Their shepherds stood, outlined against the sky, keeping watch upon the flocks. They were lonely figures, fierce in look and costume. Watchers by day and sentinels by night, their fierceness was real enough against preying beasts or marauding Arabs. But they were simple-minded men, faithful to their charge of defenceless herds and flocks, for whose safety they were willing to risk or even sacrifice their lives. The obverse of their fierceness to marauders was a real love and gentleness of affection for the sheep, especially for the lambs, which was like mother-love in its intensity.

An instance of the shepherd life came under the observation of the boys after they had gone down the steep eastern hillside of the Mount of Olives. They were passing along a deep gorge to the left of the rocky descent. A flock of sheep, perhaps two hundred in number, were grazing half way up the slope beyond the gorge. A large flock of goats were climbing among the rocks above them.

"Look at the goats," exclaimed Jude suddenly. "See how they are crowding together."

It was quite true. The goats were running together from all the rocky hillside. They were soon gathered in a compact mass, heads outward. Thus they presented a phalanx of sharp horns which even the leopard or panther would think twice before assailing. The sheep, lower down the hill, were completely demoralised. They scattered in all directions in abject fright. They seemed to fear each other as much as they did the animals which were approaching to attack them.

Two cat-like forms could be seen, creeping down, ever closer to the sheep, but they gave a wide berth to the defensive circle of sharp-horned goats. Now the shepherd saw the danger. He came running down among the loose stones and boulders with giant strides. Only a sure foot and a quick eye could save him from a dangerous fall. His shouts and the pitiful bleating of the sheep could be plainly heard by the boys across the valley. The two beasts of prey made a quick run and leaped on a half-grown lamb which seemed to have lost all sense of direction. The frightened lamb had run far from the rest of the flock and almost into the path of the two animals, lynxes apparently, by their looks and actions. But they had no much more than time to pin it to the ground. Its despairing bleat of pain and the shepherd's shout of attack came almost together across the gorge. Like a whirlwind, he burst upon the struggling animals. His upraised

shepherd's crook was shod with an iron point. He brought it down upon the nearer beast of prey with a thud that could be heard below the hill, and had seemingly good success with blows at the other animal.

Snarls and shrill waulings of anger and of pain came out of the intricably mingled mass. In less time than it takes to tell, the two cat-like animals were scampering up the hill toward the rocky fastnesses, where pursuit would be useless. One of them went more quickly and was soon far ahead of the other, which had a dazed and dragging gait. Strangest of all was the behavior of the lamb. It got up, staggering. Then it ran directly away from the shepherd. With a halting limp, it ran straight after the beasts which had attacked it. The shepherd followed and soon caught it. He took it tenderly in his arms and carried it down among the other sheep, crooning a song like a mother's lullaby. Then he began the plaintive calling cadence which his sheep knew so well. Soon their aimless running ceased. Singly and by twos and threes they began to come together. Hearing the familiar call, they gravitated toward the shepherd. The boys would have gone down into the gorge and up to the shepherd's help, but were recalled by their elders, who reminded them that the danger was over and all was well. Yet they kept turning back from far down the road to watch the shepherd as he attended to the injured lamb and, last of all, bound up a wound of his own. All the while the lamb lay docile across his lap, within the protecting arms. The sheep had all gathered close. Now they were feeding cautiously out again.

Down the eastern hillside and ever downward the Galileans walked until they came to a flattening in the slope and saw ahead of them a large company of pilgrims gathered about a spring.

The spring was large enough to form a little brook that flowed gratefully down the bare valley. It was called En Shemesh from the time of Joshua and the Judges. It is now Ain-el-Kalt, or the Apostles' Well. This was their last chance for water until they reached the brook that feeds the rich valley of Jericho. Here they stopped to eat and take their mid-day rest. After the meal was finished and "grace" was said, the boys asked permission to go forward. They arranged to wait for their parents at the inn that marks the point half-way to Jericho. It is called Khan Hadrur by the Turks. We know it best as the Inn of the Good Samaritan. Its stone walls were badly shattered by British guns. Behind them you may still find empty cartridge shells, "made in Germany," discarded by Turkish sharpshooters.

Further down the valley, the spirit of adventure urged the boys across the gorge and up among the tangled hills which stand high above the downward path of the travelers. The rocks became bare and the slopes more barren. The countryside was dry and parched, though it was the

height of Spring. The hills were precipitous. Great rocks stood out, pitted with holes that made them look like mountain beehives. Rough and broken hills lay in masses of mountain size, yet scattered like the clods from the tool of a laborer who shovels half-baked clay. The boys kept on amid the gorges. They were not balked by split and tumbled summits. But they knew for the first time what the "fathers" meant when they said "wilderness." They had immense difficulty in climbing, but, guided by their mountain instinct, kept in the right direction. It was not long, however, before they knew that they must get back to the path to meet their parents beyond the great gully. From their higher level they could see occasional travelers far below and across the gorge. It was on their way down that they saw a brutal attack, almost a tragedy, which made an impression, never to be forgotten, on their youthful minds.

"A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves" (Luke 10:30). It was thus that the Master told the story, in teaching us our duty to our neighbor.

Like a scene on the stage below them, they could see the path of the pilgrims among the broken heights, across the gorge into which they were descending.

A lone man was riding a donkey along the path to Jericho. He was approaching a bluff-like rock which projected half across the narrow way. Upon the rock, still far below, they could see half a dozen men. They were lying about on the top of the rock as if resting during the heat of the day. But why in the glare of the blazing sun? It shone with such heat that it made a very furnace of the valley. The answer quickly came to surprise and to shock the boys.

The lone traveler rode beneath them. The men above began to make odd motions with their hands, like lifting a kettle from the fire. What were they doing? Throwing down stones? Why? The boys could see the stones as they fell. They looked like pebbles from this distance. But they were large enough. The lone rider was doomed. The boys could not even see that he was struck, but he made a spasmodic clutch at the empty air. His head fell sidewise upon his shoulder. He rolled limply from his donkey and lay still on the narrow way.

The robbers leisurely took their way down and around the rock from which they had delivered their attack upon the rider. They turned their victim over. Seeing signs of awakening consciousness, they beat him repeatedly with their staves or sticks. Then he lay still. Systematically they began to despoil him. First, they took off his turban. Then they loosened his sandals, unwound his girdle and pulled his earrings from his ears. Last of all, they stripped the Sadin, or tunic, from his body. They took these things, removed the outer coat, or chalouk, from the donkey which

stood mildly by, wrapped all in the chalouk, returned it to its place across the saddle and, leading the donkey, went slowly down the bridle path.

It is not to be supposed that the boys of Galilee looked upon all this without emotion. But they were helpless. They could not interfere, for they were high on the hill and across the gorge that lay between. To be sure they called and shouted, wild with indignation. Their far-carrying boy voices must have reached the robbers. If so, they made no sign.

Now the boys began climbing downward with all their speed. It was difficult and slow, very dangerous to any who had not a sure eye and sure foot. To their unbounded joy, as they continued their downward climb, they saw a traveler approaching. He was going upward, toward Jerusalem. In their relief they shouted aloud.

"It is a priest," said Matthew, as he saw the costume.

"He will stop and help him," said the others.

But no. The priest came to the place. He saw the still figure. He crowded his donkey over to the outer limit of the narrow way. He seemed not to look down upon the quiet form of the robbers' victim, but "passed by on the other side."

Again the boys increased their haste, taking every risk to limb or life. Midway down the dangerous descent they saw another rider approaching the place. He was clad in the sober-toned garments worn by the servers about the Courts and by the musicians of the Temple.

"That is a Levite," cried James of Zebedee and James of Cleopas in one voice.

"He will be sure and help him," said Matthew. But he did not say it so confidently.

The Levite came to the place. Instead of passing by, as the priest had done, he reined in his donkey. Then he drove it close to the still body and stopped. There he sat, looking down upon the victim for some minutes.

"I saw him move his arm," shouted Jude. "Now the Levite will help him. He can see that he is not dead, so it will not make him unclean for seven days to touch him."

What was their wrath and dismay to see the Temple official rein back his donkey, guide it out to the further edge of the narrow way, and urge it forward. So "he passed by on the other side."

Again pity and indignation added both haste and danger to their descent, as the boys hurried in their downward climb. They had reached almost the same level, but still across the gorge, when they saw another rider coming to the place.

"See the red turban," said James of Zebedee, disgustedly. "It is only a Samaritan."

The Samaritan came on slowly. He saw the helpless man, possibly a corpse, for the feeble motion of the arm had ceased. He stopped, as had the Levite. He looked down upon the still form for a moment. Then quickly, to the surprise of the boys, he dismounted from his donkey. He stooped over the unconscious Jew and lifted up the wounded head.

From this point the scene was hidden from the boys. They climbed down into the gully, making all haste to help in the rescue. When they came up breathlessly on the other side, they found that the Samaritan had carried or dragged the senseless Jew out of the blazing sunshine. He had laid him in the shadow of the rock. Their first look showed the rescuer washing with wine the sharp cuts and wounds about the head and shoulders of the unconscious Jew to free them from dirt and dust before pouring in the Oriental's cure-all, healing olive oil.

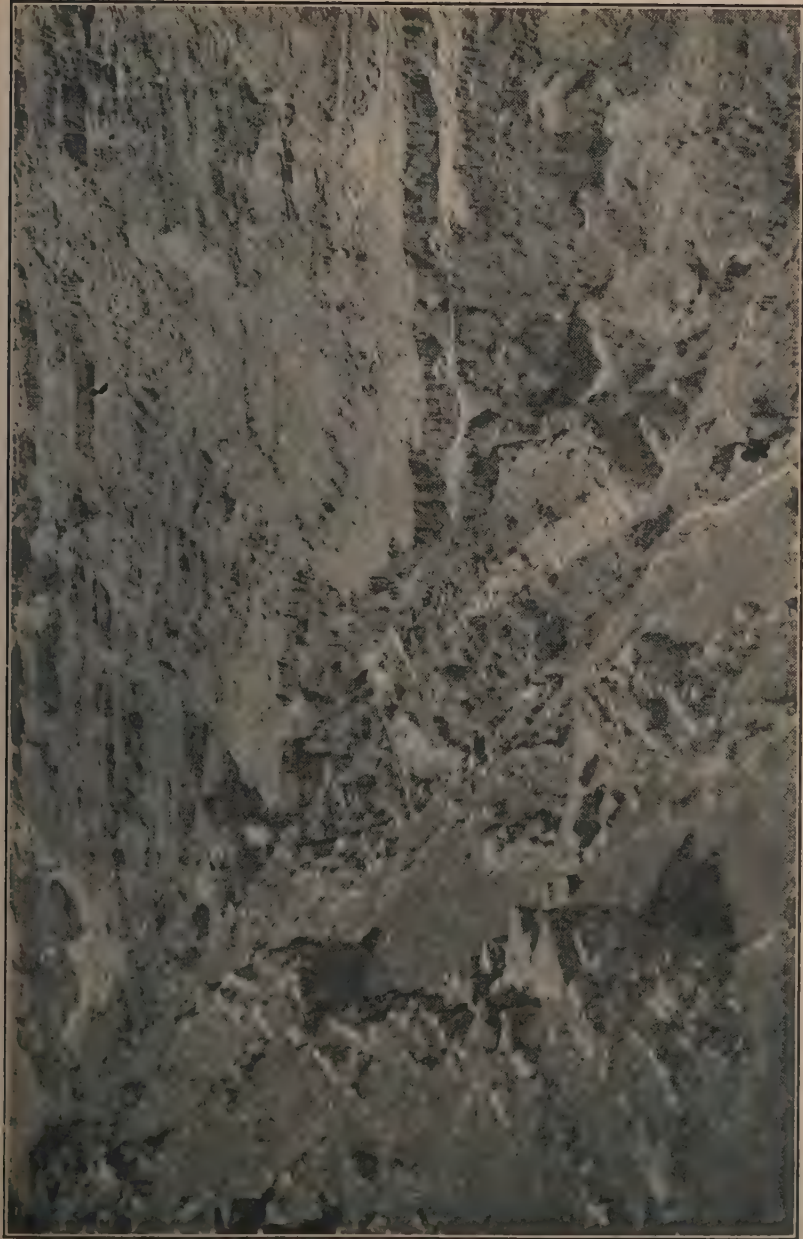
"God's peace be with you," he said as they approached and offered their assistance. He gravely welcomed them to aid him in his work. After he had poured in the wine and oil, he permitted the boys to help in binding up the wounds, using for that purpose strips of linen, which he tore from the bottom of his Sadin, or under-tunic. He allowed them to lift the wounded man, while he forced him to drink a swallow of wine. He showed them how to support the helpless body from both sides, after he had "set him on his own beast."

It was slow progress that they made over the stony paths, up the steep slopes and down the rocky inclines. But they came, at last, to the old inn, now called the Inn of the Good Samaritan. There they lifted the half-dead Jew from the Samaritan's donkey. They carried him in and laid him on a pallet, furnished by the lodge-keeper, who made room for the wounded man in his own rude shelter, the only covered part of the khan, which was merely an enclosure whose stone walls gave protection to caravans from the attack of men or beasts.

Here their parents found the boys with their two new friends, the Good Samaritan and the wounded Jew. The man had now completely recovered consciousness, but was too weak and shaken to stand, or even sit. Haste must be made, their elders knew, if they were to reach Jericho before the gates were closed at sunset. Good-byes were said. The Samaritan went back to attend the wounded Jew. As the Galileans were leaving, the lodge-keeper whispered his news to Abba-Yusuf.

"The Samaritan says that he will stay and watch with him to-night. He has promised to give me a didrachma (a two-denarius piece, worth 32 cents) to take care of the Jew. The next time he comes, he will give me more, if it has been very long."

From the ancient caravansary their way led down the steep hill, called the Ascent of Blood, then upward toward the old site of Adummim, which



ROBBERS' RETREAT—ROAD TO JERICHO

was described by Joshua as on the border, between the tribe of Benjamin and that of Judah.

The tangled hills were thrown about in huge masses that make you think of nothing less than Dante's Inferno. They were as though giants had been battling and had used mountains for missiles, leaving them strewn about their field of combat. Up gradients that would be called steep on any road but this, then down and ever down, by steeper and steeper descents, the pilgrims marched, their numbers now greatly increased by the crowds who had made their midday halt at the Apostles' Well. The column was a flowing stream of pilgrims, resembling an agitated brook that went smoothly down the valleys and turned to leaping cascades on the steeper descents and, like water, divided into separate streams by the great rocks that jutted from the face of the hills.

So they went down through the barren and rocky wilderness. True wilderness is not a desert, but it is deserted and wild. It shows not a sign of human life and very little vegetation. Of other life there is little that attracts. Storks are always very much in evidence in the Spring. A slinking form, four-footed, may sometimes be seen disappearing among the sparse growths, or you may chance upon a giant lizard, three or four feet long, which looks wicked enough when it swells in anger to twice its size. It is said by the Arabs to be very poisonous, like the Gila Monster of Nevada.

For twenty minutes the pilgrims had been catching glimpses of a deep gorge far to the left. Now they suddenly come upon it, round a giant shoulder of jagged stone which projects upward like the broken rib of Mother Earth. The gorge opened to show them clear to the bottom of its dizzy depths and to disclose the far eastward horizon, over Elijah's country and the path of the children of Jacob on their entrance to the Promised Land.

Across the gorge a precipice rose straight upward, five hundred feet in height. Still above that point it tapered at an inaccessible angle for a much greater distance. They were on the edge of the Valley of Achor. Here Achan was discovered, by successive lots, to be guilty of disobedience to God's command through Joshua, that they should keep nothing of the rich spoil from the fallen city of Jericho. Here Achan perished miserably, with his wife and children and all his house, by stoning. His only remembrance is the high heap of stones that rest upon his guilty body. Each pilgrim added another stone and spat.

Down in the depths below them they could see the Pharaoh's Chickens, foul-feeding Egyptian vultures, and also eagles, hawks and ravens, sailing in the still hot air, looking for any prey, alive or dead, that would furnish the evening meal for themselves and the younglings that stretched scrawny

necks and uttered uncouth hunger-cries from the nests in the cliff below. They are the scavengers of the air, these foul-feeding birds, who leave no offal to pollute the waters and the plain. They have saved and still save backward and unsanitary peoples from many a germ-borne plague.

Descending the sharpest steep of all, the pilgrims turned the last giant shoulder of rock on the very edge of the mighty gorge. Herod's viaduct could be seen, as it can still be seen, winding perilously along the top of the sheer precipice below. It is a graceful and white-bordered ribbon of blue water that flows down from the heights of Benjamin. It kept alive the wonderful garden-spot which the mad king had created out of the arid plain below the hills.

A most enchanting panorama, the whole of Southern Syria, opened to their view as they turned out of the buttressed hills. Fairyland lay at their feet, seemingly so close that a stone might have been tossed into its very midst. It was the richest semi-tropical growth to be found in all the ancient world, with the possible exception of certain rich plots of Egypt where the gardens of the old Pharaohs had been kept alive and made even more beautiful by the Greek Ptolemies who succeeded them. Herod's forty years of tyranny had produced more than oppression in the Land he ruled with iron hand, though it ended in madness at the last.

The whole plain of Jericho was of rich volcanic soil. It lay in the vast depression of the Ghor, a thousand feet below the level of the sea. There winter was always summer. Summer was tropical and torrid, like equatorial Africa, but with less humidity. It had lacked only water to make it "blossom like the rose." With water, it brought forth a million roses, a hundred thousand palms whose dates were held as luxuries, even in date-producing lands; tens of thousands of orange and citrus trees; thousands of balsams whose balm was finer than that of Gilead and furnished an aromatic unguent that must otherwise have been brought by long months on camel-back from tropical India or far interior Africa.

Herod had given it the water at immense cost (to his helpless people) and with remarkable skill (on the part of his Greek architects). He had made it his winter home. He loved it above all his rich palaces. He had seen it taken from him by the man who then happened to be the ruler of the world, his friend and protector, Mark Antony. It was given to the woman with whom Antony then happened to be enamored, the grasping Cleopatra. She visited Herod soon afterward, to take a look at her new toy. She tried, so Herod said, to throw her wiles over him. He liked her looks but thought her dangerous, so treated her with the most distinguished courtesy. He wanted to kill her for the sake of his friend, her latest husband, whose life she was bound to ruin. But he feared that Antony would not understand how great a favor had been done him. He talked it over

with his friends and counsellors. They were unanimous in their dissent and advised him not to jeopardise a promising future by killing one who was so high in station as the Queen of Egypt and the latest wife of Mark Antony. They agreed with him that she was a vampire and voluptuary, a flinty-hearted murderess and a hard-fisted miser, but insisted it would be poor policy to kill her. So he reluctantly gave up the design, proving "method in his madness" for later defenders. Instead of killing Cleopatra, therefore, Herod made a bargain with her. He bought back, at the cost of a huge annual tribute, the right to keep his own beloved Jericho. And he made money out of his bargain. He conducted her back to the frontier of Egypt with all honor, refusing politely but firmly to go across the border. With his foot safely on the Syrian side of the line, he made his farewells in fluent and classical Greek, their common tongue, and with many high-flown compliments.

In front of the Galilean pilgrims and far below stretched the magnificent gardens and orchards of Jericho. They lay, spread out fanwise, as far as the water could carry vegetation, a glorious picture of tropical luxuriance in vivid, verdant green. The palace of Herod stood on the nearer side, a fairy vision of all the glory that Greek art could achieve where wealth need not be spared, as here it had not been. The houses of wealthy Jews and Romans were all about and below it, embowered in groves of orange, lemon, or citrus, and balsam trees. The fertility and luxuriance of growth were tremendous. Lilacs were not bushes but trees, thirty feet or more in height, whose perfume mingled with balsam and orange to freight and scent the air with aromatic odors, reaching even to the height on which they stood.

To the right lay the Dead Sea, a calm and placid blue, the lowest body of water in the world, and the saltiest. A slight mist hovered over it, as always in fair weather, for it serves as the evaporation-tank of all the waters from the southern slopes of Hermon and the eastern drainage of the less elevated Lebanon. Hermon and the valley between the ranges are lumped under the common name of Anti-Lebanon, which properly belongs only to the range of which Hermon forms the southern and highest pinnacle.

Now, in the slanting beams of the low-sinking sun, the Dead Sea waters began to change from their daytime shade of sky-lent blue. The water was not less sparkling but took on tones of gray that shone with iridescent tints, verging from those of dark-stained copper to a luminous purple.

Straight in front the half circle of luxuriant green gave way to the brown barrenness of the Ghor. It is relieved only by a dark green ribbon of trees in a marked depression, where the Jordan flows its twisted length from Mount Hermon to the Dead Sea, Lake Asphaltitis. No wriggling

serpent ever had so many curves, or turns so involved, as the swift-flowing Jordan, which has eaten itself a channel from fifty to a hundred feet below the level of the plain. And it digs out enough clay from every turn to keep it always turgid and muddy.

Beyond the Jordan stretched the mountains-of-the-other-side. They extend along the whole eastern horizon like a high rampart. The rampart is the steep edge of a great plateau upon which unguessed hordes of Arabs roamed. Their pastured flocks and herds could be counted from any high top, then as now, in thousands of camels and in tens of thousands of sheep and goats. There Moses held harsh leadership for forty years, and Jacob's children achieved religious unity and found their national spirit. There Moses found a tomb on one of the uncharted mountain heights of Moab.

The sun was beginning to throw dark shadows from the hills behind which lay the Holy City. The gates of Jericho would soon be closed, and the pilgrims plunged down the last descent, longer and steeper than any that had come before. They picked their way among great rocks and finally, without accident, came out beside the large pool, or little lake which Herod had built to catch and hold the surplus of water, for use in his gardens and orchards during the dry months of summer. Around the palace and beside the pool were perfectly kept terraces, which climbed far up the hillside. These furnished their full share of the large revenues which Herod had received from the rich products of the plain of Jericho. These revenues came now direct to Roman hands from the managers of the farmed-out lands and orchards.

Passing the gates before the sun had set, the little band of Galilean friends went up through the tortuous streets of Jericho. They passed the bazaars which looked poor and mean after those of Jerusalem. Only the fruit venders offered temptation with rare vegetables and luscious fruit fresh from the fields and orchards of the fertile plain. They soon reached and made camp beside the one great spring of Jericho. It is now called Ain-es-Sultan, though Eastern Christians call it Elisha's Spring. They identify it as the one beside which the "men of Jericho" invited the prophet to settle down, after he had been received as chief and leader of the "sons of the prophets," the school or college of those ancient days. "And he went forth unto the spring of the waters, and cast the salt into it there, and he said, Thus saith the Lord, I have healed these waters; there shall not be from thence any more death or barren land. So the waters were healed unto this day, according to the saying which Elisha spake" (II Kings 2:21).

Rufus, the merchant of Capernaum, had business with a Jew of the city. He went off at once to see him. It was not long before he returned

with the stranger. He was introduced to the Galileans as Dositheus. He was a little round man, of round and cheerful countenance. With him was a small boy who was much like him and promised, in time, to grow up as round, as little and as cheerful as his father. Dositheus insisted that Rufus and Chirothea and Matthew should come home with him. More than that, he bade him extend the invitation to all the members of the party. It was a welcome invitation, warmly given and gladly accepted.

To the surprise of the pilgrims, they were led in among the terraces and up the hill to a stone house two stories in height and very richly furnished. They were ushered into an atrium that was distinctly Roman. Like Rome itself, Dositheus had borrowed the taste and culture of the Greeks. Instead of sitting on the floor, the guests were put on couches ranged around the center of the court. They reclined, three on each couch, the triclinium, so that all faced the common center where a fountain played. Plants and flowers were about the edge, and floating water plants rooted in the depth of the pool from which the jets of water rose.

Dositheus had preceded his guests on entering the house. They found him standing at the inner door when they came in. He gave each man the kiss of greeting to his home and bade his small, round son, Zaccheus, show the same courtesy to the boys. The evening meal was served with much elegance by Nubian slaves. In its course, Rufus completed the transaction of his business with Dositheus, for there is little privacy in ordinary affairs among the Orientals. Every passer-by might listen, offer suggestions, take sides and argue loudly with the bargainers.

Dositheus, it developed after the conversation became general, was very proud of his connection with the warlike family of the Maccabees. His ancestor, also named Dositheus, had been an officer under the great Judas himself, that warlike Maccabeus who was called the Hammer of God. Dositheus' ancestor had had his right arm cut off at the shoulder when he seized and was about to capture Gorgias, the general of Antiochus Eupator, when that Greek king of Syria was forcing the Greek worship on the Jews. The intimate and war-comrade of that Dositheus was a Zaccheus, who was also an officer under Judas Maccabeus. The two war heroes had furnished the family name for alternate generations ever since. The little Zaccheus was more proud of his name, with its warlike memories, than he was of his father's wealth or of the responsible position he occupied as Farmer-general of Jericho and Cæsar's own representative in charge of the rich lands and fruitful orchards that had once been the crown-lands of King Herod.

It was a pleasant visit to a home of comfort and refinement, which was Jewish in every respect but that of the strict observance of the Pharisaic rules as to washing and fasting. Dositheus had his slaves wash the

feet of his guests when they came into his home. He gave the men the courteous kiss of welcome. But he did not "wash with the fist." He did not "fast twice in the week" in the manner of the more rigorous Pharisees. More strangely, he dressed like a Greek, or rather in the combination of the Greek "chiton" and the Roman tunic. He talked Greek, Latin, and Aramaic with equal fluency to different men who came to him on business during the course of the evening.

But there was something wistful about the whole household. It seemed as if they were afraid that something would happen, almost as if they feared that some one would offer them insult or contumely, even in their own home. It was the family of a PUBLICAN. Not only was Dositheus a member of that class which was growing daily more unpopular and more despised among the Jews. He was the chief of the publicans of the rich district of Jericho. He was the farmer-general of the taxing district and thus an official of the Roman Empire, also the agent of Cæsar in sole charge of the old crown-lands of Herod, with all their revenues.

Little Zaccheus was so wistful and clung so hard to the boys of Galilee that they came to pity him. He was so anxious to do right and so easily led to glad acceptance of truth and justice, to repentance and cheerful reparation, that The Boy, in especial, came to love him. Zaccheus and his family were Sadducees by training and wealthy by inheritance. They were more purely Greek in culture than even the Galileans. Their lives should have been very happy, but a shadow always hung over their hours of cheerfulness. They were half ostracised, even at that time, so soon after Herod's restraining power had been removed. Hence the wistfulness of the high-minded Dositheus and his wife. Hence the heart-hunger of little Zaccheus. He longed for human sympathy and boy-equality. These free-mixing Galileans hardly knew the meaning of inequality. Equality was their birthright and that of our Christianity. They showed the publican no snobbishness. He was grateful. He clung to them the more because of their Northern display of their deepest virtue, the instinct of equality. He took them for heart friends from the moment he saw and talked with them.

"High jinx" ruled among the richly cultivated terraces that night. Before the darkness stopped their sport, and, let us be honest, their stuffing, the boy-host Zaccheus had introduced the five Galilean lads to every rich fruit and rare product of the famous crown-lands of Herod, which produced every delicacy that a tropical climate, rich volcanic soil and the skilled labor of an army of slaves could grow with unstinted water under a constant sun.

Darkness fell and the boys came back laden with rich findings: clusters of gold-powdered dates and apricots so large and yellow that they might



LOOKING DOWN AT JERICHO



easily pass for "apples of gold in pictures (twisted wire baskets) of silver." There were oranges, of size and flavor unsurpassed: grapes, already ripening in great green bunches, like those of Malaga; Indian figs, like apples for size, and ripening to their toothsome end. If one of the boys had plums and peaches, another had ripe almonds and citrus fruit (lemons), while another had juicy pomegranates and the delicate fruit of the edible pine. Still another had bananas and a yellow cantaloupe. The last one thought he had a prize in a round and succulent watermelon, large enough to fill the circle of his arms.

What happy confusion, when all the young life broke into the atrium to show off the spoils. Some of the parents of Galilee were perhaps a little shocked at the prodigality of their "hopefuls" harvesting.

Not so Dositheus. Was not this his son and heir, his successor in everything, even as farmer-general to Cæsar, if he wished? Who should forbid him and his friends to pluck all the choicest fruits that their arms could carry? His expansive smile abated not a line. With all-inclusive courtesy, he welcomed each of the "hopefuls" in turn, as they offered him a share of their treasure trove. He pointed out the occasional excellence of what they had procured, telling of the rarity or worth of something new, but waving all aside to be passed on to the parents who might regard them as a treat. His own little Zaccheus, as politeness required, had gone among the guests to share the tidbits of his gathering. He then came back to his father with his duty and his offering. Dositheus did not refuse his son. Not he. He took Zaccheus, dates and all, into his arms. So he sat, the ideal host, with the boy leaning back upon his breast. He beamed upon these, his welcome guests. He played the boy's game with his boy, eating alternately of the red-glowing dates that grew step-wise on fan-shaped stems. It was a pretty picture of boy confidence and father-love. They all took much comfort and sat in great content until, at last, little Zaccheus missed his turn in picking his date from the stem. He was fast asleep in his father's arms. Dositheus looked about the circle of congenial friends. His smile was proud. It was still beaming. But it had more than a touch of wistfulness. It deepened to sadness as he looked down upon the rosy face, half hidden on his breast—for they were publicans.

HOMEWARD IN THE GHOR

LADEN with the good things of Jericho, the Galilean families were early on the road. Each boy bore a load of the overnight harvesting while their parents bore happy memories. The hospitality of Dositheus and his family had been most gracious. No longer passing guests, they would all hereafter be counted as welcome friends.

Little Zaccheus had insisted on going with his new-found friends for the first few hours of the journey. He clung to The Boy with an adoring insistence that brought murmured rebukes from his "paidagogos," the learned Greek slave who went with him everywhere and who had charge of his education. The pedagogue was perhaps unduly zealous this morning, for he interfered so often and interrupted so many half-spoken sentences to correct pronunciation or the accent or use of a word that Zaccheus fell into a rage. He turned upon the hapless teacher and beat him with his clenched fists. Unable thus to inflict enough pain to satisfy his anger, the boy began to kick him violently on the bare shins. Fresh bruises appeared on the legs of the slave among the scars already there. However, the fit of anger quickly subsided when he saw the look of wonder in the eyes of The Boy. It seemed to ask why one should not wish to receive instruction, when it was for his own good. A question or two directed to the superior knowledge of the "paidagogos" quickly cleared the air. It brought the teacher into the talk as general instructor and the source of information. It was good for the slave, in whose eyes shone something akin to adoration for The Boy, and it was equally good for the boys, especially for spoiled little Zaccheus.

They trudged merrily on their way, through miles of date-bearing palms, amid spreading orchards of choice fruit and across rich fields of the rare products of the Plains of Jericho. Little Zaccheus showed an air of proprietorship in it all, which was not unnatural, for his father was in sole control of the crown lands of Herod for Cæsar Augustus. It was a position of high trust and large responsibility which would probably pass to Zaccheus in the years to come. Among other things, he showed them a new plant of which his father had received cuttings, or slips, from a Greek merchant who had traveled for many weeks beyond the mountains of furthest Persia. He had found the plant in a land that was low and so warm that winter never comes, even beyond the Five

Rivers (Punjab) where Alexander himself turned back. The little cuttings had been planted in the rich volcanic soil of Jericho. With the constant flow of water, impregnated with chemicals that seemed just suited to its growth, they had increased so abundantly that the plants now covered large fields. The tall stalks carried rich green foliage with long, drooping leaves. They had already grown to a height of four or five feet. Zaccheus said that they would grow to double the height of a mounted horseman. They would be cut down and crushed between two round stone rollers and the juice which flowed out would be boiled down into a sweeter "dibs" than that of the sweetest grapes or the syrup of the fullest figs and ripest dates. So the boys were introduced to the new plant called Sakchar; in Greek, Saccharon, and in English, sugar cane. Zaccheus showed them how, boylike, to use it. He plucked the largest stalks for all the company, stripped off the hard outer peel and gave them example how to suck the sweetish juice from the pulpy center.

When Zaccheus left them to return home, it was a joyous boy-quintette that walked through the rich groves above the City of Palms (Jericho), each carrying almost too many sugar cane stalks, little thinking that the new plant would spread and increase in that fertile soil for many centuries, until it became the source of enormous revenues to the Knights of the Temple, when the Crusaders were fighting to gain and keep the Holy Sepulchre.

If the boys of Galilee were happy, each with a succulent length of cane projecting from a crooked smile, and all the folds of their chalouks bulging with fruits and dainties of Jericho, Zaccheus was no less happy as he returned to the City of Palms with his slave-teacher to whom, it must be confessed, he paid much more heed than usual. The lonely, spoiled child had found an ideal. The Boy, and indeed all the boys, had treated him just as a boy, an equal. It was a new experience for Zaccheus. It did him good. He knew inferiors and treated them according to the standard of the ancient world. Among the strictly Jewish families of Jerusalem he was despised and he knew it. He loathed himself for feeling their inferior. No modern can realise what it did for the character of one who was of that ancient world to find a soul so high that its master could treat both the owner and the slave just like human beings. Zaccheus had found that high soul in The Boy.

It was the sane soul of The Boy that set Zaccheus on fire. The merry mischief in his smile went to the lonely heart of the publican's son. The fine spirit of comradeship set his heart to beating with loyalty to the friend with the Galilean charm. Something steady in the brown eyes, when they looked with wonder at the selfish assertiveness of the spoiled child, something of the gladness to learn whatever might be learned of truth

or knowledge, whether from slave or boy friend, set the soul of Zaccheus aflame with aspiration to be like The Boy in that spirit. He would be like him too, in his swiftness of foot, in his muscular sureness, his glowing vitality and his superiority of skill in all the boyish games. So the boy of Jericho was bettered by the friendship of the Boy of Nazareth. So it would be many times in the coming years. So his later life was made more holy by the renewed aspiration, love and manhood loyalty, when the Nazarene made his last journey through Jericho to a sure death of shame in Jerusalem (Luke 19:2).

The Galileans took their midday meal and siesta among the palm groves of the Plain of Jericho, for these extended full twelve miles above the City of Palms. Their resting place was near the ancient Naarah. The siesta was long continued this day. It was so of necessity. Nobody travels in the Ghor to remember it with comfort. They dare not travel in the midday heat. The pilgrims ate and talked and napped, and napped again, perspiring under the shade of the fruit trees, beside a little brook of clear water that flowed down from the hills of Benjamin, high to the westward.

About the tenth hour, four o'clock, the heat was sufficiently abated for them to continue their journey. They walked until it was full dark then made camp on the banks of a small stream that flowed down between almost vertical rocks, where the foothills encroach on the Plain. It was full Spring in all Syria, but hot Summer in the Ghor. Beds were of no use but to soften the roughness of the ground on which they lay. It was hot and the sky was very clear. The brightness of the Syrian stars shone peace out of the night. God seemed very near. Sleep came like his angel on the warm night breeze, to lull them all to rest.

The start was made next morning by the fading light of the late moon already entered into its third quarter and robbed of more than half its radiance, but hanging high to light their way before the dawn. The night start was wise and quite usual where heat stopped travel through most of the day.

Long nights and short days must mark their marching upward through the Ghor. Human endurance cannot tolerate the devitalising heat of that torrid valley when the sun "shines with his might." The ground is heated as by a furnace. The humid air breathes out the miasmatic damps that for three thousand years, have made the population of Jericho ever too weak to fight and hold their City and their Plain. The falling of the wall of Jericho at the seventh blast of Israel's trumpets was not a fable but an Oriental illustration of their ease of capture. Jericho usually fell at the first blast of trumpets in attack.

The journey up the Ghor was a long three days of irregular discomfort

Starting long before the dawn, the pilgrims would stop before the third hour, nine o'clock, beside some downflowing brook, sweltering or sleeping beneath the shade that could always be found in the nearer foothills. If awake, they looked out upon steaming, barren lands, stretching down to the green strip of trees which peeped above the channel where the Jordan flowed between dried-mud cliffs of fifty to a hundred feet in height. From the edges of the Ghor, you may always see where the Jordan is, but you never see the Jordan. It is only within a few hundred yards of the river that the bare plain gives way to the flood channel, filled with gnawed cliffs and upstanding columns that look like rock, but are only eroded marl. Then the trees and undergrowth begin, trees whose trunks bear dried mud from the Spring floods and undergrowth that looks as though it had been working hard to keep alive. Then a fringe of fresher growth and you see the Jordan, a peaceful stream, but very swift, for Jordan means "Descender."

All journeys are much alike. It is the people who hold our interest. Those three days in the hot Ghor were triplicates in respect of brown and barren plains, whose verdure was already scorched; clouds of dust, rising from the powdery soil, near and far; swarms of insect life that made sleep in the long hot hours next to impossible; the incredible toil of marching twenty miles a day in the glaring heat. It moderated with the sinking sun, but left a stifling oppressiveness that lay like lead on burdened lungs.

Yet days and nights are but days and nights. They are to be used as days and nights must ever be, for the accomplishment of purposes that are worth while. The vigorous Galileans, hill-bred and valley-reared, may have complained. If so, no written word has ever come down to us of impediments by wind or weather, by heat or cold, by sun or storm. They were accustomed to all extremes of climate. They knew the highland cold of Upper Galilee, where the carob-fig-tree cannot grow. They lived among the hills of Lower Galilee, with its three months of mud and nine of drought, when cold, dewy nights give way to glaring days. Beside the Lake, they lived almost seven hundred feet below sea level, where the discomforts of the Ghor were but modified and less extreme.

They were looking upon the sites of ancient Israel. They were treading the roads built by the Romans, whose rule brought safety, but heavy taxes. They had slept near Phæsalis, the city named for the best-loved brother of Herod. But they had not seen it. They had started in the late night or early morning by the light of the waning moon, leaving the rich groves of palm and orchards of fruit trees that stretched like dim shadows far across the widened plain, toward Shiloh, high in the hills of Benjamin. The noonday rest had been in the lower end of the long wide valley that narrows and burrows far between the rising hills before it climbs to sea-

level and then to the plain and city of Shechem. Their father, Jacob, had gone up that way with his flocks and herds, his wives, children and retinue of slaves. Across the valley of the Jordan they could see the cleft in the high hills enclosing the valley of the Jabbok down which Jacob had come from Mesopotamia. On the banks of the Jabbok he had wrestled with the mighty man sent as God's angel, or messenger, to test his purpose, to prove his strength, and change his name from Jacob to Israel.

Evening had found them among the wild lands where the hills of Samaria forced them down very near the actual channel of the Jordan. They were a few miles above and across from Succoth where Jacob had built him a house and made booths for his cattle after he had met Esau and bought away his enmity by a great gift. The booths (Succoth) gave the name to the place. Later, under the Judges the men of Succoth derided Gideon and his brave three hundred, following after the kings of the Midianites, when they came to the city, "faint yet pursuing" (Judges 8:1 and 15). Later still, King Solomon was ruler of all the Land on both sides of the Jordan. He made alliance with Hiram of Tyre, who furnished the firs of Lebanon for the building of the Temple. Hiram also gave him skilled artisans. Among them was one Hiram, of the same name as the king, an expert in brass, a great sculptor. He found in Succoth the best clay for his brass castings. There he made the moulds and poured the metal for the great brass vessels and sculptured figures with which Solomon adorned his Temple (1 Kings 7:46).

The next day was like the last. The same long hills rose steeply in the blue haze to form the endless level of the high plateau beyond the Jordan. At first it had been the Land of Moab. Now it was the Land of Gilead. Gradually the hills came closer. They showed themselves in the quivering air, no longer as a bluish rampart, half hidden in haze, but as broken bluffs, furrowed by deep gullies down which the streams from the heights had dug their way to the Jordan.

Late in the day, the "mountains-of-those-across" were much closer, very near the Jordan, hardly more than five miles away. On the top of one they could see a Greek theater and Temple. There was excitement among the boys.

"What city is that?" was the question from all sides. This view of a city was like the sight of land to mariners.

"It is the city of Pella," was Rufus' answer to Matthew. "It is one of the cities of the Decapolis (Ten Cities). There were ten cities when they formed the Greek Federation. That is the reason for the name "Decapolis." Now there are eighteen. Pella was named for Pella of Macedonia, where Alexander the Great was born."

Pella did not mean much to the boys then but "nearing home." Years later it meant much to their children in the flesh and of the spirit, the early Christians, who found the city a haven of refuge, where the kindly Greeks gave welcome and protection to those of "the way" who fled from Jerusalem before it was destroyed by Roman armies in 70 A.D. The Christians had already suffered much persecution from the growing bigotry of the Jews. James had been killed by the king, Herod Agrippa. Others had been beaten by lictors of the Temple, stoned, imprisoned and excommunicated from the synagogues. By 66 A.D., the Kanayim had educated, killed, cajoled and worked on the patriotism of the Jews until the "war without quarter" was begun against the Roman Empire. The Christians had no enmity to Rome, even if no great friendship for its heathen rule. Now came three armed parties of Jews who fortified different parts of the Temple and city, killing each other and all who came between. The Roman army was coming. So the Christians sought and found safety under its protection in little Pella.

Evening was coming on and dark shadows were creeping across the plain when the pilgrims turned westward around the bulking mass of the last Samaritan hill, a spur of the Mountains of Gilboa. They found themselves in a wide and fertile valley, the Vale of Jezreel, which led directly up to the Plain of Esdrelon. They had looked down it into the Ghor on the first day of Pilgrimage. The weary travelers pushed their weary beasts as far up into the vale as the light would permit, then stopped and made camp in the darkness. But they had come far up out of the Ghor. They were out of the deadly heat and in comparative coolness. They were still below the level of the sea, but they were near the Plain of Esdrelon—and Galilee.

"It smells like Galilee and I had a real night's sleep." That was the shout with which Jude wakened the sleepers next morning. It was refreshing to get up with the rising sun, to wash in the sparkling stream which they had heard but had not seen the night before, and to enjoy its freshness as it came rippling and smiling down from the mountains of Gilboa. They found the donkeys and camels feeding among flowers. They were free from the pest of insect life, which makes Ghor travel almost unendurable. The hillsides were blooming. As Jude had said, "It smells like Galilee," and every breath seemed to increase their sense of largeness and freedom, for that was what they felt in coming back to the untrammelled life of home.

A great, conical hill stood on their right as they came up the Vale. It rose, like the Rock of Gibraltar, with inaccessible steepness from the lower plain. It was the impregnable hill of Scythopolis, the chief city of the Decapolis and the only one on this side of the Jordan. Upon its slopes were buildings. Upon its top, or rather upon its many tops, separated by deep ravines and rushing brooks, were the high walls of defence, the beautifully colonnaded streets and the rich temples of the gods of Greece and Asia.

"Who would have expected us to be so glad to see a Greek city, the very head of the Decapolis?" The question was that of the lively Jude. But it expressed the feeling of all the Jews who came back home from their pilgrimage. They did not love the Greek temples and their worship, but were very much at home in the free life of Greek culture that went with them.

The Jewish synagogue stood almost in the shadow of the Temple of Artemis, the half-Asian goddess, but it did not seem at all out of keeping to these cosmopolitan Jews of Galilee. Among all the Jewish synagogues of Jerusalem, of which there were said to have been four hundred, we hear of the attendance of the Galileans and other Christians only at the Greek-speaking synagogues.

From the very Founder and his disciples, there was inbred into Christianity a spirit that was something more than mere tolerance. It was a sympathy of mind, akin to fellowship, for the lively and open soul of the Greek life and culture all about them. They were never understood by the self-centered leaders and teachers in their immurement in the orthodox schools of Jerusalem. The Gospel had its start in the atmosphere of Greek culture. It was preached freely and effectively only in the Greek synagogues over all the ancient world. It became a world gospel by passing through the Greek mind to the heart of humanity.

Here at Scythopolis lay the parting of the ways. Zebedee and Salome, with James, must go back at once to the Lake. Jonas, the partner in the fishing fleet, would naturally have reached home in ample time to attend to the contract for the Roman army. But he might have been delayed by the riots in Samaria, of which they had heard at Beeroth. If so, it was important to get back, for they had already lost two days by returning to Jerusalem and taking the longer journey through the Ghor. Rufus and Chirothea, with Matthew, elected to return with them by the lower road, which leads along the edge of the Ghor and circles the Lake from the point where its waters flow out to become the Jordan. The two Lake families turned north to pass below the frowning height of impregnable Scythopolis. The families separated with promises to meet on their way to the Feast of Pentecost some six weeks hence at the same spot on the road as on the way to the Feast of the Passover. James and Matthew continued waving farewells to the other three boys as far as they could see them.

The families of the two brothers of Nazareth went briskly up the Vale of Jezreel. It was a happy party. They were filled with joy over the meeting to come at evening. They were refreshed by the cooler air of their own beloved Galilee, for the Plain of Esdrelon had been counted to Galilee since the Samaritan schism, soon after the return of the captives of Judah and Benjamin from Babylon, 536 B.C.



CAMEL TRAIN—SEA OF GALILEE



Passing below the Well of Harod and the running brooks of Jezreel, they turned northward through Shunem, to drink of the living spring and to revive their memories of the Shunemite woman and of the prophet Elijah. It was then the usual hour for the midday stop for rest and refreshment. But they were too much excited by the prospect of rejoining the children left at home. So they ate their Kiccar-lehem on the way, as they hastened across the Plain. They passed the little city of Nain at their left and Chessulloth (Iksal) on the right, so came to the foot of the great hill leading up to Nazareth well before the ninth hour, three o'clock.

"What is the hill going down to Jericho, compared to this one, going up?" asked the jovial Jude. Nobody stopped to ask him whether he meant that the precipitous descent to Jericho was more difficult than the precipitous ascent, going up a thousand feet into Nazareth. They needed all their breath for climbing.

And who was there to meet them when they reached the top? Sitting in a row, all on top of the one large stone, were Anna and Esther, James and Joses, Simon and Judas and Ruth, while little Salome was sitting in Grandmother-Anna's lap.

What a welcome. There were kisses and embraces, bear-hugs and, I think, a few tears of happiness and thanks for the reunion. Then the home-going procession. Ruth and the twins were mounted on the donkey's back and sat all in a row that was solemn, if not very long. They were very much aware of their honor and of the dignity of the occasion. Baby Salome would ride nowhere else but on the beloved shoulder of The Boy.

It was not long before she was discovered to have something in her mouth that projected, white and succulent. From her expression of beatific content, it must have been extremely good. Then who, but James and Joses, should see the expression of mischief and pretended mystery in the eyes of The Boy. It may have been a wild conjecture on their part but, to them, the look in his eyes suggested that he knew where there was more. They threw themselves upon him like an avalanche, or two, and demanded to know what and where it was. Soon they too were chewing the white pulpy center of the new delicacy, Sakhar, from the Roman fields at Jericho.

At sight of the commotion, and guessing its purport, Ruth bounced off from the donkey, inadvertently upsetting the twins, one on each side. But none were hurt or, if they were, forgot to mention it in the delight of that most entrancing of childhood's sensations, the introduction to a strange, new sweet. Who has forgotten its delight?

They wound their way up the gentle slope and into Nazareth. The children were overjoyed at their parents' return. Because of which, each wore an expression of conscious pride. They were almost equally joyful over the return of The Boy. Because of which, each wore a beatific, if

rather saccharine, smile, though it must be confessed that the smile was somewhat distorted by the projecting sugar cane.

Then, at home. AT HOME. Bundles were opened, which had not appeared along the road. There was something for every one. Faces were suffused with pleasure. Little hearts beat with joy. Everything was just what each one wanted. In the giving, as in the gift, all had such happiness that Baby Salome must needs kiss each one who received a present and also the one who gave it.

It was somewhat later in the afternoon. Mother-Mary had been busy, doing things about the house that every woman knows. Now she had come to the door to look out with mother-love upon her family. The children were playing about the street. Neighbors' children were among them. Each had something to show to all the others, something that came from Jerusalem.

Abba-Yusuf had called The Boy to help him arrange things on the lower level and to move the work-bench out before the house. The "early rains" need not be feared for the rest of the Spring and Summer. All work would be done out of doors, until the coming of the "latter rains" of winter. Mother-Mary stood and watched her "men," busy at their task. Soon it was done.

"That is all," said Abba-Yusuf. "Now you may go."

"Wait," said Mother-Mary to The Boy. "The water jar is empty. Will you fill it for me?"

"Yes, Mother-Mary," said The Boy. He took the water jar, swung it gracefully to his shoulder and turned to look at his mother. To her smile, he smiled. Then, in his smile, mischief grew. He raised the jar and set it on his head. Arms akimbo, hands on hips, jauntily he took a dancing step or two that showed his sense of rhythmic balance. Meanwhile his smile of mischief broadened to a boyish grin. Mother-Mary smiled back in perfect comprehension. The little by-play finished and not liking the feeling of the jar upon his head, he swung it back again to shoulder, gave her a parting boy-salute and turned down the road toward the Great Fountain.

Mother-Mary stood looking after him. Love and something more than pride were in her eyes.

He had been "about his Father's business" in his Father's House. So he reminded her under the gentle chiding in the Temple. But the "Father's business" also was a part of the common life of home and family.

"And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth,
and was subject unto them;
but his mother kept all these sayings in her heart."

(Luke 2: 51)

SUPPLEMENTARY

Note on AMONG THE FLOWERS

Jewish mothers educated the boys up to the age of five or six, when they entered the synagogue school.

The Old Testament was their history, literature, and religion, the only source of formal teaching. Its stories, told by mothers, with traditions and folk-tales of the nation, were the sole basis of early education.

The description of Mother-Mary is unhistorical. But a long tradition in art and legend points to bronze-lighted hair, oval face and beauty.

The wonder of Springtime in Galilee is astounding. Whoever attempts justly to describe it will be accused of plagiarising from botanical lists or the florist's catalogue.

No description, however florid, can equal the glory of Spring flower-growth about Nazareth.

Note on THE HOME

The study describing the house and surroundings of Nazareth is based on the known conditions of the place and people in the time of Jesus. You may see just such houses in Palestine to-day.

Nazareth was then a village suburb of the Great City, the capital of Galilee and the metropolis of the North, just over the hill above the bazaars of Nazareth.

Sepphoris was the Great City. It was the center of life and government for Galilee and Perea, the other Province of Prince Herod. Perea contained the whole Jordan valley. Galilee extended from the borders of Samaria northward to the edge of Syria proper, whose capital was Antioch. Among the Jews, "The North" was almost synonymous with Galilee. And Sepphoris, the capital, was its metropolis and the most important city between Jerusalem and Antioch.

Most of us, even though well-informed, think of the Jews as entirely predominant in Galilee. This was by no means true. We get our picture of the period from Jewish sources, especially from the histories of Josephus. He speaks mostly of the Jews, of himself and his Jewish comrades and rivals, but he largely ignores the fact that, in all but the few cities and towns of Galilee, the Jews were outnumbered and outvoted by the Gentiles, Greek and Arab, who formed the bulk of the population.

As we know historically, this was true of Sepphoris. It is probable that Gentiles also outnumbered the Jews of Nazareth, for there was but one small synagogue in the little town. Sepphoris resented the influence of the Jews and kept them out of power except in 4 B.C., when Judas, the Gaulonite, after the death of Herod the Great, captured the citadel, with its immense store of arms. But the City paid the penalty for its carelessness, or treachery, to Rome. Varus destroyed the citadel and the houses. He

sold the citizens as slaves. In 66 A.D. the citizens asked Vespasian for troops to protect them against the Jewish Rebels. He sent them 6000 foot and 1000 horsemen to strengthen the garrison of the citadel.

Jesus was, therefore, really a city dweller. He lived and worked in Sepphoris, the dominant city of all Palestine with the sole exception of Jerusalem. The city was but half an hour's walk from the top of the hill behind the bazaars of Nazareth. The markets, trade and building activities of Sepphoris furnished the subsistence for the workers and inhabitants of Nazareth. Artisans walked easily back and forth to their work. The reverse is true to-day, for Nazareth is the city of greatest size and importance in Galilee, while Sepphoris is the village.

Eliashib and Tobias, the priests, are not historical characters. They are, however, true types of the period and fairly illustrative of its customs and conditions.

Note on BORN IN BETHLEHEM

In a study based on mere scholarship, the story of the Nativity would not be as important as the smallest incident of Jesus' adult ministry.

But mere scholarship never yet reproduced a true historical picture of the life and time with which it dealt.

In the teaching of children, almost equally in the affection of adults, the stories of the Infancy loom large on grounds of pure sentiment. They will be told and retold as long as candles blaze and carols are sung on Christmas Eve.

These stories, with many traditions that would not be accepted by modern scholarship, have been welded by the centuries into a background of reality which, to us, is hardly distinguishable from historical truth. Indeed, to us, they are the pictorial background of our living faith.

They have done more than all the facts of scholarship and the arguments of theology to gain entrance for Christ in human hearts and to keep our faith alive.

I have attempted, in these studies, to reproduce the actual and living conditions of the growing years of Jesus.

As material, I have used accredited historical facts, but have also admitted traditions, and even legends, which have found a fixed place in the human-interest memories of the ages.

Needless to say, I have rejected untrustworthy traditions and all the puerile miracle stories which grew in the imagination of the Dark Ages to become stock teaching in the superstitious Middle Ages.

Note on SHEPHERDS AND WISE MEN

Many additions of dream and imagery have attached to the story of the shepherds, as to that of the Wise Men.

The study would be incomplete without the description of the Presentation, a typical ceremony among the Jews for every first-born son.

I have departed from both history and tradition in making Zacharias the

OLIVE GROVE—SEPPHORIS



officiating priest who performed the sacrifices for Purification and Thanksgiving at the redemption of the first-born.

The story of the Wise Men has grown, in Christian tradition, from a very meager beginning to a dream-story of immense magnitude and highly colored completeness, with countless details added, carrying a versimilitude of reality for which men have lived and died and sacrificed much treasure, as witness the building of the Cologne Cathedral.

The report I have given of the thought and faith of the Wise Men has a sound basis in history. Writings of the period reveal many earnest worshippers, mystics and philosophers, who felt the inadequacy of the ancient cults where worship was based on myth, folk-tales and continually amplified legend. The choice souls of that day had a firm basis in right and high thinking, much firmer and deeper than we conceive to have been possible in that age and time.

The thing that we call "religion," they called "philosophy" and found in their "love of wisdom" both the satisfaction of mystic yearning and a sound basis for moral righteousness.

More than ninety writers of that century, of so-called "heathen" cults, give evidence of a high belief in One God, who was loved and worshipped as Supreme, over all local and pagan forms.

Note on THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

I have exercised the privilege of including, as a vision of Mother-Mary, the story of Philip's baptism of the eunuch, by tradition identified as the Royal Chamberlain of Candace, who was called the Queen of Ethiopia.

I have located the vision at the point where the Geography of Tradition says the incident occurred.

A very old tradition points to the town of Zacharias and Elizabeth as Juttah. The birthplace of John the Baptist is in the hill-country of Judea, the so-called Mount of Judah, two travel-hours beyond Hebron.

I have included the visit of the Holy Family to the home of John's parents as the only safe place in which they could spend the night upon the road in their flight to Egypt.

Note on DESERT DANGERS

This study has no basis in either history or tradition. To me, it savors of truth more than scores of puerile tales about lions, found in legends of the Flight to Egypt—good, kind lions who killed robbers or stood guard over the Holy Family.

The story has a serious purpose. Its aim is to show the kind of thinking about God that was quite general in Jesus' time.

A man sick unto death, dependent on a woman for his very life, would think things about God deeper and more spiritual than were usually attributed to the tribal and masculine Deity represented by most of the Jewish worshippers of that century.

Sir William Ramsay has shown that the mother-characteristics of Deity

were greatly emphasised in the religion of the North, to the very limits of the Anatolian Plain. It is to picture this larger conception of God that I have told the story of Joseph, wounded and helpless, whose life, safety and health hung upon a woman's strength, courage and prayerful dependence on her God.

The Jewish thought of God was that of a rigid masculinity. The Greek God was rather a Principle or Idea, Supreme, transcendent, but impersonal and almost unconnected with human life.

Jesus reveals a personal God, as personal as He is Universal, as divine as the Supreme Idea of Plato's most rarefied thought, yet as human as humanity. Jesus was The Voice of aspiring thousands in their high search for a personal Divinity and their human desire for a loving God, a yearning unsatisfied alike by the stern Jehovah of the Jews and the emptiness of the Transcendent Idea, the God of the Greeks.

Plato himself approached the higher thought in his *Timæus*: "It is a hard thing to find out the Maker and Father of this universe and, having found Him, to make Him known to all."

Trismegistes says, in the so-called "Perfect Sermon," "our earliest progenitors . . . chanced on an art whereby they made gods for themselves." Again he says, "For this is profanation of sacred rites, when thou dost offer prayer to God, to offer incense and the rest. For *nought is there of which He stands in need, in that He is all things, or all things are in Him.*"

I do not approve the claim of some scholars that the Greek culture of Jesus came from parents who were Jewish proselytes. Nor do I hold with those who acknowledge nothing but miracle, who deny that human teaching and environment affected Jesus' mental outlook. The incidents and surroundings all show that the life of the Son of Man was of the sort that we can understand. His life was as truly human as divine. He lived among people who eagerly sought the truth he *lived*, in daily act and loving service.

We can understand him best, not as a lonely miracle, apart from every influence of human life. He was the divine leader of a multitude of aspiring souls. They were mostly unknown to each other and, now, almost unknown to us. Heart-hungry for God, those men and women sought the Ineffable. They yearned for a God of Love. They strove to live God's life in theirs.

Note on SAFE IN EGYPT

An Arab camp in Jesus' time was much what it is to-day. Now, the religion is Mohammedan, what there is of it. Then, the Arabs of Mesopotamia and the North were dominated by the old Babylonian deities. Those of the South clung to the cults of ancient Egypt.

The gods of Asia were largely worshipped under Greek names except in isolated districts far from the trade roads. The worship retained many Asiatic characteristics, mostly orgiastic in form, and indulged with true Oriental abandon.

The thought of liberal and educated Jews was influenced by Alexandria more than any city in the world. Whether the Holy Family lived there

long enough to absorb its Greek culture, it is certain that the life and thought in Galilee and among other Greek-speaking Jews more nearly resembled that of Alexandria than that of the narrowly national, Aramaic-speaking "scribes and Pharisees."

The Jews of Greek culture were the so-called Hellenists. Stephen, the martyr, was one. The Hellenists were loyal to every "letter of the Law." They considered themselves very good Jews indeed. But their real inspiration came from those whom they called the "divine men of Greece." Their thought was a strange mixture of Plato, Aristotle, Zeno and, possibly, Epicurus, with a very definite influence from the mysticism of Pythagoras.

This eclectic system was taught by the Jewish scholars of Alexandria in connection with strictly Jewish forms of worship. It acknowledged only the belief in One God, Supreme and Creator. Its heroes were the great men of Jewish history. But the history was treated as myth. The Scripture stories were robbed of reality by the baldest kind of allegorising. The Old Testament became but a series of illustrations for the teaching of the Greek philosophy. Even St. Paul used the allegorical method in his treatment of the Old Testament. He speaks of the story of Hagar as if it were not, as we moderns believe, true history. He says, "Which things are an allegory, for these are the two covenants."

Philo of Alexandria was the great Jewish philosopher. He was twenty or thirty years older than Jesus. He was the most learned of the Hellenists. Philo used the Old Testament to prove that Moses was the thinker of every thought of Plato and Aristotle. He taught the Greek philosophy as the highest truth, but claimed its origin in the Law and the Prophets. The educated Greek Jews despised the ignorance and provincialism of the rabbis and scribes of Jerusalem. They called them "barbarian Hebrews."

Philo was the last, as the greatest, of Jewish masters in Greek philosophy. The founder of the school was Aristobulus of Cæsarea Philippi, where Jesus was confessed as Christ by Peter and the rest of the Apostles.

Note on THE NEWS FROM HOME

This study reviews the chaotic conditions of the Holy Land following King Herod's death.

It is also the last study of the events of early childhood, such as would have been told to The Boy by his elders, which it has seemed wise to cast in the form of stories by Mother-Mary.

Because of the internal disorder of all Palestine after King Herod's death, the Holy Family could hardly have returned for at least three years, if they were in Egypt at that time.

My chronology differs from that of many accurate scholars. They base the date of Jesus' birth and Herod's death on an eclipse of the moon, March 13, 4 B.C., when Herod ordered the execution by burning of Judas and Matthias, leaders of the Jewish mob which tore down the golden eagle from above the great gate of the Temple.

Herod died before or after the next full moon, which the scholars claim was the Paschal moon of the Passover at which Archelaus killed thousands of Jews in the Temple during the insurrection.

But many things happened before that Passover. King Herod's illness increased. He was taken to the hot baths at Callirhoe, beyond the Dead Sea. He was brought back to his palace at Jericho after failure to benefit by the use of the baths. He wrote to all the cities of the nation and summoned the chief men to Jericho. He imprisoned them there in the hippodrome. Since he now knew that he must die, he gave orders that they were to be killed at his death, so that the nation must mourn and not rejoice at his funeral. He received permission from the Emperor Augustus to kill Antipater, the Crown Prince, who had made the effort to poison him.

Then Herod became better. Again he suffered a relapse. He fainted from pain. The household thought him dead. They made loud lamentation. Antipater heard the mourning screams from his prison. He tried to bribe the jailor to set him free to seize the throne. King Herod revived. The jailor told him of Antipater's bribe. Herod sent his soldiers to the prison and had him killed at once.

Five days later the old king died. Archelaus took command as heir to the kingdom by Herod's will. He was acclaimed king by the soldiers. He conducted a magnificent funeral for his father. He observed at least seven days of mourning, perhaps thirty. He went to Jerusalem and sat as king in Nicanor's gate of the Temple. He received petitioners and promised righteous rule.

Then came the Passover. The multitudes accused Archelaus of having failed in his promised reforms and in a rule of justice. They became violent and refused to be pacified by more promises. Archelaus sent his army among the Passover Pilgrims and killed three thousand as they were massed in the Temple courts.

It seems to me impossible that this could have been the Passover which followed the eclipse of the moon, March 13, 4 B.C.

Herod died, I think, almost a year after the Holy Family made the Flight to Egypt.

Note on SCHOOL DAYS

The most exciting period of Jesus' boyhood was during the rebellion of Judas, the Gaulonite, sometimes called The Galilean.

This study does not rest on a definite historical incident but is true to the kind of warfare waged by armed bands of rebel Jews and their outlaw followers. They were half-patriot and half-brigand, Jews and Arabs, with a common hatred for Rome. In detached bands they made sudden forays on the towns of Galilee. Swooping down from their mountain fastnesses, they would burn the houses and crops of the citizens, hardly caring whether they were Roman in sympathy. They seized what they could of food and money and fled again to hiding.

The rebellion was easily, if not very quickly, quelled by Herod Antipas with troops from Sepphoris and from the Roman garrison on Mount Tabor; also by the aid of the people of the towns who asked protection of Rome and

fought with Rome against the rebels. The Romans saw no difference between Jews, fomenting trouble with religious fervor, and marauding Arabs who made common cause with the Jews for gain, if not political conviction. The soldiers crucified them all, with Roman impartiality.

The Jewish aspirations for national independence had been harshly curbed for thirty-seven years by Herod the Great. With his iron hand removed, the fanatics were free to intrigue, for Rome showed unusual tolerance to the local religion of subject peoples. It was when Jesus was nine years old that Archelaus was exiled and Rome assumed direct control. Then began a new growth of national aspiration which covered the whole of Jesus' life and continued till the nation was destroyed.

The Zealots began a campaign of education, intrigue and murder. They put "safe" teachers in synagogue schools, to train the next generation in hatred of Rome and fanatic longing for freedom. Bands of Zealots, united by secret oaths after Judas' rebellion failed, became Sicarii, "dagger-men," like those who vowed to kill St. Paul. They rejoiced equally in killing any friend of Rome, any liberal teacher or any chosen private enemy.

Seventy years followed the death of Herod before they had succeeded, by teaching, propaganda and murder, in bringing about a declaration of "war without quarter" against Rome and, in the destruction of city and temple, transforming Jerusalem into that "dream city" upon which nineteen centuries of Judaism are built.

The growing bigotry had progressed little in Jesus' boyhood. People were content with Roman protection of crops, goods and safety, especially from the Parthian Arabs. The enmity of the Zealots made certain the Crucifixion. Jesus said no recorded word against the Empire in all his ministry. If not a lover of Rome, he took Roman rule for granted. He only refers to it for illustration of the higher truth, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and unto God the things that are God's."

Note on THE SABBATH

After much pains, here is the result of many weeks of work, hardly changed by repeated revision from my first rough draft. This study of the synagogue service is, to me, unsatisfactory in the highest degree.

Amid the huge mass of Jewish writings, we can place the sayings of the celebrated rabbis, uncertainly within fifty years or, at most, one hundred. The synagogue service is quite another matter.

We know the Jewish synagogue service as it is to-day. We can approximate its usages in the Middle Ages fairly well. We can hazard a guess at the service in the Jewish synagogues of Spain between the years, 1000 and 1100 A.D.

Yet we can hardly differentiate the forms used in Babylon during the fifth century, when they are commingled, as they always are, with those authorised in Sepphoris when Sepphoris was the city of the Great Sanhedrin two hundred years before.

It is still more difficult to allocate the text of prayers, or to identify the forms of worship in common use before, and after, the destruction of the Temple, 70 A.D.

When it comes to the actual Synagogue Service to which Jesus was accustomed in his boyhood, we are all at sea.

I have reconstructed the service conjecturally, and on the findings of the best authorities, but with uncertainty. I am convinced that elements are included, originally incorporated two or three hundred years apart, possibly from the Talmudic period in Palestine or from the similar period of after years in Babylon, or even later.

It would be a mistake to suppose that there was complete uniformity in the synagogue services which Jesus attended. Customs and forms differed among the free Galileans from those in Judea, especially in relation to marriage and social usage. It is probable that synagogue services had not then attained a rigid liturgical form, certainly not the same form as that which they reached in the years following the destruction of the Temple.

As to the synagogue service in Jesus' day, the most learned scholar will hardly dare say more than "probably."

Note on A WALK TO MOUNT TABOR

Distances are deceptive, when one judges by the map, especially the map of such a land of hills as Galilee.

Mount Tabor looks to be some four miles from Nazareth. One would expect to walk there in a little over an hour. I was optimistic, on the map, like a recent novelist who had St. Paul walk from Jerusalem to Nazareth in less than two days. My wife and I walked the "few" miles to Mount Tabor one memorable day. We did not make the ascent to the top of Mount Tabor. Yet we covered more than twenty miles, by guess, on the round trip from Nazareth. Much of it was very hard climbing.

We shall not soon forget the last thousand feet up the long hill, the so-called Mount of Precipitation, supposed by monks of past centuries to be the hill to which the Nazarenes carried Jesus to cast him down, though it is more than a mile outside Nazareth. It was in the evening. We had walked many weary miles and climbed untold heights, if you add together all the hills, little and big. And that hill is twice as high and steep as Eagle Rock.

We had visited, and it was a sad visit, the little town of Iksal, the ancient Chessulloth, at the edge of the Plain of Esdrelon. We were puzzled at the behavior of the Arabs. We did not know whether they were merely sullen or really hostile. It turned out that they were neither. They were suffering an epidemic of influenza. Sixteen had died in the tiny town.

Earlier in the day we had halted an Arab donkey-rider before a cave at the foot of Tabor to get local color in a snapshot. Some gesture of mine, to make up for paucity of Arab vocabulary, had startled the little beast. The Arab jumped down too quickly. The flat carpet saddle was left bare. On it lay the largest and most wicked-looking knife I ever saw outside a pawn shop. Its blade was fully nine inches long. In ordinary conversation, I give full measure to the length it seemed to have that day. That is something under two feet. Besides, it looked sharp. It made me feel "creepy" for we had just been through the Easter riots in Jerusalem. We had been under the pistol fire of the Jews and gave thanks that they were such poor marksmen. We had seen motor-lorries, the English name for "trucks," rushing wounded

combatants in gory loads to the different hospitals. The Jews were most bloody, but the Arabs were the worst hurt. For the Jews had pistols. The Arabs had only knives and clubs.

As it turned out, and much to my relief, my Arab friend was not blood-thirsty. He merely wanted "baksheesh," to pose for me. He was a very kindhearted man, though he did not look it.

Note on A ROMAN JOKE

This study describes an incident such as happened all too often in Jesus' day.

Roman soldiers came from all parts of the world. They were coarse, cruel and callous, caring little for either the feelings or the faith of the subject peoples ruled by Rome.

The Old Testament tells of weather conditions in words as vivid and true to the present as to the time of Barak's battle with the Canaanites:

"The heavens dropped;
The clouds also dropped water."
"The mountains flowed before the Lord."

I can bear witness that there have been others in Galilee, beside Sisera, "who lighted down off his chariot" under the road-soaking effects of the "latter rains."

Once, late in April, when the "latter rains" are usually past, we drove, with a carriage of two-horse traction, from Tiberias to Nazareth.

At the Horns of Hattin "the rains descended." "The heavens dropped. The clouds also dropped water." Within twenty minutes the hard road became a sea of sticky mud. The wheels of our carriage sank six or eight inches in the plastic clay. They found every stone beneath the surface, especially the big ones.

Then we had to "light" and push. We were covered with mud from heel to shoulder. The feloes of our wheels rounded out with that adhesive clay to the diameter of small trees.

I felt sorry for Sisera that day. I pitied our underfed "Arab" horses. I was just a little sorry for the Australian captain and his English colonel, for whom, since we had the only carriage in Tiberias, the captain had begged a ride. But they "lighted down" like good sportsmen and did their share of pushing.

Note on LOOKING TOWARD MANHOOD

Dwellers in Nazareth walk up the hill from the bazaars when work is done—it is a daily habit of two thousand years' standing—to breathe the salt air from the Mediterranean and to look out upon a landscape more crowded with history than any other in the world.

That hill was a better outlook on the "kingdoms of the world and the glory of them" than the rocky wilds above Jericho where tradition locates the "temptations in the wilderness."

For Galilee was the gateway of Rome to Asia and the East. Three great world-roads could be seen from the top of the hill. Endless donkey and camel trains stretched over the plains below, with goods to and from three continents, Europe, Asia and Africa.

This study has a second object. It is to show the facts so familiar to the Jews of that day. Alexander, Pompey, Cæsar and Mark Antony, world-rulers, had looked up to Nazareth's hill. The history makers of their own century were familiar to all Jews.

Jesus was an educated man, not ignorant and country-bred. He could read and write. That means education in any century. Half the world of our own day cannot read and write.

"The common people heard him gladly." So did educated and cultured people. The Gospel was preached to rich and poor alike. The Apostles could read and write, but were not rabbinical scholars. They were "unlettered men" according to the Rabbis' point of view. But they knew Greek plays, heard in theatres of their own cities. They preached the Gospel in Greek to Jews and Greeks of all nations. The deep understanding and divine teaching of the Master were not isolated and alien to His time, except to the bigots of Judea.

History shows that the great truths of Jesus had a worthy background in the thoughts and aspirations of both Jews and Greeks. Many others were striving to express the Truth which Jesus lived. Mother-Mary was one. Joseph, the carpenter, was surely another.

There were high truths, simply lived; spiritual longings, at least partially expressed; loving hearts and open minds about Him, reaching out for a God of Love and bringing to light their broken strands of Truth, soon to be gathered into unity by the One whose nature was great enough to envisage and combine the divine with the human by living it humanly in a life of love.

If I have erred in expressing these desires and aspirations—if my too modern words and forms of expression seem strange to the readers of early histories, especially the New Testament—then the fault is mine. It is not the fault of history, but of my effort to bring the reading of the history out of the past into the present.

Note on THE LAST GIFT OF THE MAGI

This study has no traditional or historical source. It is the fictional story of a gift and a message.

The message, to be sure, reads back into Jesus' boyhood days the more completed truth which he expressed in his life and teaching. The study may be faulted also, for reflecting even later thoughts and ideas, those into which his successors translated his Life as the Faith of the Ages. Every scholar is guilty, whether confessedly or not, of coloring his study of origins by the content of their later development.

History does show that there were choice spirits in that century, in those very surroundings, seers and mystics, men and communities of real piety and aspiration. They called their religion "Philosophy," but its aim was to express the Truth which Jesus lived as Life. I have tried to give form

to their ideals, knowing well that it is an inaccurate transcription of their words.

Other facts bear on the conditions of Jesus' environment. A large majority of the Jews were, or had been, friends of Rome. They were loyal for years after Jesus' birth. "We have no king but Cæsar," shouted the high-priestly mob in Pilate's hall. St. Paul boasted his Roman citizenship. Traders and merchants thanked the Roman legions for safety from the Parthian Arabs. Security of life and goods only continued during the Pax Romana. Fierce Arabs were still remembered by Jesus' neighbors, killing and destroying the people of the towns and cities of Galilee.

Only Rome could hold back that devastating Arab flood. It overwhelmed all Asia at the last. Greek civilization was destroyed in Asia when Rome fell and Constantinople weakened.

The last pitiful relic of the Greek life of Palestine is an inscription dated 640 A.D., four years after Mohammed's triumph. It reads simply, "CHRIST BEING KING."

The Jews were not united in hatred of all things Gentile, even in religion. A monument, found in Gezer, bears a double inscription. One side has a dedication to I A O W, or Jehovah, the God of the Jews. The other side is inscribed with a votive offering to Hercules. Both are, of course, in Greek.

The first official banquet for Jesus, when he became the Great Teacher, was a feast of Roman tax collectors. It was given in honor of Jesus and his disciples. It was given for the newly chosen Apostles by a tax collector, one of their own number who had just been admitted to the intimate family group of the Son of Man, the Master who thought little of politics but greatly of God's kingdom.

The intimacy of Jesus with the highest in the household of the Ruling Prince, Herod Antipas, is indicated in a verse of St. Luke's Gospel. It refers to Joanna, the wife of Chusa, Herod's steward. She was one of the women who followed faithfully with the "twelve" as "he went throughout every city and village, preaching and showing the Glad Tidings."

The Steward of a Ruling Prince was a great man in that day. He stood only lower than the Prince whose whole wealth was in his hands and for whom he exercised all authority but that of royal policy.

הנהגתו של המלך היתה נכונה ונבונה
והוא לא חטא בשום דבר

והוא לא חטא בשום דבר
והוא לא חטא בשום דבר

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